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MEMORIES

OF

HALF A CENTURY

BY

RICHARD W. HILEY, D.D.

Vicar of Wighill, nr. Tadcaster, Yorks

AUTHOR OF "A YEAR'S COURSE OF SERMONS," 3 VOLS.

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et quorum pars magna ipse fui

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CANON RESIDENTIARY OF DURHAM, ETC.,

AND

WILLIAM SELBY CHURCH, M.D.,

SENIOR PHYSICIAN OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, LONDON,

FOR HALF A CENTURY MY STAUNCH FRIENDS

IN FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL,

I dedicate

THE FOLLOWING PAGES,

WITH DEEPEST FEELINGS OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

WITHOUT ASKING THEIR PERMISSION.

PREFACE.

An old writer, whose manly sentiments and vigorous style of expressing them have ever commanded the respect of Englishmen, devotes many pages to set forth the advantages of a man's writing memoirs of himself.[1] The advantage is to accrue from the reflex action of the practice on a man's own life and character. He will trace the effect of the passing events wherein he has been an actor, the conclusions he has deduced, the mistakes he has made, their disturbing effect on his mental peace, and the determinations deduced therefrom as to his future actions and line of conduct. Thus "the story of our lives from year to year" becomes to the chronicler a useful and instructive monitor and pioneer.

It is evident that such memoirs would be intended in the first instance for the writer himself alone. He would never intend to blazon to the world the workings of his own heart and the experiences of his daily life.

In process of time such memoirs would become

[1] John Foster.

unconsciously less personal and more historic. The writer would extend his area, and his remarks would become more descriptions and less of the character of reflections, whilst all would radiate from the life and the doings of the writer himself, or the personages who have figured in the drama in which he has played his part.

Perhaps no literature is so rich in this species of compositions as the French. The memoirs may have been compiled in the first instance without any view to publication: yet published they have been; and have been generally devoured with avidity. In process of time such memoirs and diaries have become the sole records of the events of the period, and the dramatist, the poet and the historian have found these sketches—in the first instance so apparently fugitive—the sole authorities whereon to build their respective structures. Such would be Sully's memoirs and numbers of others, which have ever found eager readers. Even books of an apparently much more fragile conception, such as *Un Voyage autour de ma Chambre* and *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*, have been read with avidity.

Later in time, and perhaps suggested by the example of the French, our own language has become enriched by memoirs and diaries of an autobiographic character. The memoirs of Lucy Hutchinson have become an authority on points connected with our Civil War; Pepys's diary is well known, and that of Madame D'Arblay is as attractive to the reader now as when first published. It

would seem as if the appetite "has increased by what it fed upon," for the taste for biographical reading in every form has been intensified in the last half-century. To gratify this taste writers have turned attention; bishops and statesmen and travellers and poets and self-made men risen from the ranks, have found some friend or admirer to chronicle their lives and its interesting passages, if there were any, even if they have not been themselves their own portrayers. In some cases, perhaps, the expected interest in the proposed memoir has been exaggerated, the volume has fallen flat; but even then the failure may be accounted for: the life has been deficient in incident, circumscribed in operation, or drearily told. But these are the exception. The effect in the main has been for individual, and so for the national, good. How many thousands of youths have been benefited by the *Life of Arnold;* how many Churchmen have read with thrilling interest such biographies as those of Hook, Pusey, Stanley, and perhaps few books during the last half-century have been more welcomed than the autobiography of Lord Roberts; the hero being himself the narrator intensifies the fascination of the volumes.

The same remark applies to works of fiction: these attract in proportion as the incidents are varied, startling or novel, and set forth with a power of description that rivets attention. But when it transpires that the volumes are mainly personal—as in some of Dickens's—the incidents real, the scenes well-known and capable of being

verified by numbers still living, to the general reader there is created an additional attraction. It is with that impression that the following pages have been written.

The writer has been no man of great mark, no daring traveller with thrilling adventures by flood and field; he has not served his country as a valiant soldier or sailor, nor has he as a statesman commanded the applause of listening senates, nor heaped up piles upon piles as a millionaire. Judged by these standards he has no cause to bid his fellow-men to lend him their ears. And yet, in spite of these disqualifications, he is venturing so to do. Passing half a century in active clerical and educational life, he has in that period mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, has had his eyes open, and witnessed not a few interesting episodes, and known not a few of his fellow-men of greater mark than himself. Now that he has long passed the limit of life assigned by the Psalmist, and is debarred by many infirmities from the active life hitherto alike congenial and habitual to him, he has had much leisure for reminiscence. As he literally has lain on his back, scenes long past of joy and pain have come wildering o'er his brain, the drama of his life has been re-enacted before his eyes, and he has endeavoured to arrest some of the fleeting images and impress them permanently on his canvas.

On skimming over the tables of contents a cursory observer might consider the book to be mainly a series of biographical sketches, many of them of

persons of little note, and perhaps long forgotten. That, it is submitted, would not be a fair construction. Every individual described or referred to was the centre of a circle of influence, in many cases not inconsiderable; their lives were not without effect on their fellow-men; there are those who remember them still; some are still living; thus hundreds will peruse, not without interest, these reminiscences of those early days. And even if that be not the case, that brain must be very obtuse, and that taste very perverted, that can read the record of a single life with indifference: surely an aggregate of such lives should present some attraction to every taste.

In some cases it has been thought expedient to disguise the name. A record, to be worth anything, should be true, but the statement even of truth may in some conceivable cases cause pain or annoyance. The biographer is then going too far. He may narrate what he feels to be truth and essential to give point to his narrative, but he may not give pain.

Part of the writer's original plan was to append several chapters of incidents of foreign travel. Having travelled with his knapsack leisurely in many spots where Smith, Jones and Robinson usually pay only flying visits and gather little to record, it seemed that notes, made by one who sought for information and observed carefully, might prove alike entertaining and instructive. The more primitive modes of travelling before railways intersected the continent, the battle-fields of the Franco-

German War, the passes of the Alps, and spots in Eastern Switzerland not often visited, would have provided abundant material. But they would have extended the volume to undue dimensions, and would have needed many maps and diagrams. This part of the author's plan has been abandoned, and several illustrations which might perhaps have embellished the book. Still, he hopes that his various sketches will afford not a little interest to friends scattered far and wide, whom he may never see again, and long after he himself has been called away.

WIGHILL VICARAGE,
YORKSHIRE.

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BOOK I.

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

NEVER shall I forget the thrill of delight which I experienced when I had persuaded my father to allow me to go to Oxford. He had a private school which from very humble beginnings he had raised to considerable celebrity. He had been educated at the grammar school in his town, and had hopes of being sent to the university, but those hopes were disappointed, and he was thrown on his own resources when but a boy of about seventeen. He commenced by teaching anybody and everybody who desired instruction of a simple character, foreigners who talked broken English, adults who had never learnt the three Rs, and similar exceptional cases. Had he possessed any kind adviser he would have migrated to another town, where he would have been taken more on his merits. Not being so advised, he laboured under the reputation of a parvenu, of humble antecedents, with no university education, and was coldly supported. But his very difficulties called forth his energies, and never did man show such indomitable perseverance and tremendous energy. Twice did he change his scene of operations, and eventually built premises in the country (Thorparch Grange), to be described later on, contrived admirably for educational purposes.

In private he was a hard student, and brought out school books, which like himself were duly snubbed at first, but rose like himself in the end to celebrity, Messrs. Longmans publishing thousands in the year.

The pupils of such a man were mainly of the mercantile class, and his curriculum of education was adapted to their necessities. The supply in that as in everything else must needs suit demand. He strove hard to give a classical bias to his education, being a very fair Latin scholar himself, but his pupils were early withdrawn to business, and thus the writer of these lines when at sixteen years of age, though fairly read in a few standard Latin authors, had learnt little Greek. Then at that age I was to commence the battle of life, by working for my own living as an assistant teacher under my father.

My father had always felt the misfortune of being without a university education, and determined that his sons should have that advantage, if they showed any bias to a clerical or academic life, and he could by the most pinching economy effect his object. I had that bias strongly. Though delicate in health and no proficient in athletics, I revelled in the poets from the age of ten. I have now in my possession a Milton which I purchased with pence, earned by doing other boys' exercises, and had a copy of Marmion given me by a boy for standing an unmerited thrashing, and not peaching of him as the culprit. When my days were occupied with teaching, I would rise at five and even four to study a little on my account. Still, more training was evidently essential, and I persuaded my father to give me the opportunity if possible. A cousin of his was curate to a clergyman who took pupils and for whom my father entertained the highest respect. This gentleman, Rev. T. Pearse, vicar of Westoning, Beds, received me on reduced terms, on the understanding that I gave him daily assistance with his juniors. I entered his house in January, 1844.

CHAPTER II.

A COUNTRY VICARAGE.

HAVING lived in a town well and cheaply supplied with coal, it was a novelty to dwell in a purely agricultural district, thirteen miles from a railway, where coal was dear, and the fires therefore very small indeed. The house stood on a clay soil and was both damp and bitterly cold in winter. The land at that time had not been drained, and in wet weather if there was a funeral, the sexton would be baling water out of the grave till the moment of interment, and even then at times the interment was more like one at sea. In our bedrooms the cold was piercing; we piled our clothes over our feet outside the bed, and slept with them in our carpet-bags inside the bed to promote warmth. But our instructor set us an example of hardy endurance himself, and unwearied industry. His living was but small, his terms not high, and great economy was practised.

Never was a man more conscientious in the discharge of his duties than Mr. Pearse. He was ready for us at 7 A.M., and was teaching industriously till one. In the afternoon he might go down into his parish and his parish school, returning at four for two hours more tuition. In the evening he sat with us during the preparation for the next day. The younger ones withdrew after prayers, I withdrew at 10 P.M., but would often sit up working in my bedroom. It was my only chance of securing the preparation for a university career, and I was determined

to make the best use of my time. Our instructor would be at work himself till midnight, rising again at 6 A.M. Such was his academic life, but his clerical life did not suffer thereby. His people were well looked up; he would conduct his morning and afternoon services unaided, preaching sometimes very earnestly for fifty minutes, and in the evening hold a lecture in his village school. All the services were well attended, especially the afternoon service, and between services he would contrive to hear my Greek Testament, and the others some other divinity. To this it must be added that he was very delicate, always taking medicine, so that his pupils used to say that all the mortal elements of his system had been expurged by medicine. As I was older than the others, he made me more of a companion, conversing freely and intimately, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for the gentlemanly forbearance he showed to his conceited and ill-mannered pupil.

Though in the prime of life, yet Mr. Pearse's health being thus uncertain, his living was advertised for sale, and he used to describe the process most amusingly. George Robins was the great auctioneer at that time for pieces of Church preferment, and one special advantage held out in this case by the auctioneer was, that the gentleman was in failing health and there was a prospect of an early vacancy. On this intelligence several intending purchasers came to visit the moribund vicar. They found him lying on a sofa in great pain, hearing his pupils with great difficulty, for he still retained them as essential to his subsistence. One gentleman came with his son, a young collegian, and appointed a time for another interview, to see what progress the patient was making down the hill. As a Sunday intervened, father and son thought it would not be amiss to visit the church. They saw the invalid vicar enter leaning heavily on the arm of his servant, then go through the morning service, and preach

for thirty minutes. In the afternoon he again appeared, read the service, baptised some children, churched their mothers, and then preached for fifty minutes! The father on the completion of the service was overheard by Mrs. Pearse to whisper to his son: "That old cock ain't going yet!" The living was eventually bought by a young clergyman, who had also bought much property in the parish, and proposed building a mansion, intending in due course to act as squire and parson, or as it is commonly called, *squarson*.

The purchaser was a parvenu, and though of university education, not a man of refined feeling, and would tell the vicar what he purposed doing when he himself assumed office. "Man proposes, but God disposes"; the ailing, hard-working vicar survived the purchaser upwards of twenty years, for the vicar reached the ripe age of ninety-two, and died fifty years after the purchase. That is not all. The builder of the Elizabethan mansion left only one son, and under his management, or mismanagement, both advowson and estate are likely to pass away and not perpetuate the name of the ambitious founder.

CHAPTER III.

WESTONING.

UNDER my worthy preceptor's tuition I made good progress, and whereas at the commencement of my residence with him he declined the responsibility of my getting a degree, he spoke very kindly and encouragingly when the time came that I should leave. Twice I gave him great annoyance, for which he blew me up most severely, and though I apologised most humbly, he was long in pardoning the first offence. It was this. Having spent a vacation in London, I conceived the notion of returning to my duties by coach. A ride through that country on coach-top would be delightful. The coach was slow on its journey, and deposited me at a spot four miles from my destination late at night, whence it was impossible to get conveyed. There was nothing for it but to walk, and on arrival I found the house buried in repose. The reverend gentleman admitted me himself with great indignation. The next morning I made the most humble apology, for I was thoroughly to blame. He was a dignified man, with stately manners of the old school, and the breach of discipline was great; but like the Christian gentleman that he always showed himself, though much of the martinet and very choleric, he saw my penitence, and overlooked the trespass eventually.

My other occasion of offence was once losing my temper, and instead of taking a rebuke patiently, replying hotly, perhaps impertinently. An hour afterwards, it was

apologised for and condoned. I have spoken of his stately manners of the old school, and his stately Johnsonian diction. For instance, he would address his wife: "My dee-ah, you are forming your conclusions, as you often do, on insufficient da-tah". In speaking of Napoleon I. he always called him Bōna-partèe most elaborately. I have a letter in my possession, written by him when in his ninetieth year, expressed in diction worthy of Addison. One may smile on reading such rounded sentences, but most men of refined tastes would prefer even that form possibly, to the off-hand free and easy mannerisms, so often current now-a-days.

In pacing round his garden at leisure moments, Mr. Pearse would often speak of his parish and his efforts for his people. His predecessor had been there fifty years, had taken matters easily, living like a country gentleman, as was too often the case with the clergy in those days; doing his duties in a perfunctory manner, preaching "what he never wrote," and what his people never understood. The parish became operated upon by emissaries from the Baptists and impregnated with Calvinism. The result was, as our article expresses it, "wretchlessness of most unclean living". Every farmer's wife in the parish was a mother before she was a wife, and on Saturday night three-quarters of the male population went to bed drunk. When remonstrated with they would coolly admit the profligacy, but reply that if they were to be saved they would be called in God's due time; it was His work not theirs. This perversion of Scripture poisoned the whole parish. There was no village school, but one or two dame's schools, and as their existence was better than nothing, the vicar tolerated their existence till he could see his way to something better. Marriages were very common between couples of only seventeen years of age, and thus a pauper population was multiplied, cheapening labour to 1s. 6d. a day, and in winter time when out-

door labour was scarce, there would be one-third of the parish living upon poor rates. This last evil was partially remedied by the new Poor Law; for when outdoor relief was denied, and families appealing for help must needs enter the union, instead of remaining in their cottages, premature marriages became more rare.

The women and children supplemented the income of the family by straw-plaiting, a child being able to earn 1s. 6d. a week thereby. Still, the village was overpeopled, the subsistence was from hand to mouth, for in a severe winter the necessaries of life were very dear and fuel there was none. In one winter the vicar bought logs of wood, or pieces of old fencing, which his man sawed into bits for house consumption. At the vicarage the fires were reduced to two, kept very low, all went to bed at 7 P.M. and rose at 8 or 9 A.M., to save consumption of firewood. This occurred more or less every winter till railways opened out occupation for the redundant population, and brought coal and the other conveniences of life to villages previously inaccessible.

In such a state of things it may be inferred that the standard of education was low. When Mr. Pearse began scarcely a farmer could write his name. In process of time the vicar was able to get a school erected for *four parishes* conjointly, by prodigious efforts, many of the well-to-do seeing no necessity for educating the poor, thereby "unfitting them for their station," and alleging the well-known stock arguments against national education. He also lived to see his house rebuilt, his church restored, and the animosity always experienced by a faithful evangelist when commencing labour among a heathenish population, cooled down to something like attachment.

Mr. Pearse's educational labours with his own pupils also were not without their reward, and I never heard any of them speak of him except with respect. He pre-

pared his own four sons for public schools, one had a fairly distinguished career in Cambridge and is now chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury; the second obtained a scholarship at Corpus, Oxford, and succeeded his father in his living. The two other sons entered civil occupations. One of his pupils became a Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, another of Brasenose, Oxford; the present Dean of York was another, and a fourth is M.P. and an influential governor of the Bank of England. There may be many others in influential walks in life, whom I never knew, or whose career I have lost sight of. I must, however, mention especially my kind and sympathetic friend, W. S. Church, M.D., a First Classman in Oxford, student of Christ Church, and a university professor. It is also well known that he might have held the highest professorial chair in Oxford (Regius Professor of Medicine), but for personal reasons he declined. His deceased elder brother was my intimate friend at Pearse's, was so in Oxford, was my best man at my marriage, but was called away in the prime of life, 1866. The younger brother, the above W. S. Church, succeeded to the friendship, watching the struggles of his poorer friend with sympathetic aid. Should he ever read these lines he will see this record of deep affection.

In 1845 it was decided that the time had arrived for me to go to Oxford. As I was to go *in formâ pauperis*, had not been educated at a public school, was only a moderate scholar, and above all could not hope to graduate unless I obtained a scholarship or some substantial pecuniary aid, the admission to any college of high repute was hopeless. We attended St. George's Church in Leeds, of which the incumbent was Rev. W. Sinclair. He had presented me for confirmation as a youth, was ever kind and encouraging, and in fact the only clergyman of Oxford antecedents that we knew or could approach. He had been an officer in the army, and after ten years' service,

decided on entering the Church, as many officers of the British army have done.

He had been a member of St. Mary Hall (of which more anon), and he conceived that his influence with the Head and his long standing friendship, might be beneficial to his struggling young friend. I was accordingly entered as a commoner there in May, and was to enter residence in October.

With the present facilities for locomotion, university men have little idea of the difficulties of access to *Alma Mater* half a century ago. As all must appear almost simultaneously, the stage-coaches and chaises at the commencement and close of term drove a brisk business, and places were booked long in advance. There ran at that time a coach between the two universities, appropriately named the "Ad Eundem," driven by a well-known character, Griffin Fletcher. His conversation was garnished with racy anecdotes adapted to the humours of his passengers. If he saw that most of them were Oxford men, he would show a decided bias for Oxford: if they were Cantabs, of course he must incline to them, and when he saw, as was sometimes though rarely the case, there was an equal mixture of the two, he observed a judicious silence, or "shifted his side as a lawyer knows how," to suit both. The wags often attempted jokes upon him, quizzed the appellation of his coach as bad Latin, and similar criticisms, but he was never ruffled. He was not averse to a refresher *en route*, and his ways of suggesting it were amusing. "Did you ask me, sir, the difference between an Oxford and a Cambridge man, sir? Well, one difference is this, if I stop to change horses, which I shall do presently, the Cambridge man descends, orders himself a glass, then looking at me, says he, Fletcher, your good health. Of course I raises my hat, what else, sir, can I do? But an Oxford man says, Fletcher, what would you like, and I reply, a glass of brandy and water, sir, if

you please." Of course the fare (if an Oxford man) took the hint and supplied the desired beverage.

As Fletcher had driven his coach on that route for some thirty years, he knew the whole neighbourhood well; it may be added that every one knew him. One passenger drew his attention to a large field which presented a very bare appearance. "It may well do so, sir, it is one of the Duke of Buckingham's farms, and that field borders on one of his copses there," pointing to it with his whip. "That copse swarms with game, which get their daily food from that field." He then proceeded to describe the whole of the estate round Stowe (the seat of the Duke of Buckingham) as resembling a farm-yard, the game being so strictly preserved. The duke of that date kept no fewer than seventy game-keepers, and the neighbouring gaols were filled with his poachers. Another passenger asked our driver if he had gathered much experience as to farming itself by his daily journeys. "In course I have," quoth he, "I know how every farm is worked, and if a farm changes hands I soon observe it."

In this way did our Jehu entertain his passengers, and all seemed to appreciate and to reciprocate his remarks, but one man who observed the strictest silence. On remarking this to Fletcher at our halt for the beverage aforesaid, he replied: "he's a college don, he often comes by my coach, and never condescends to open his mouth to a single human being". This halting place was Beaconsfield, a name to me then unknown. Now it will be known the wide world over, as giving a title to one of England's most distinguished modern statesmen, the Earl of Beaconsfield.

The march of events projected a railway between the two universities. The illustrious driver of the "Ad Eundem" appeared before the committee of the House of Commons in opposition to the scheme. "How much traffic will there be on the proposed line did you ask,

gentlemen? Well, as much as that would carry," holding up a drawing of a donkey with a pair of panniers. But the bill was passed, the line was made, and the celebrated coach ceased to run.

On the "Ad Eundem" then I travelled when repairing as a Freshman to Oxford, and as it wore towards even 4 P.M., sundry equestrians in the country lanes indicated to us that we were not many miles from the university. Then its towers came in sight, soon we rattled over Magdalene Bridge, pulled up at The Angel, now no longer in existence, and a porter piloted me and conveyed my traps to St. Mary Hall.

BOOK II.

LIFE IN OXFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD HALLS OF OXFORD.

ST. MARY HALL was a collegiate establishment in Oxford, decidedly unique in its character. Its name in full was the Hall "dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary"; it was commonly called St. Mary Hall, the St. Mary being condensed into Santmary, Simmary, and so eventually to Skimmery, by which name it is now generally known. It may be said, indeed, of all the Halls in Oxford, at that time five in number, St. Mary, St. Edmund, Magdalene, St. Alban, New Inn, that they were unique in character, and have gone through strange vicissitudes, depending much on the tone and character which the Head for the time being desired to impress upon them. Thus Magdalene Hall was at one time under the principalship of Dr. Macbride, tenanted largely by men who had been in various occupations in civil or academic life, and came up to the university often in mature years. Several of this class were married men and occupied houses in Oxford with their families, learning Greek late in life, and struggling hard for a degree. One such was in my time especially venerable, so much so that he was commonly called "father Abraham". That Hall has now become merged into Hertford College.

St. Alban Hall was, in my time, under the principalship of Dr. Cardwell, and he kept it empty from choice. Having other sources of income, he was indifferent to having any educational responsibility; he occupied the position of

"Head of a House," at that time one of great dignity and respect; he was also a Professor of History, and was not unknown as a writer. These gave him congenial occupations, and he preferred silence in his quadrangle. In fact I have known instances of a man wishing to enter the Hall as an undergraduate, and Dr. Cardwell has declined him. That Hall is now merged in Merton College. New Inn Hall, commonly called the Tavern, has become the property of Balliol, though it has not been hitherto utilised by that society.

Thus the Halls of St. Edmund and St. Mary are the sole survivors of that peculiar feature of academic life, though it is competent for any M.A. to apply to the university for licence to open a Hall of his own, and receive pupils (if he can get them). The number of these is, however, but small, and they are not long-lived in duration.

St. Mary Hall, or Skimmery, was in ancient times the Rectory house of the vicars of St. Mary's Church. It was converted into an academic institution and was long regarded as an appanage of Oriel College; that college mostly appointing the Head. Tradition says that there were once two claimants for the Headship, and on that dispute being referred to the chancellor for decision, that personage settled the question by making an appointment himself. However that may be, the appointment of the principal has certainly been for a long time in the hands of the chancellor of the university. Something may be first said of the buildings.

On entering by the porter's lodge, there is a small quadrangle, of which the side opposite the entrance indicates a very inferior style of architecture. It is a structure of two storeys, and an upper storey with windows like the attics or garret windows of a private house. There are old prints in existence which would indicate an intention, in time past, of rebuilding the whole in this form;

fortunately that barbaric intention was never carried out. There is a building not unlike this side in one of the quadrangles of New College.

On the south side of the quadrangle is the Hall, not a bad specimen of an academic dining-hall, though small, and over it the chapel, a very neat and pretty sanctuary. The rest of that side is occupied by the kitchen and needful offices, the college library, which was also utilised as a lecture-room, and some sets of rooms over them. The west side, or that by which the visitor enters, is the most presentable, having been largely rebuilt by a former principal, in decorated gothic. The drawing-room window of the principal's house looking into the quadrangle is very large and of elaborate stone-work. The north side of the quadrangle is occupied by the rest of the principal's house, which was rebuilt by Dr. Hampden when principal. He also rebuilt the adjacent buildings in three storeys (No. 7) containing three sets of rooms. The next building, commonly called the vine building from the vine trained against the wall, stands on ground belonging to Oriel, and a ground-rent was always paid for it to that college. That side of the quadrangle is completed by a new building harmonising in design with the principal's house. Tradition says that in former years that space was the kennel for dogs kept by the members of the Hall; an arrangement, though perhaps convenient to sporting men, yet not very academical. Subsequently, buildings were erected thereon harmonising in style with No. 7, but they have never been the property of the Hall. The story goes that the owner purposed making an entrance from Magpie Lane, and letting the rooms for solicitors' offices. He was subsequently induced to let them to the principal, who pays the rent to this day. Oriel College have purchased the reversion of that property, so that eventually it will be one ownership along with the other tenements. Oriel has always viewed the exist-

ence of St. Mary Hall with great disfavour; it is called their "barbara celarent" from two words, well known to old Oxford men, from Aldrich's *Logic*. There is but a slight wall in one part of the premises separating Skimmery from Oriel, and there is a story that some Oriel men once meditated the demolition of that wall of partition. Their desires will be gratified some day, as on the next avoidance of the principalship, this Hall will be merged altogether in Oriel, and Skimmery will enter on another chapter of its history. May the present principal, though not a youth, still flourish there with youthful vigour for many years to come!

Since the above was written, that wall of partition has been demolished, a roomy opening made, giving access to Skimmery from one of the quadrangles of Oriel. That college has thus gained a considerable extension to their academic buildings which they have wholly occupied with their own men. Dr. Chase retains his house for life, and his title and position of "Head of a House," and receives by arrangement some compensation for his withdrawal, while Oriel has many reasons to rejoice in an acquisition, which at the present cost of building, would have induced an outlay perhaps of thousands.

CHAPTER V.

PRINCIPALS OF ST. MARY HALL.

THE mention of the present principal, Dr. Chase (who by the new statutes is to be the last) suggests mention of some former principals. The names of Erasmus and Cardinal Allen may be mentioned *en passant* as having in ancient days domiciled at this Hall. The chapel contains a monumental slab to a Dr. King who was once principal of the Hall. He must by all accounts have been a very eccentric character, and as much may be inferred from the Latin inscription, written by himself. The small urn at the apex is said to contain his heart.

As the epitaph is considered a literary curiosity, as well as a good specimen of Latin writing, it is here appended.

EPITAPHIUM
GULIELMI KING
A SEIPSO SCRIPTUM
PRIDIE NONAS JUNII
DIE NATALI GEORGII III
MDCCLXII
FUI GULIELMUS KING LLD
AB ANNO MDCCXIX AD ANNUM MDCCLXIV
HUJUS AULAE PRAEFECTUS.
LITERIS HUMANIORIBUS A PUERO DEDITUS,
EAS USQUE AD SUPREMUM VITAE DIEM COLUI;
NEQUE VITIIS CARUI NEQUE VIRTUTIBUS;
IMPRUDENS ET IMPROVIDUS, COMIS ET BENEVOLUS,
SAEPE AEQUO IRACUNDIOR

HAUD UNQUAM UT ESSEM IMPLACABILIS:
A LUXURIÂ PARITER AC AVARITIÂ
(QUAM NON TAM VITIUM
QUAM MENTIS INSANITATEM ESSE DUXI)
PRORSUS ABHORRENS,
CIVES, HOSPITES, PEREGRINOS
OMNINO LIBERALITER ACCEPI,
IPSE ET CIBI PARCUS, ET VINI PARCISSIMUS
CUM MAGNIS VIXI, CUM PLEBEIIS, CUM OMNIBUS,
UT HOMINES NOSCEREM, ET MEIPSUM IMPRIMIS
NEQUE EHEU NOVI.
PERMULTOS HABUI AMICOS,
AT VEROS, STABILES, GRATOS,
(QUAE FORTASSE EST GENTIS CULPA)
PERPAUCISSIMOS.
PLURES HABUI INIMICOS,
SED INVIDOS, SED IMPROBOS, SED INHUMANOS:
QUORUM NULLIS TAMEN INJURIIS,
PERINDE COMMOTUS FUI,
QUAM DELIQUIIS MEIS.

SUMMAM QUAM ADEPTUS SUM SENECTUTEM
NEQUE OPTAVI, NEQUE ACCUSAVI.
VITAE INCOMMODA NEQUE IMMODERATE FERENS,
NEQUE COMMODIS NIMIUM CONTENTUS,
MORTEM NEQUE CONTEMPSI
NEQUE METUI.

DEUS OPTIME!
QUI HUNC ORBEM ET HUMANAS RES CURAS,
MISERERE ANIMAE MEAE.

NATUS MARTIS XVI^{TO}
MDCLXXXV.
ABIIT DECEMBRIS XXX^{MO}
MDCCLXIII.

This Dr. King was deputed to go to London and present to Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, the diploma for the degree of M.A., voted by the University of Oxford, "honoris causâ".

Dr. Nowell was a subsequent principal. He must have been a man of considerable wealth, for besides possessing, it may be assumed, his principal's lodgings, he had a beautiful villa at Iffley, two miles out of Oxford, where he once had Dr. Johnson as his guest. He also founded some exhibitions at the Hall, which bore his name, and one of which the writer enjoyed. He will, however, be remembered historically, as having preached a sermon before the House of Commons, on 30th January, 1772, King Charles's Day, thoroughly imbued with Tory principles. The usual vote of thanks was tendered to him and recorded in the journals of the House. Later on a pugnacious faction drew attention to this vote of thanks, and actually procured its revocation and erasure from the journals. The Tory party would have given signal compensation to their insulted champion, on their regaining office, by promoting Nowell to the Episcopal Bench. But their design was frustrated by his death.

The next principal, Phineas Pett, never achieved Nowell's distinction externally, but was more a man of mark in Oxford itself. He had been tutor or censor of Christ Church, and as such had George Canning under his charge. This distinguished man afterwards offered his old tutor a Bishopric, which Dr. Pett declined, preferring the dignified and easy life of the Head of a college. I have only met with one person who remembered Dr. Pett. He spoke of him as a remarkably handsome man and a very elegant scholar. His successor, Dr. Deane, was well remembered when I first went up to Oxford. He had been a fellow and tutor of Brasenose, and was considered a most elegant classical scholar. When he took the Headship of St. Mary Hall, he con-

tinued bachelor, and lived on very easy and convivial terms with the few members that his Hall contained. It has been said above that this Hall has ever been unique in its character. Its members enjoyed university privileges, if they chose to avail themselves of such, but there was no endowment, nor any fellowships, and the scholarships were of no great value. Thus there was little to attract members who aimed at university distinction. It rested with the principal as to the style of men who became members of his society. In Dr. Deane's time, the few members of his society were men of good social position, of comfortable means, and who came to Oxford for the enjoyment of four, five, or six years, or even more, of pleasant conviviality. For to Oxford flock the cream of English youth, and thus a social intercourse is accessible not to be attained elsewhere. From 2000 to 3000 men are there in the commencement or prime of manhood, of some amount of culture and refinement, representing various classes and tastes, brought together from all parts, during half of the year perhaps living widely apart, but during the other half brought there as to a focus.

In a college there is a certain amount of discipline, a certain curriculum of study enjoined or required, which to self-indulgent or older men is irksome and, it may be added, needless. These men entered the Halls, and of such St. Mary Hall, during the Deane Principalship, had a contingent. They were never troubled with lectures, attendance at chapel was very gently enjoined, if any of them thought of taking the B.A., no very stiff examination in those days, the *vice*-principal would be happy to further his views. The members rode out, followed the hounds, dined merrily, often supped after still more merrily, and the term passed over very pleasantly. A B.A. was taken now and then, perhaps once in three years, and then the whole society, the bachelor-principal included, were *en fête*.

It may be well conceived how such a principal would be the toriest of the Tories, resisting all new statutes, examinations and class-lists. When the scheme for founding honour schools was brought forward, the old gentleman resisted it strenuously, and the convocation house were in roars of laughter as in an elegant Latin speech (for he was equal to that) he held up the scheme to derision. Utilising the lines of Aldrich's *Logic*, he phrased up the first class as barbara celarent, etc., with a stingy allowance of four; the second, caesare camestres, etc., was to have a little more mercy and to include half a dozen, and so with the third, and as for all the rest—why, "nomen habent nullum, nec si bene colligis usum," they were to be treated as of no account whatever.

It was said that in his long vacations the old gentleman would lodge very quietly in various parts of England, lay aside his Oxford dignity, and, dressed as a layman in a brown suit, enjoy his privacy; sometimes even there some Oxford man has recognised him. He passed away, remembered with respect and affection by some of the old servants and surviving university officials.

Dr. Hampden was his successor, a very different man in personal bearing, and his conception of his office. A man of very shy, retiring habits and few words, he had no sympathy with the convivialities of his predecessor, and desired for his Hall a more academic character. He gave lectures himself, and was very painstaking. The members were not numerous; some of them of the class that generally resorted to a Hall, and the scholars, of whom there were four or five.

When Hampden became Regius Professor of Divinity he retained his principalship of St. Mary Hall, living at Christ Church in the house attached to his canonry, and being represented by a vice-principal. This was Hayward Cox, to whom I owe a great debt of gratitude. On that account I insert a personal paragraph.

My father had sent me to Oxford at my own earnest desire, but little knowing the standard of attainment required, and the needful expense of the career. As the very first term progressed I saw that my career would soon come to a close. In a very desponding frame of mind at the lookout, I opened out my poverty to the vice-principal, Hayward Cox, and he received it as a tender father. He gave me his two sons as pupils, to aid me pecuniarily, and eventually suggested my leaving the university for a time, to hold a good mastership which he procured for me. In three years' time I had saved money, and returned to St. Mary Hall. The dynasty had changed, but Cox's kindness had not, for he enlisted on my behalf the sympathy of Hampden's successor (of whom more anon), and thus my course towards graduating was smoothed.

When the Hall had passed into Hayward Cox's hands, an increase of its members became essential, and he filled it. We were, however, a motley body, and some members shall be spoken of more fully. Hampden did little as Head, after going to Christ Church; he attended chapel once a term and also the terminal "collections," but with a few exceptions he scarcely knew us. In 1848 he was made Bishop of Hereford, and the whole ecclesiastical world was convulsed by the appointment. Previous to this, a vote of censure had been passed on his Bampton Lectures by Convocation, for he was a *bête noir* to the High Church party, and yet in the teeth of that censure Lord John Russell had nominated him to a bishopric. The press poured forth pamphlets upon pamphlets, demonstrations were held, petitions got up, and a protest was presented by several members of the Episcopal bench. The Prime Minister kept firm, and Hampden became a bishop. It has been generally admitted, even by those who were personally in Hampden's favour, that it was an impolitic appointment. If the

Liberal Minister was bent on appointing a Liberal, there were numbers of men whom he could have chosen, against whom no exception could be taken. Hampden had only been known as a writer; was of sluggish temperament, and would prove, it was said, and events showed how just was the prognostication, a very idle bishop. "The chief butler also forgot Joseph," for he did not remember duly those who had held the ladder by which he mounted, especially Hayward Cox, his faithful henchman, who had fought valiantly for him. Soon after Hampden's appointment as bishop, his family were all seen as frequenters of Rotten Row, and pushing into county society: but dwelling among his clergy as a sympathising father and friend, was a phase of the Episcopal church life not then seen in Hereford. Hayward Cox received a Crown living, and eventually, but very tardily, one a shade better from Hampden.

In 1848, on the avoidance of the principalship by Hampden's promotion, the office was conferred on Dr. Bliss. The Headship was at the disposal of the Chancellor of the University, at that time the Duke of Wellington. Dr. Bliss had been for years the much respected Registrar of the University, and as such had been for a long period in constant communication with the chancellor, and had received from him a promise of the Headship when vacant. There was a strong feeling amongst the men in behalf of Hayward Cox, the now discarded vice-principal, and a memorial was got up, signed by numbers past and present of the members, and duly presented to the duke. But the appointment was a foregone conclusion. Hayward Cox took a house in Oxford, would receive a pupil now and then, but was eventually presented to the Crown living of Tenby.

Dr. Bliss was a man of active habits, and as the income from the Hall was not large he retained his office of Registrar, and appointed as his vice-principal Drummond Percy

Chase, Fellow of Oriel, upon whom the tuition of the Hall devolved. Dr. Bliss lived in the principal's lodgings, and took a kindly interest in the men. It was said that in earlier years he had been a great Radical in politics; if so, he must have undergone a wonderful transformation, for he was known in my time, like a former principal previously mentioned (Dr. Deane), as a determined Tory, and regarding with grave misgivings the various theories of reform which were being mooted. He had never kept pace with the intellectual and theological movements of the day, content to move in his accustomed groove. Rising early, he would be seen in his library at 6 or 6·30 A.M., attending to papers and letters; if his own chapel was not having service, he would attend early prayers at St. Mary's. After breakfast he would repair to his University office, despatch business, and be ready for a ride on horseback from 11 to 1. He would then be ready for all kinds of routine business, and could see no reason for any alteration. He was an intimate friend of Routh, the President of Magdalene; they were both bibliopoles, knew all the rare editions of celebrated books, and their conversation would often be of Oxford, as it will never be seen again. Dr. Bliss was an old man when appointed to the Headship, so that his tenure of office only lasted about nine years.

When he died, it was found that he had requested the chancellor to nominate as his successor his friend and *protégé*, Mr. Chase, who thus became principal in 1857.

It was said, and I believe with truth, that Chase and his brother came to Oxford to compete for scholarships, in jackets and turnover collars, quite boys, and were successful. He obtained in due course a First Class, and was known as a remarkably neat scholar, writing Latin like a Roman. He next won a Fellowship at Oriel, which he was allowed to retain along with his vice-principalship at St. Mary Hall. For a long time the feeling of the men

was against him. He had a sarcastic manner, and would "slang" a man in lecture most unmercifully. His notion of college discipline was fashioned after that of a man-of-war, and he expected an obedience almost servile. This was so the reverse of Hayward Cox, his predecessor, that men were taken aback and could not submit to it. Many were middle-aged men, at least long past boyhood, and one of them when Chase pointed out his notions of discipline, derived from the army and navy (Chase's father was an old salt) replied to him: "Mr. Vice, you forget that men in the army and navy are paid for certain services; here matters are reversed, we are the payers; I am here of my own free will and I pay you your fees out of my own income". Chase gazed on the man with astonishment. But he felt the force of the words. He had been accustomed to youths arriving direct from school, to whom tight discipline is essential and a positive kindness.

Yet in spite of that sarcastic manner, when better known he was found to be a thorough gentleman, with as kindly a heart as ever beat in the bosom of a college don. After fifty years' acquaintance and much intercourse and numberless kindly acts received at his hands, I rejoice to record great respect, and attachment deepening with advancing years. The members of the Hall were on his coming, to a large proportion migrates from other colleges. They had either failed in passing their examination at the appointed time, or committed some breach of college discipline, which in a strict college will not be overlooked, such as "going down" without leave, absenting themselves from lectures or college chapel, being plucked, perhaps more than once, and from habitual idleness likely to repeat the process. That stamp of men Chase never liked, nor could he manage them with the tact and patience shown by his predecessor, Cox, and he determined to admit such no longer. But the decision

was perilous, as it seemed calculated to make his Hall empty eventually. Chase conceived the idea of replenishing it with a different class of men altogether; all were to take their meals together, and thus by stringent economy and minimising expenditure, he made an Oxford degree attainable at half the usual expense. The conception was a bold one and has been heroically worked out. The inmates have been men drawn thither from various occupations, seldom public schoolmen or men of high education, but well-conducted, industrious, and winning their degree by pinching economy and steady perseverance. At one time the number has been very large, at others much diminished. But the fight has been a hard one, and the principal has described his position as "having a licensed lodging house, and his lodgers have access to university privileges". Before the University Commission his advice about the Halls was: "either suppress us or endow us". The former plan has been adopted, and as Dr. Chase has declared that nothing will induce him to leave Oxford, he will be a veteran Head and the last of the Skimmerian chiefs.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME OF "OURS".

It will be inferred from what has been stated above, that the *Σκιμμεριοι* were a very singular body, perhaps not paralleled in any other academic institution. They were especially so during the early years of my connection with it. There were men who had been in the army, and had retired therefrom, some were actually holding commissions, and finding that all the members of their mess were university men, they obtained leave of absence to repair to Oxford for that purpose. Some were barristers, feeling the same desire as the officers; some had been in sundry civil occupations, had withdrawn from them and were too old to submit to the stringent regulations of college life. Thus the body did not present the uniform style that marks the members of a college, but was rather an aggregate of individualities. Some of them shall be described, but occasionally under an assumed name, in case any remarks made might give pain to any surviving connections if recognised. A few shall be mentioned who were before my time.

William Sinclair, was a son of Sir John Sinclair of Thurso Castle, N.B.; he had been an officer in the Indian army for many years, and then desired to become a soldier in the Church of God. He became a member of Skimmery under Dr. Hampden, with whom he continued on intimate friendship all through life. Whilst in Oxford he was a frequent debater at the Union, and I believe was

the first president. He has been immortalised in the squib which is still in existence, though only known to men of olden standing, called Uniomachia, or an excited debate in the Union. It is written in Greek hexameters, and the description of *Σινκλαιρος Σκιμμεριος* is amusing and clever. His son, at present Archdeacon of London, has placed a portrait of his father in the debating hall of the Union, commencing the series of portraits of former presidents. Sinclair became the first incumbent of St. George's, Leeds. Whilst there my family were members of his congregation, as has been stated above. He had entered me at Skimmery, thinking his influence might stand me in good stead. His anticipations were correct, and I shall ever feel profound gratitude for the start in academic life which his kind offices procured me. He subsequently was presented to the Rectory of Pulborough by Lord Leconfield and became Canon of Chichester. His son bids fair to surpass his father in celebrity, being Archdeacon of London and Canon of St. Paul's, and regarded in London as a man of mark.

Another of the old men before me was Jackson. I believe he had been Bible clerk, an office now becoming defunct. The Bible clerk was understood to be a poor man struggling for a degree; he responded in chapel, read lessons, entered the names of those present, said grace in Hall, and was librarian. His emoluments helped him largely towards his university expenses, and thus the office was much coveted by poor men. The writer of these lines has enjoyed the benefits of that office, as by its aid, supplemented by his savings in his mastership referred to above, he was enabled to obtain a degree without bleeding his father after his first year. Jackson was the son of an eminent Wesleyan minister, and eventually became a right-hand man to Bishop Blomfield, the eminent Bishop of London. At that prelate's recommendation Jackson was sent out to be Bishop of the

Canterbury settlement, a colony to be formed in New Zealand entirely from the High Church party, and thus in religious matters to be of one mind, without the bickerings of dissent. To the astonishment of us all, Jackson returned to England. The full explanation of that return I could never learn. It was said that on board ship on his way out there were grave complaints of the food, and that Jackson headed the malcontents so pertinaciously that the captain put him in irons. Bishop Blomfield investigated the whole case, expressed himself satisfied with Jackson's conduct, and presented him to the Rectory of Stoke Newington. Dr. Jackson became a man of mark in London, and some of his sons have become distinguished men.

Reference may be made to two brothers of the name of Bingham, who were specimens of Oxford of the olden days. They lived conjointly at the rate of £1500 a year, keeping a good stud, hunting daily, given to hospitality, and therefore seeing much of Oxford sociabilities. As the old scouts described them as the "nicest genelmen as you ever seed," it may be inferred that the pickings and perquisites derived from the *par nobile fratrum* were most remunerative.

The senior undergraduate in my time was Lumley. He had been many years in the army and then came to Oxford. His countenance indicated much foreign service, but his previous education must have been scant, and his roving life was not conducive to habits of study. He therefore found passing his examinations very difficult. He was a very amiable man, popular amongst us all, and commonly called The Captain. His mother and sister had a house in Oxford, and as he had a handsome allowance from an uncle, from whom he had considerable expectations, he took life very easily. He would sometimes sit smoking a cigar by the writer's fireside—who was busy at his work—and express regret that he had not been brought

up to hard work in like manner. He told me that this uncle married late in life, a son and heir appeared, and the poor captain's expectations were knocked on the head, and the allowance in my time had gradually dwindled.

Lumley once took it into his head to give a musical party in his rooms. He was not a musical man himself, neither vocal nor instrumental, but he gathered together a goodly assemblage, and the performance went off with *éclat*. But after the performance the captain gave a supper, and as there was no stint, some of the performers in their elevation recommenced, though, one may be sure, without any conductor. Fastening the doors of the rooms, they opened his windows wide (they were on the third storey), so that all Oxford might have the benefit. Trombones, trumpets, cornets, drums, vied with each other in terrific thunderings; servants were sent to expostulate, the vice-principal came from his bed, rattling at the barred door, the provost and tutors of Oriel sent round with remonstrances at the disturbance. It was all in vain. The host was not accessible through the barricaded doors; he begged, he implored his guests to abate their nuisance, but no sounds would they have but their own, and so they continued till exhausted. The morning brought reflection. The host waited on the vice-principal, tendering humblest apologies, and expressing his willingness to submit to any punishment that might be imposed. The vice-principal wisely said he would suspend any action for twenty-four hours. During these twenty-four hours the ringleaders were sobered down, wrote a conjoint apology, begging, like men of honour, that their host might not be punished for their peccadilloes, and tendered their humble submission to the authorities all round, appending their names. The authorities discreetly accepted the apology, spoke a few words of grave reprimand, but with fatherly courtesy, to the signatories, and the matter blew over.

The captain, when near the end of my time, disappeared from Oxford, and we feared he was badly off. But I heard from good authority that late in life he had married a widow of some considerable means. He was a thorough gentleman, a kind-hearted man, and all who knew him rejoiced that his course down the hill of life was thus smoothed.

Charles Lascelles was one of "ours" whom all that knew him felt much for. His grandfather was a baronet who figured prominently in the reign of George III., and was imprisoned for libel. His published memoirs, referring to times and events that have little attraction to living men, were much read at the time, and they indicate a spirit untamed and untamable. One of his sons had been an officer in the army, but had either left it spontaneously, or more properly been requested to leave the service: he hung about billiard-rooms in such places as Cheltenham, and was commonly supposed to live upon the less skilled and unwary. He had married a Roman Catholic, and their son came to Skimmery to compete for a scholarship, a tall gaunt lad of thirteen. The stripling had brilliant natural abilities, and was the best of the competitors, but when he was taken to the vice-chancellor for matriculation, that functionary on hearing his age, demurred to administer the oath, suggesting his presentation at a later period. A suggestion was then made to the father to postpone the residence of one so young, but he expressed full confidence in the son, "he had been well brought up," etc. The father then disappeared, and the vice-principal was in perplexity.

The youth, on being sounded, had no money with him, and he was to pursue a university course on a scholarship of £40 a year! In a few days the youth's mother appeared, and the anxious tutor, sending for her, expressed pleasure that some one was interested in the youth. She expressed concern at his being left there so young, and

she could not rest till she saw how he fared. In a few days intelligence reached the vice-principal that intensified instead of removing his anxieties. He learned that the youth at the promptings of his mother was obtaining handsome books on the credit of his scholarship, selling them at once as second-hand, and handing his mother the proceeds. On hearing this, the anxious vice-principal summoned the mother, and telling her that her presence, instead of being an advantage to her son, would be his ruin, she must either depart from Oxford in twelve hours or be handed over to the police.

The youth was now left, and the kind-hearted vice-principal pondered over the case gravely. He regarded it as thrown in his way in the course of God's Providence, which he must try to turn to good account. Summoning the youth, he catechised him as to all his relatives and belongings. He found that the baronetcy was held by his father's elder brother, a bachelor, but who had repudiated all intercourse. This baronet was approached, and though repelled again and again, the kind-hearted vice-principal persevered in his application, and obtained the promise of an allowance to aid the youth, but it was to be unknown to the father. The vice-principal then took the youth in charge, clothed him, paid his college bills, screwing all down so as to spin out the allowance: every cheque that came from the uncle was to be positively the last. The youth had no home; he spent the whole year round in Oxford. He was of a warm-hearted and affectionate disposition, and if he had been brought up in a religious home and had come to the university with more mature judgment, he might have had a distinguished career. But his father had initiated him to all kinds of fast life whilst yet a child, and the ways of sober, industrious men, were irksome and distasteful. He passed his examinations in the ordinary way but never took a degree, as tradesmen, who had never received a farthing for his early debts, threatened to pluck

the proctor's gown.[1] Lascelles's patron, Mr. Cox, got him a tutorship in Germany, and he eventually entered the Prussian service. Returning to England, he married a respectable woman, and supported himself by translating foreign articles for the press; he also published one or two novels which had a fair run. One of them was supposed by those who knew him to be mainly an autobiography, and the outline here given of him will show that there was abundant material. One of us encountered him in the streets of London looking prematurely old, and he died a wreck, but in the prime of life. It must be added that his real name is not given above, as some of his well-known name may be still alive.

[1] When the degrees are conferred the proctors walk down the room and any one objecting to the degree being conferred plucks the proctor's gown. This would demand inquiry and stop the degree. I never knew it actually done, but it was frequently threatened to extravagant men by hungry creditors, unless their demands were partially settled. I have seen Lascelles stop in another man's room for hours to escape a sanguinary dun, whom he spied prepared to waylay him.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE OF "OURS".

WATERFIELD was one of our greatest eccentricities, and afforded considerable diversion during his time of residence. One day a Great Western train brought its usual contingents at the commencement of the October term, and amongst those who got into an omnibus was a strange youth whose appearance created a sensation. He was very tall, over six feet, wearing a huge ill-fitting overcoat, that must have been the family coachman's, a venerable hat with narrow rim, and his feet, of themselves long in dimensions, encased in shoes decidedly easy in fit. He had evidently never been from home before, and the lively spirits in the train and omnibus predicted an eventful career for him, as he was deposited at Skimmery. When summoned to lecture on the following day, he made his appearance in a morning-coat which had been originally of tartan plaid, but sundry repairs of various patterns gave it at once the name of his "Joseph". His home was in the cider-growing country, and when in Hall he drank college ale as if it had been cider. The result was that on leaving Hall he was, to put it mildly, unsteady on his legs, and afforded infinite fun to the merry ones about, who piloted him to their respective rooms for further performances. His elder brother had been in residence some years earlier, and was a most finished society man; the marked difference therefore perplexed us. The younger one spoke good English,

without any peculiarity of accent, seemed fairly educated, and in spite of his gawkiness, showed the feelings of a gentleman. This increased our perplexity. As he and I were in the same lectures, and were thus much thrown together, an intimacy arose. He would ask me to sign family papers for him, and showed other marks of confidence. Thus were elicited the following particulars. Waterfield belonged to a west country family, living on their patrimonial estate for generations. His father had been extravagant and somewhat ambitious of social position beyond his means; his elder brother had been sent to a public school, where he had become a fair scholar, but had acquired expensive tastes, and in Oxford had somewhat involved himself. The mother dreading that the family estate would disappear altogether if the second son followed their steps, kept him at home, sent him to the curate of the parish for instruction, and supplemented it somewhat by occasionally importing a private tutor. As the arrangements of the household were on the most economical plan, it may be inferred that no tutor stayed long. With such antecedents the youth was launched in Oxford, and his eccentricities were thus explained. He saw and felt them, for he remarked with tears in his eyes how none of us asked his company for public walking. This led to the pointing out the advisability of shaving, tooth-brushing, hair-combing, processes hitherto unpractised; rigging out in better clothes, neater ties, a modern hat; all was taken good-temperedly, and on being assured that he should not be led to needless expense, his outward man was metamorphosed. He could thus pace the streets without causing all eyes to be turned to the "guy". Nothing could exceed his gratitude, for he was a warm-hearted, affectionate man, but the habits of his boyhood and the isolation of those years were never shaken off. He was also near-sighted; this increased his isolation, for he

recognised no one in the streets, and though he was known on speaking terms by all the members, he had but two friends to whom he showed any intimate attachment.

After taking his degree he became a curate on the south coast, and the same eccentricities marked him. If people uncovered to him on encountering him, he saw it not, and though painstaking and of blameless life, yet his first curacy was also his last. On the completion of his two years his vicar courteously requested a termination of their connection. The elder brother was also a clergyman and much sought after in society, for he was well-read, had travelled much, and was *comme il faut* in social life. He had become engaged to a lady of good position, and all promised brightly for his worldly happiness, when one day he received a letter from the lady's father desiring a discontinuance of his visits. It appeared that inquiries had been made as to his family, and exaggerated stories of extravagance had been reported. He was described as being deeply and hopelessly in debt, and as desiring this marriage, not from any attachment, for he was maliciously and falsely described as having had many engagements previously, but from a sole desire to get possession of the lady's means and extricate himself from his embarrassments. The rupture and the charges levelled against him overwhelmed the injured man and in the end broke his heart. He immediately surrendered his preferment, and retired to his ancestral home a shattered, dying man. His brother, the subject of this narrative, having just left his curacy, joined him and engaged a nurse for the sufferer. I am doubtful as to whether the mother was still alive, but if so, she was very advanced in years. The sufferer never recovered the shock, and this younger brother buried him soon by the side of his fathers.

Being thus alone, Waterfield became possessed of the

ancestral estate, and decided on living very quietly, in fact that had always been his lot, and renouncing his clerical life to farm his patrimony. In after years I learned that he had married his brother's nurse, was the father of five sons whom he was educating himself, and his wife clothed as peculiarly as the father had been. Her plan was to buy a piece of cloth and manufacture all the needful garments with her own hands. Thus the domestic eccentricities seemed in a fair way of being perpetuated, but the cessation of all communication, not from any want of respect, but from engrossing occupations, prevents further chronicle of Waterfield.

Hitchin was another eccentricity, in some respects more egregious than Waterfield, but far inferior socially, intellectually and in personal worth. He came from Somersetshire, where his father was a country practitioner, and the youth was entitled to a scholarship by the locality of his birth. His education must have been also by the parson of the parish, for he was not inaptly described by the college tutor as if he had been born seventeen years old, without going through the discipline of boyhood. He would sit at table making extraordinary contortions of his face, turning up his eyes as if in deep meditation, and hissing a low whistle to himself. Poor fellow, he was lamentably deceived in himself. He had evidently been told that he was a prodigy of learning, that he was sure of obtaining the highest honours, then a fellowship, and that nothing was too high for him to aspire to afterwards. It was soon seen that he would pass the examinations for the ordinary degree with great difficulty, and the authorities kindly put him under a coach. When he went in for his *vivâ voce*, the examiners themselves could with difficulty keep their gravity at his grimaces, and the gallery of spectators burst out in such convulsions of laughter, that the senior examiner three times warned them that if they did not control themselves he must close

the schools. When his examination was over, and the examinee was heard hissing his whistle, the examiner himself could no longer refrain, and examiners and spectators burst out into a guffaw all round. The youth obtained his *testamur*, and then was daily scanning the advertisements in the *Times* as to some sphere of occupation. He waited on the kind-hearted principal (Bliss) for that purpose, who expressed his willingness to aid him if possible, but asked what views he had for himself. To this the simple youth replied, "he should like a post under Government"! At this the old principal roared with laughter, exclaiming: "Heaven help the Government". After a lapse of many years I heard from a relation of his that he had inherited a nice little competency, but had lived in a most miserly, penurious manner, depriving himself of the common necessaries of life, and thus had shortened his days.

Dutchman was a remarkable man. He came up to Oxford to try for some exhibition at Magdalene Hall, now Hertford College, where Jacobson, afterwards Bishop of Chester, was vice-principal. He failed in attaining his object, but in an interview he won the sympathy of Mr. Jacobson, who under a bluff exterior possessed a kindly heart. That gentleman, after a little thought, said: "I have no way here of aiding your views, but I will give you a note to my friend Mr. Cox, who has had similar cases". Thus armed, Dutchman presented himself before Hayward Cox, at that time vice-principal of Skimmery. If Jacobson had been sympathetic, Cox was more so, and the youth said afterwards that he could have fallen on his knees before him. The arrangement was that Dutchman was to matriculate, go down the country to his occupation as usher somewhere, and come up to residence for a term or two as he could manage. In no other place but Skimmery would such an arrangement have been practicable.

Soon after this took place the change of Headship. Dr.

Bliss became principal, importing Chase as vice-principal, and Hayward Cox withdrew, bearing with him the affections of the men. Before leaving, he had explained to the new Head the circumstances and position of each individual member, amongst the rest, the writer of this, and the very peculiar case of Dutchman. Dr. Bliss installed me in the office of Bible clerk, by which I was enabled to take my degree without working for my expenses, and Dutchman was employed as secretary by the new principal, the payment for which, along with sundry odd fees which dropped in, covered his college expenses in like manner.

Dutchman had the most inventive brain for mischief and contriving contretemps, without any real harm ensuing, of any man of his day. A freshman had come into residence named Dale. As the principal saw Dutchman daily, he said to him: "I should be glad if you would ask some of the existing men to call upon Dale, as he does not seem to know any in the university". (He had been previously, I think, in the army.) Accordingly, Dutchman waited upon Sturges, one of the most popular and gentlemanly men in our body, addressing him thus: "Sturges, would you kindly call on a new man just come up who is occupying those rooms (pointing in the direction). He is a very nice man and I think you would like him. But I should tell you one thing, he has the misfortune to be very deaf. So perhaps you will bear that in mind, and raise your voice when you call upon him." To all this, ready attention was promised. Straight from him does Dutchman repair to the new man, informs him of the principal's request to himself, and that he had already sounded for that purpose one of our nicest members, Sturges, pointing to his rooms. "I should, however, add," proceeded Dutchman, "that he has the misfortune to be very deaf; poor fellow, it is a sad misfortune, but perhaps you will bear it in mind when he calls." Of course Dale agreed. The mischief-maker then withdrew to a room whence he could watch

the result. "*Bis dat qui cito dat*," says the proverb, and Sturges was soon observed by the plotter and a few in the secret sallying forth. Presently his voice was heard in loud tones: "I have given myself the pleasure of calling upon you, as a newcomer amongst us," to which a response in a still louder tone was heard: "I am exceedingly obliged to you for the attention, and appreciate it much". Then came a rejoinder: "I shall be happy to make any suggestions that may be of service; have a glass of wine with me after Hall to-night. Can you hear me?" "Oh, yes," replied the newcomer, in still louder tones, "I shall be happy to come. I hear you well; I hope you hear me, for I am sorry to learn that you are deaf." "I deaf!" quoth Sturges, "no, I'm not deaf; it's you that are deaf." "I deaf!" rejoined Dale, "who told you that?" Then both men paused in silence, till roars of laughter outside revealed the hoax. "It's that Dutchman!" exclaimed Sturges. Then they both laughed heartily and sat down for conversation.

Waterfield and Hitchin were incessant sources of amusement to Dutchman. Waterfield would come to his room: "Dutchman, will you let me have a walk with you this afternoon; I can't find Skylight (Hiley)". "Certainly; but now, my dear fellow, go and get shaved, and put off your Joseph." In due time Waterfield returned; "there now, kneel down and let me tie your tie neatly" (Waterfield being over six feet, and Dutchman remarkably short). That done, he would be instructed to go down to the Broad Walk, and be walking there till joined by his companion. At Hall table Waterfield would call across the table: "Dutchman, I never saw you this afternoon in the Broad Walk". "Now, really, you surprise me; how long were you there?" "I was walking up and down for two hours, and I never saw you." "Now, really, I have bad sight (he always wore glasses), but then you should have had your glasses on—take care and do

so another time." The fact was Dutchman had never been near, but had another engagement on which he preferred silence.

Hitchin was informed by the wag that being a scholar it was one of his distinctions to open the door of the principal's stall in chapel, and precede him to the communion table as a verger, open that door, and then bow profoundly. No one was informed of the conversation, but it had taken root. The next Sunday morning, after matins, Hitchin was observed sailing forth to the principal's stall, opening the door, and then stalking with dignity in advance of the old gentleman to open the altar rail also. This done, he made a profound obeisance. The whole chapel at first were astonished and then convulsed. After service the principal told poor Hitchin that he was obliged by his courtesy, but the attention need not be repeated. He asked no questions, probably suspecting there was some practical joke at the bottom.

Dutchman once narrowly escaped the clutches of the proctor. At that time the rule was very strict against walking in the High Street "in beaver," especially on Sunday afternoon. Dutchman fancying a constitutional instead of attending university sermon, was trotting leisurely down the High Street, when a few yards before him he observed a proctor approaching. Though taken aback for a moment, Dutchman was always equal to the occasion. He walked on coolly till confronted and stopped by the proctor. After the usual question: "Are you a member of the university," the proctor said rather severely: "is this the way to St. Mary's, sir?" "No," replied Dutchman. "That is," pointing behind him, "and so I was surprised at meeting you, Mr. Proctor, knowing it was your duty to be inside it now." The proctor was *en route* thither, but being a little late this scene arose. The proctor smiled good-naturedly and hastened on.

Dutchman never did things by halves. During the Revolution of 1848 he was an enthusiastic admirer of Kossuth, so much so that we expected his leaving Oxford and enrolling in Kossuth's troops. The collapse of the Hungarian movement alone deterred him. Continuing his Oxford course, he studied mathematics, and in working his problems displayed wonderfully inventive skill in effecting solutions. His case was a real pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, his health was indifferent, and a relative who had lent him money at 50 per cent. pressed him hardly. After passing his final examination he took to tuition in the North, and at one time he told me he was so pinched that he had been forty-eight hours without food. Then occurred an episode in his life quite romantic. He had often spoken of an uncle in India with whom he kept up connection by correspondence till the address became unknown. One day in the *Times* there appeared an advertisement for a tutor to an officer's sons. It was answered by Dutchman's relative, the usurer who bore the same name and had gone down in the world. The officer was the Indian uncle, and seeing the signature of the letter supposed it was the nephew who had corresponded with him regularly. He remembered that the youth was or had been at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, and the officer addressed a letter of inquiry addressed somewhat vaguely "To the Head of St. Mary Hall, Oxford". This happened to be Chase, who wrote to Dutchman to waste no time, but make a personal call, enclosing the officer's letter. Dutchman flew to the address given and was installed as tutor, but some time elapsed before he learned how he had unwittingly overridden the usurer. It was indeed a righteous retribution. That engagement was the turning-point of Dutchman's fortunes. He laid himself out for the boys' welfare, taught them mathematics, fencing, swimming, and so won the uncle's heart, that his recommendation made others desire such aid.

He accordingly took a house, engaged a housekeeper, took young men to prepare for the army and was remarkably successful. They paid him munificently. Eventually he took a much larger house, married, and became well known as a political writer, founding a Conservative paper. He sent a brother to the university, who afterwards married, but proved anything but loyal. Dutchman died in the prime of life; possibly his constitution was impaired by early privations, and overwork. But he will ever be remembered by those who knew his early struggles, as a remarkable instance of enterprising and indomitable energy.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE OF "OURS".

MONTESQUIEU was a Skimmerian who made for a time a figure in the world. He was the son of an officer in the army, and his mother was said to be the daughter or niece of an Irish peer. His personal appearance was in his favour, at least he thought so, for his bounce and assurance were terrific. He resided many terms, but never passed a single examination, though he made a shot once at the little go. He contrived that his *vivâ voce* should come on during vacation time, for in term time his well-known bounce would have drawn a large audience, and he dreaded their derision at his failure, should such be his fate, and it was. He was a frequent speaker at the Union, preparing his speeches very elaborately and presenting an equally elaborate get-up. On a pause in any debate, and a speaker was desired, his name would be called vociferously, and the apparent modesty with which he slowly rose was something rich to observe. He was very fluent, and by constant reading newspapers and magazines (he knew nothing else) he presented to a superficial observer the appearance of well-primed eloquence. During the vacations rumour said that he went on the stage, and he brought out a play himself, for which he canvassed diligently; in fact, with considerable effrontery. It was played in a Liverpool theatre, as the scene of action was in that neighbourhood; but a few nights exhausted the interest, and it was never attempted elsewhere. He was

also for a time one of the Yeomen of the Guard, or some post of that character, but being unable to complete the purchase, the occupation ceased. After a long residence in Oxford he disappeared altogether without, as has been said above, passing a single examination, and the next thing heard was that he had married into a West-country family of position. That did not astonish us, for his plausibility and assurance were overwhelming. But what did astonish everybody was that he had persuaded a bishop to ordain him, without any degree, and that he appeared all at once before the world as a full-blown popular preacher with a changed name. After two or three years he went out to India to a Government chaplaincy, and then after an interval of a few years he returned and electrified London as a still more popular preacher. His appearance was striking; his jet-black hair was now white, his robes, cassock, etc., were of most exquisite make, every action and gesture most carefully studied, for he had trained for the stage; his voice was ringing and under tutored control, while the matter of his sermons was of a flashy, attractive style, reminding his audience of Robert Montgomery in his younger days. The church was crowded, especially with the fair sex, and on his reception-day at his own house the line of carriages might have rivalled a Prime Minister's reception, with this difference, that the occupants of the carriages were all of the fair sex. These all subscribed for so "dear a man" to be divorced from the "heartless creature" who had disgraced him, for he had given it out that his wife had eloped with an officer. The divorce was obtained, and the "dear man" was soon married again, and to a woman likewise divorced. "Happy, happy pair."

The next intelligence of this clerical hero was that he had gone over to the Church of Rome, and he travelled about England giving readings from Shakespeare and other poets as a layman, in towns where he had previously

attracted hearers by the thousand to their churches as a star. One of his undertakings was to exhibit a whole play, the various actors and actresses performing the postures, the gestures, the movements, but all in dumb show, the speaking being all done by Montesquieu. The attempt was produced in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, but after a few nights it proved a failure. Soon after this he died, at no great age. Old habitués said his career reminded them of Romeo Coates.

There are a few more of "Ours" who may be adverted to somewhat briefly, as being in their way characters.

Wilberforce was a grandson of Wilberforce the philanthropist. He was a man wonderfully gifted in mind and body. He might be passed in the street without attracting attention, but if observed leisurely when standing, his figure would not fail to arrest attention. His high forehead, well-shaped nose, his shoulders falling away beautifully, his well-knit limbs, indicated a man of singular bodily power. He proved to be the best runner, the best boxer, the best sculler in the university. When he read, he would read hard for fourteen hours a day for a week, and then drop for many weeks. He was also totally indifferent to the conventionalities of life; cared nothing for the class of society to which he belonged by birth and association, and much preferred to enter a public and stand beer all round for the boatmen and bargees, with whom he would smoke for hours. He might have won the highest honours, for he had abundant capacity, but his position in the class list was very moderate. He was called to the Bar, but I never heard of his obtaining a practice, and he died in middle-life, and I believe had become, like some of his family, a Roman Catholic.

Disney was a man of whom a few lines may be written. He was noted in the university as a great steeplechase rider. For many terms he was the talk of the sporting men of the university. Either Mr. Disney was going to

ride some horse that no one else dare stride, or jump some ditch pronounced impracticable. As the time drew on for him to attempt his examination, the schools were crowded with men, partly his quondam companions in sport, but still more with the curious. He was known scarcely to have looked at a book, except by compulsion, and men wondered what he would have to say. As he stood before the examiners, and questions were asked answerable by a Sunday School child, and perhaps answerable by himself when at school, he stood motionless, not a sound proceeded from his lips. The examinee thought to himself that such silence would be fatal, so he must call forth his energy, if he had any, and answer more pluckily. Therefore when the examiner tried to coax out an answer on the Articles, asking persuasively, "Would you infer, now, from any of the Articles that there was any connection between the Old and New Testament?" the examinee answered quite gleefully, "Not the slightest". It was his first and last answer.

After four or five more trials, and a very prolonged residence at the university, he got his degree. A family living was waiting for him, but he did not adorn it long for he died when little over forty.

Druce was an amiable, quiet man, respected by us all, but pronounced the slowest coach to be met with in any society. It is said of a Scotchman that he cannot perceive a joke; Druce was not a Scot, but he was, as to a joke, duller than the dullest. In a room full of men, when merry witticisms would abound and men were shaking their sides with laughter, Druce would sit impassive, imperturbable. Dutchman would endeavour to elucidate some of the sayings and drive them in. It mattered not—Druce could see no fun in it. The next day, on coming out of lecture, when all were talking of the subject discussed and matters pertaining to it, Druce would be giggling almost convulsively. "Well, Druce,

what is the matter this morning? Some good fortune happened to you?" "Oh, my, don't you know? That joke that was told last night!" In twenty-four hours it had filtered through his cranium. Like many very slow men, if Druce had abundant time to think a matter over, twice as much as most men need, his judgment was good, and he became a useful and respected clergyman.

Another of our eccentricities was Fernie. He had been a gentleman of substance, left fatherless at an early age, and thus had not that checking curb applied, so much needed by perverse rebellious youth. On becoming of age he launched out into life, kept a racing stud and often rode his horses himself. Having run through his property, and it was feared his mother's and sister's too, he came to Oxford with the intention of graduating and eventually presenting himself to a family living in his gift. To a man with such habits, the sober life of a student sticking to his books for hours, in order to qualify himself for the necessary examinations, was decidedly against the grain. He "put on a coach," but the coach could make nothing of him, the very pieces of Latin composition which were to be done as part of his training, he got done by proxy. He much preferred to toss his books aside, get up a wine-party or join one going on and be the noisiest of the noisy.

One such supper party he got up on the 5th November. That evening was always a Saturnalia in Oxford, often marked by a town and gown row. I believe these latter were eventually broken through by the authorities refusing leave outside the college gates that night. Fernie, however, if he could not have a row outside, contrived one inside the college that night. Commencing with a supper at a late hour, when his guests had "well drunk," he supplied them with fireworks. Adjourning to the quad, the rioters commenced explosions in all directions, amidst shouts of laughter. The quieter men, foreseeing the

results, kept their rooms, "sported their oaks," put out their own lights, lest the hilarious youths should honour them with attention. Many of the staircases being steep and tortuous, were perilous in the dark even to sober men. One contingent managed to mount one staircase, dark though it was, which led to the chapel. Seizing the rope, they commenced a peal. This brought out the vice-principal from his bed. On his appearance the lively birds disappeared in all directions, running into any room where the door could be pushed open. One of the liveliest was a man always most exquisitely dressed, but very small of stature. He had been spotted by the vice-principal, and ran in the darkness into the nearest room on the ground floor, and into the bedroom opening from it. It contained a very small low bed, under which no human being but one of the smallest dimensions could wriggle himself. There the mannikin contrived to find refuge, and making no response when called by name, was supposed to have escaped elsewhere. When matters had become more calm, the owner of the room returned to his quarters, and was astonished to find a pandemonium and groans issuing from under his bed. The little dandy had squeezed underneath, but had become so tightly wedged that he could not stir. Moreover, he was saturated and poisoned by an upset he had caused underneath. The owner on discovering the stowaway shrieked with laughter, and eventually with the help of a friend they extricated the drowning and sickened dandy amidst renewed merriment.

With the morning of course came overhauling. Fernie took the whole blame on himself, and after a severe objurgation, which he admitted was richly his due, that 5th November scene passed over. He figured, however, in one or two more rows and then disappeared from Oxford altogether. I never learnt his future history; he was engaged to be married to a lady of some social position, but that was also broken off, and the Church was

spared also from enrolling this worthy amongst her clergy.

Another of our eccentricities, Philipson, deserved much commiseration. He came up to Oxford a fair scholar, and was entered at one of the colleges. During his undergraduateship his father, a country clergyman, married a second time and far below himself; this led to a break-up of the family, for the children refused to enter their father's dwelling. This son took to excessive smoking, sitting up to the small hours of the morning: it was said, indeed, that he smoked opium. As a necessary consequence he was irregular in attendance at chapel and lectures and was in constant trouble with the authorities. He would have fits of penitence, and in one such, the story goes, that to ensure his being up and dressed for morning chapel, on one occasion he did not undress, but stood in an upright position in his scout's closet, that the opening of the door in the morning by the scout might ensure his being ready. Unfortunately he fell fast asleep, his body leaning against the door. When this was opened in the morning, he was pushed back unconsciously by the scout on his coals, and thus made an unpresentable object. Being compelled to migrate, he came to Skimmery where he continued his habits. He had rooms under me, would commence playing an accordion at midnight, knock me up when retired to bed to partake of his coffee; then he would go to bed at four or five and, of course, put in no appearance at chapel or lecture.

Philipson was naturally of a sullen temperament, and this conjoined to his irregular habits, made him without a friend.

When, in due course, Philipson presented himself for his university examinations, he failed to pass as was generally expected, and as his father refused further pecuniary supplies, there was no alternative but to leave the university altogether. He spoke of going to London, and

seeking that most difficult of all employments, writing for the press. No one heard of him again directly, but one of our body said he observed a man standing about Charing Cross with his coat buttoned up to hide, it is to be feared, the absence of shirt. On meeting the stranger's eye, the standing man walked away, but the spectator felt convinced that he had seen Philipson.

The above description of some of the members that composed our body shall be closed with a slight biography of two men, honoured, respected and beloved by all who knew them.

William Henry Charsley came up to Christ Church, Oxford, a fine man in person, of superior mind, a good scholar, and with every prospect of gaining high university distinction. One evening at some supper party, one of the guests, who had apparently taken more wine than was good for him, began flinging about the room pieces of a pipe that had been broken. One of these pieces struck Charsley on the iris of the eye. The wound was bad; the eye bled profusely. A surgeon was sent for immediately; the nearest was out, but his assistant came, a novice, who ought to have fetched a more experienced practitioner. The result of the neglect or mismanagement was that Charsley lost the sight of both his eyes, and disappeared from the university.

After an interval of some years he returned to Oxford with a younger brother, to pilot him about. They entered Skimmery, and the blind man was soon felt to be an acquisition, and immensely popular. It might have been expected that a man so afflicted would be habitually depressed, and telling the tale of his disaster. He never referred to it. If you walked out with him, you took his arm, and he chatted cheerfully the whole way. If he came into your room and you were busy, he would sit still,

wrapped in his own thoughts, and smoking his pipe. If you were disengaged, he talked like the merriest, was a keen politician, taking intense interest in the subjects of the day. He had a fair voice, and if singing, whether sacred or secular, was going on, he would stand by the piano and sing the former with taste, or sit in his chair and troll out his song right merrily. It was observed that he always used the language of sight. "I have *seen* the *Times* to-day; there's a capital article on Lamartine." He was pronounced without doubt the strongest-minded man any of us knew. A boy came and read to him so that he might qualify for his degree. When the time came for his going into the schools, a friend (Farrar, referred to hereafter) was allowed to accompany him into the room, to read the questions to him and write his replies. When the *vivâ voce* came on, the examiner read the Latin or Greek; Charsley construed after him. No man was more warmly congratulated on taking his degree. The next question before him was his future subsistence, for he intended to earn his living by his own industry. New College offered him a chaplaincy, a post that he could have honourably filled. Knowing the service by heart, and preparing for it, he would have intoned, joined in the anthems, and chanted right lustily. The question *in limine* was, would the bishop (Samuel Wilberforce) ordain him. Charsley went to Cuddesdon for an interview. He told us afterwards that the bishop had pressed him for his views doctrinally, and Charsley, ever honourable and straightforward, said to that prelate: "My lord, if I were seeking orders with a view to preaching and taking charge of a parish, your interrogatories would be just. But I have no such intention. I do not mean to preach nor take parochial charge, but to officiate as a choral chaplain. The office will be to me an honourable maintenance, and I will endeavour not to disgrace it." The bishop thereupon declined to accept him for ordination. The general

opinion entertained was that had Charsley truckled a little to the bishop's own special crotchets, talked his Shibboleth, no objection would have been raised.

Many years after, Archbishop Thomson ordained a clergyman who has been blind from his birth, and a very excellent clergyman he has ever been. If the law of the Church did not deter the Archbishop, was S. Oxon's objection valid?

After this Charsley never thought of ordination again, but settled himself down to tuition. At first no one offered, men hesitated to employ a blind coach: even Chase, much as he felt for him, was unwilling to recommend him. After a time, one or two who had felt for him, made the attempt and did not regret it. One of them said that in saying his Euclid he would purposely alter the letters in the angles, whereupon the blind coach would exclaim: "How can you be so stupid?" Gradually pupils increased in number. One of them invited him (the coach) to his home for the long vacation. Charsley went and soon became popular in the family. He was a handsome man, courteous in manner, could tell a good story, and in the evenings he would stand by the piano. One evening when the daughter of the house was playing to him, having ascertained that no one else was present, he astonished the young lady by making her an offer of marriage, and the young lady did *not* say no. Her family when told of the transaction were furious, "her mother did fret and her father did fume," but the young lady kept firm.

It was a courageous undertaking for a lady, but to a man so circumstanced as Charsley a wife was an unspeakable blessing. Availing himself of the statute allowing Private Halls, he rented or got built (I know not which) a house near Keble College which soon became known as Charsley's Hall. The occupants, he said, were men who would take from five to ten years to achieve a degree; he

took pains with them and his hands were always full. Chase became a staunch friend, and they ever spoke of each other with great respect. There were many disadvantages attending his Hall in the way of discipline, but the sympathy of the university officials to this heroic man was so great, that grumbling was foreborne. After some years he lost his wife, and subsequently married a lady who had acted for many years as his secretary. Charsley had been a thrifty, saving man, and having disposed of his Hall, he withdrew to Malvern where he now resides. His age must be considerable, nearing eighty, but he has preserved his health well, and the heart-felt wish of all who know him, and their number must be considerable, is that his years may be prolonged to the utmost span.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE OF "OURS".

ADAM STOREY FARRAR was the son of a Wesleyan minister, much respected by the body to whom he belonged. The father came to Oxford to visit one of "Ours," who had been himself a Wesleyan minister. His son was with him, and the host introduced them to Dr. Hampden, at that time principal. Hampden was very much prepossessed in favour of both, and decided on giving the son the office of Bible clerk, already referred to. The son was the only son of his mother, a remarkably clever woman, having received herself an education almost masculine. She was extremely well-read in history and divinity, and gave the impress of her mind to her son. He had been educated latterly at the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, now called the College, and we always considered that he might have taken a first class in history there and then. In scholarship (as it is called in Oxford) he was deficient, and he has always said that no amount of training would have made him a scholar, from lack of imagination and the poetic vein. His rooms were next mine, and we commenced a friendship in 1845, which for fifty years has continued unabated, though of course personal intercourse is of necessity at rare intervals, considering our age, separation, and absorbing occupations.

Never was there a more assiduous student, or one of more irreproachable life. His exercise was confined to a constitutional, and even in vacations, his mother, bent on

his rise, allowed little abatement. She pressed him too hard, and many of us have the impression that his health, always a grave anxiety to him, would have been more robust with less working at high pressure. Farrar wished to graduate in double honours, and he succeeded in obtaining a first class in Literæ Humaniores, and second in mathematics.

As it was well known that his first was due to his science (as it is called in Oxford) he soon had the offer of pupils in that speciality. He tried for one or two fellowships, and was eventually elected to one at Queen's. He was engaged by the authorities of Wadham to be a lecturer there, which lectures he prepared very carefully, though not appreciated at the time as they deserved. He continued still a hard student, writing for prize essays, and after ordination was soon nominated as select preacher. His fame as a preacher was rapid, and the authorities selected him as Bampton Lecturer, and were disappointed when he declined it as yet, owing to his many engagements. He was chosen for that office later on, taking as his subject "The History of Free Thought". The volume is bulky, and has baffled every reviewer, only one or two venturing to attempt it.

When Bishop Baring was transferred to Durham, he offered to Farrar the professorship of Divinity in that university. To this was attached a canonry in the Cathedral, on the decease of his predecessor, and that office he has filled ever since. That he has filled it successfully is proved by the vast increase in the number of divinity students in Durham. Graduates from Cambridge have repaired to Durham to attend his lectures, in preference to a sojourn in a theological college. Farrar's mode of procedure forms a new era in the professoriate of England. Most of the professors have read lectures, carefully prepared and suggestive, but over and over again. Farrar lectures without a note, keeps pace with the literature of

the day, especially that of the Germans, in which he is profoundly read. He has not kept himself before the public by sundry flights to London, figuring in movements, and keeping a seat on the Episcopal Bench before his eyes as an object of ambition. That has not been his ambition. He would have liked perhaps a similar professorship in Oxford, but any other move he has neither desired nor sought.

Though only lecturing once a day, his engagements are incessant; correspondence, theological and literary, immense; keeping the interests of his university steadily in view. His health has ever been a cause of anxious care, and regularly every year he repairs to the Continent to be reinvigorated by change of scene and clime. Even there he has gone as a student, never resting on his oars, but "getting up" galleries, architecture, local history. His private munificence is unbounded, as many recipients thereof can testify. Having no family of his own, he takes interest in those of others. These lines are written by his, perhaps his oldest and most intimate, friend, who has been pecuniarily aided by Farrar for years in the education of his sons, and has enjoyed his bounty in many ways. It is with a grateful heart that this record is penned, and the writer prays daily that health and energy may still be preserved for the professor's own comfort and the blessing of others.

J. J. S. Wharton was another of those men who could only be found in a Hall. I never could learn any particulars as to his antecedents, except that he adored his mother, always saying that his life had been a blank since he had lost her, for she could lead him with a silken cord. He did not adore his father; what had taken place I know not, but that he had left his father's house, gone to London, determined to follow the law. He was a man of considerable ability, and I fancy must have been articled as a solicitor, but not completed his time. He started life

by delivering a lecture on English Literature in the purlieus of Lincoln's Inn. That lecture got him a pupil, a youth who wanted coaching for his legal examination; then Wharton took chambers and set up as a law coach. In that occupation he was very successful and had a great run of pupils. In his leisure hours he compiled and published a law lexicon containing the various terms used in legal phraseology, with translations where needed. This publication was very successful and earned him the name of "Lexicon Wharton"; it is still in use in the profession. Thinking that a university degree would further his views, he came to Oxford, entering at Magdalen Hall, now called Hertford College. The arrangements of the Hall did not suit him, as he required to be at times absent a term to follow his profession, and also to be exempt from lectures. He therefore, by the advice of Jacobson, migrated to Skimmery, where such concessions could be obtained. When I first knew him he was a Democratic Radical, as is often the case with young intellects of the Bar, thinking thereby to win attention and popularity. As he rose in his profession, and was improved in his means, the veneering of Radicalism became thinner and thinner, and eventually he became a staunch Tory, always voting against Gladstone. He joined the Oxford circuit as a barrister, but never shone as an advocate; he was very short in stature, very feeble in voice, and could not make any impression with a jury. He used to tell an amusing story against himself when on sessions. He had to prosecute a man for burglary; a witness was put in the box and Wharton's instructions stated: "This witness will prove all statutory requisites". Now, as the offence of burglary must be between 9 P.M. and 6 A.M., the first point was to establish the hour of the crime. "At what time was it when this house was broken into?" The answer was, 7 A.M.! That upset the chance of conviction of burglary. Counsel then tried for larceny.

A gun had been stolen, with lock and all complete; when handed to the witness the lock and appurtenances were wanting. What value would you put on that gun? asked counsel. Why, about 5s., was the answer. The judge said the case should not have come to the assize. There was great tittering in court, as there always is amongst the briefless crew when they see a more successful man worsted. But the fault lay with the solicitor who had the getting-up of the case. Wharton, however, felt it so acutely that after one or two more circuits he decided to keep to town practice. In that he was fairly successful up to the day of his death.

Kirkpatrick was a man with whom I was at one time very intimate. He came up to Skimmery, but obtained a scholarship at Lincoln. After migrating there he still kept up his Skimmery friends as most congenial to his tastes. He had lived much on the Continent, and there was something very mysterious about his youth. He withdrew from Oxford, and with another man went to read with Passow at Berlin. Returning to Oxford, he entered the final examination, but was bitterly mortified that he only obtained a second class, having counted surely on a first. Those who knew him well considered that his class was as high as he deserved. But his disappointment was great, and everything else seemed to disappoint him. We were colleagues in a celebrated school in London, and he afterwards held a mastership at Rossall, which he soon resigned. Having many Scotch friends he went to Edinburgh, hoping by their influence to get an appointment there, devoting himself to private tuition. For years he was engaged to a German lady at Berlin. The rupture of this, for the lady became tired of waiting, was a great blow to him. Finally he learnt some particulars of his parentage, hitherto unknown. These disasters accumulating one upon another broke his heart, and he died in the prime of life, a bitterly disappointed man.

A few words may be appended of a character well known to old Skimmery men—Hedges, the porter—for he is a type of a class now becoming defunct. The college servants were not as a rule sufficiently paid, and they made up for the deficiency by perquisites, which led to extensive peculation. Hedges worked this system to perfection, and as most of the men in the early time of his office were well-off, his gains must have been considerable. One of his perquisites was this. Every man had "a commons" laid on his table for breakfast, consisting of a loaf and a piece of butter. Whatever was left the scouts at Skimmery appropriated. In other colleges I found my friends put aside the remnant of loaf and butter for their luncheon. I longed to do the same, for to purchase a luncheon added to one's expenses, and pressed heavily on a poor man. But I dared not attempt the innovation. One extortion I resisted and successfully. There was another commons for the evening. This was entered in a man's bill, and a careless and expensive liver never noticed the charge. I did, especially as the commons itself never made its appearance unless asked for. I found that the peculator regularly drew the commons for each of his masters (who paid for it), and unless it was asked for, received an allowance in lieu thereof from the manciple (head cook). I learnt further that this evening commons was optional, and at once forbade its being drawn. This saved me 3s. 6d. a week. The example was followed by other men who looked after their expenses. But my innovation was a sore grievance. There were sundry other peculations of a similar character, though perhaps not more extensive than in many a thriftless household. When Dr. Chase introduced his economical plan of the whole body of his students having their meals together in the Hall, at a fixed charge per term, he struck a death-blow to the perquisite system, and his courageous example was followed by Keble College, and probably one or two others.

In the evening Hedges would indulge at times in potations, possibly half-consumed glasses, remnants of bottles, for he was remarkably adroit in decanting a bottle to leave a residuum, as the owners of the bottles often detected. When thus obfuscated some grotesque scenes would occur. Another official who had charge of one side of the quadrangle had, as the partner of his life, a very portly dame. She was not regularly employed but appeared occasionally. One evening when Hedges was in his cups, he came full tilt against the dame, and being the slighter in build he was laid prostrate by the indignant lady. On rising from the ground wet and dirty, for it was a rainy night, instead of apologising for a mishap clearly his own fault, he called the woman an offensive name. This called her liege-lord on the scene, a man fairly skilful in abuse. On giving Hedges a volley, that worthy retorted—you say, I called your wife a ——, well, you're another!

Hedges was never at a loss for an explanation. In the dining-hall, as in most others, were portraits of former principals, with a Latin inscription. Each one bore the affix S. T. P. (Sacræ Theologiæ Professor), almost equivalent to D.D. Some ladies on being shown round by the porter, remarked these letters as attached to almost all the pictures they had seen, and addressed the porter, "Mr. Porter, we see S. T. P. on all these pictures, what do the letters mean?" He was equal to the occasion, bowing profoundly he replied, "some time principal!"

Here must close the sketches of some of the members of our society at Skimmery. There never was such a heterogeneous mixture of men before. Now in my old age their personalities pass before my mind's eye, and on subsequent visits I have paced the little quad, and peopled the various rooms with their quondam inhabitants. Most of them have joined the majority; but besides Charsley and Farrar, there still survive some whose names are

affectionately cherished by the writer, Warner, Allen, Fisher, Beley and a few others whom may God preserve.

The Hall is, as has been said above, to be merged into Oriel, in fact it is so now practically, and all those eccentric individualities that made "Ours" somewhat noted, if they repair to Oxford, will be unattached students, perhaps, but not congregated in one society as here. Those most marked in character alone have been sketched; there were numbers of others who sped on the even tenor of their way, graduated, and went down into the great world, to play their parts as Providence assigned. A great writer has said that there are "brave words spoken and noble deeds performed every day in the silent, unobtrusive walks of life, unchronicled save by One". Such beings are the salt of the earth, they conduce to its preservation. Amongst them may be ranked those referred to above.

CHAPTER X.

OXFORD CELEBRITIES IN MY TIME.

WHEN I went to Oxford the whole university was in great excitement with the Tractarian movement. Newman had just gone over to the Church of Rome. Pusey was under suspension from preaching in the university pulpit, and with young men looking forward to the ministry, the various phases of the development, and the controversies on both sides, occupied their attention all day long. Some of us would have talked the night through. Though down the country the followers were called Puseyites, that was possibly owing to Pusey's position, and his literature and sermons bringing him more prominently before the public eye, and leading to his temporary suspension. But the real originator and the stay of the movement was Newman. Had any one met Newman walking in the streets of a large town, he would have passed along without attracting attention. A spare, ascetic-looking man, there was otherwise nothing striking in his appearance. His rooms in Oriel were small and simple, books piled here and there. And yet that unobtrusive figure, from that small laboratory, set afloat a literature and enrolled an army of followers that shook the English Church to an extent not known since the Reformation.

Various accounts have been given as to the originating impulses that have had such a wonderful effect. One thing has been observed, that all the men who figured in the earlier stages, or who joined it afterwards, were either

of Low Church or Wesleyan families. The Clapham sect, as it was called, contributed a very large contingent. Newman had been brought up as an Evangelical; he had supported the Church Missionary Society and I believe the Bible Society. It has been generally thought that there arose in the minds of all these men a revulsion from the individualism that marked all the forms of religious belief they witnessed, each man making himself his own pope; no recognition of authority; great conceit and self-assumption, but little learning; each self-opinionated man thinking himself justified if he could not have his own way in founding a sect of his own. The Wesleyan body has thus multitudinous offshoots. If union is strength, division is weakness, besides being in direct opposition to the injunctions of the New Testament. Newman therefore, so it is generally said, laid down this proposition: "Cannot it be possible to draw together the various branches of the Christian Church by mutual concession?" Newman's mind had under consideration two Churches alone, that of England and that of Rome, and he ignored the fact that when the Church of England was re-formed, she dropped nothing either in doctrine or in practice unadvisedly but deliberately, such change being considered of vital importance to Scriptural faith and practice.

It is not my object to trace the development of the Tractarian movement, but to adhere to my narrative of reminiscences. When I went into residence Newman had just withdrawn from Oxford, and was living with a few colleagues in retirement in a small retreat at Littlemore near Oxford. A one-storey shed, resembling externally the stabling of a small farmyard, had been transformed into a few cells or closets, where he and his associates passed their time in reading and devotion. Some of us often walked out there, hoping to catch a glimpse of the noted man, but always failed; he avoided all publicity,

till he withdrew finally from Oxford and its neighbourhood. Some of my contemporaries had often heard him preach, when vicar of St. Mary's. He was small and spare, his voice clear, but his delivery a monotone; he never raised his eyes from his manuscript, not the slightest action or gesture, nor was there anything attractive in his style, no rhetorical arts; the language was simply good Saxon English. And yet 800 young men would be listening in rapt attention. After this, Newman became unknown in Oxford though he became of increased celebrity in the great world.

Pusey was in Oxford during the whole of my time. I remember well the first Sunday it was his turn to preach after the time of his suspension had expired. It was at Christ Church Cathedral, of which he was one of the canons by virtue of his office as Regius Professor of Hebrew. There was an enormous crowd of men, and as soon as the cathedral doors were opened the cathedral was filled in every part. In due time there ascended the rostrum a spare, ascetic-looking man, pale as death, with a piercing eye and an equally piercing voice. His subject was the "entire absolution of the penitent"; the sermon was long, exhibiting an immense amount of patristic reading, and was full of quotations therefrom. But for the excitement that previous events had created, there would have been little in the sermon to attract the large body of men there congregated. The sermon was said to have been well weighed and carefully perused by some of his party; paragraphs were to be omitted in delivery, and it was even said that it was already in print and that Pusey preached from a printed copy. Yet there was much in Pusey to fascinate. There was his immense learning, for earlier in life he had been a great German scholar, besides the subjects which in later years more particularly engrossed his attention. Referring to his immense learning, one eminent divine called him a walking cyclo-

pædia. His countenance, though bearing outward signs of great abstemiousness and habits of fasting, showed him to be a man of most studious habits, and he had a very benevolent expression. I heard him once preach in a parish church a sermon of simple, earnest persuasiveness, and, if I remember rightly, on the text, "Do all for the Lord Jesus," that deserved to be printed in letters of gold. The main features of the movement attached to Pusey's name may be thus described: He attached higher sanctity to the episcopal office than was common at that time; many churchmen seemed to regard the bishop as a peer, and only to be found with peers. Touring through his diocese, knowing his clergy personally, holding frequent confirmations, being the great promoter of spiritual life—that was a phase unknown.

Following from this was a higher conception of the ministerial office: if the bishops were to be regarded as the successors of the Apostles, so the clergy ordained by them were to be viewed as officiating with an authority long unclaimed.

Higher views of sacramental grace began to be set forth; baptism, instead of being degraded into naming the child, often administered with great indifference, and still more commonly with slovenliness and levity, was set forth as the entrance into the Church of Christ. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be more frequently administered, to be regarded as more than a memorial ceremony; the faithful recipient was taught to discern therein "the Lord's body".

Dr. Pusey was never a ritualist. He would have had things done decently and in order doubtless, but he knew nothing of E. P. (the eastern position): I received the elements from his hands; he stood at the north side of the table to consecrate, and he said the words of giving *entirely* and in an audible voice. Lighting candles by daylight, incensing, genuflexions when passing the table,

gabbling at railway speed, these were resuscitations of effete and forgotten ceremonies that Pusey knew not, nor would he have countenanced. It was once said of a popular preacher that his curates tried to imitate him, but utterly failed in everything but one, and that was—the length. Three-fourths of the followers of Pusey, and would-be imitators, had not and have not the brain power to get a hold of their fellow-men, and they fall back on the toy-part of religion. For the minister to array himself in a gorgeous vestment of "divers colours of needlework," and to have a surrounding of blazing candles, and to "bow his head as a bulrush" is one thing; to reason with his fellow-men on the Apostolic model, "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," and to reason persuasively, is quite another thing.

CHAPTER XI.

JELF, THE PROCTOR.

In the year 1844 all Oxford was sounding with the doings of Jelf, the Proctor. Mr. Jelf was student of Christ Church, his elder brother was a canon, and also the Head of King's College, London, and universally respected. The younger brother was well known as a Greek scholar, and his Greek Grammar has long been accepted as a text-book by Oxford men. But whatever celebrity he may have acquired on other grounds, was all over-clouded by his year of office as proctor. The proctors are largely responsible for the external discipline of the university. Their powers are very great, and if minutely carried out they affect many petty details of undergraduate life. The exercise of the powers and the mode of using them, depends on the conception of his office formed by the proctor for the time being and his social bearing. Some have taken it easily, simply appearing occasionally in the streets in their distinctive gown, receiving the cappings of the men, remonstrating with any that are infringing the discipline, or reproving them in a rough tone, and rousing a spirit of rebellion. One proctor of courtly manners would accost peccant undergraduates — "Now, gentlemen, you know you should not be here except in academic costume; will you oblige me by withdrawing?" In nine cases out of ten the accosted men touched their hats and complied. A rougher official would say—"Your name and college, sir; call on me to-morrow at ten," and on receiving the

call would impose a fine. In those days it was against rule to appear "in beaver" before 2 P.M. in the main streets, or enter the quadrangles of the schools, except in academicals, or appear in flannels before 1 P.M. The proctor could enter any house, but most of them confined their functions to a surveillance of the streets by night and checking immorality. At the end of his year of office the senior proctor, in laying down his office, delivered a Latin speech, wherein he would touch upon any marked transactions of the year affecting the university and its discipline. One such proctor waged war on the constant practice of men of carrying the slight apology for a gown worn by undergraduates on the arm, and in his Latin speech he is reported to have said: "Gaudeo multum quod pæne abolueriм modum illum abominabilem togas in brachio portandi". Jelf was determined to make his year of office a marked one, and devoted the whole of his time thereto. He succeeded. He was always about; woe to the unlucky wight who ventured to walk in the Broad Walk of Christ Church or any of the streets, except in cap and gown. Night and day he was indefatigable; men who had hitherto paced the streets "in beaver" quite harmlessly, were constantly ordered back to their colleges by the ubiquitous proctor, and in no very courteous terms, to don their gowns.

It will be readily supposed that he was at times victimised. One night he was unaccompanied by his "bulldogs" (a sort of police officers), and was met by a large posse of university men. They spied their opportunity, and seizing the proctor they gagged him, tore off his gown and bands, tied him to a lamp-post, and then rapidly disappeared. A policeman eventually released him from his thraldom, but gown and bands were never seen again, nor were the perpetrators of the mischief ever discovered. Jelf suspected, and perhaps with reason, that men left the precincts of Oxford without leave, and made use of

the midnight mail (it was before the railway was extended to Oxford) to get furtively back to their colleges or lodgings. Accordingly he stationed himself by the turnpike gate one night to intercept the mail. But an errant Oxonian had spied the velvet sleeves, and gave a handsome tip to the guard to connive at his escape. Accordingly as the mail drove up, Jelf or a satellite seized the leader, and addressed the driver: "I'm the proctor of the university; I demand the inspection of your passengers". The guard was equal to the occasion. "I'm the guard of the Queen's mail," he cried; "if you don't leave hold of that horse, I shall treat you as a highwayman," and presented his pistol. Jelf at once loosed his hold, the driver put on his speed, and long before Jelf could reach the Mitre all had disappeared.

Jelf was one morning waited upon by a quondam proctor. "Well, Mr. Jelf, I observe you are very active in the discharge of your office, and my conscience reproaches me with remissness comparatively. Still I discovered some malpractices, and I shall be happy to give you the benefit of my experience." Jelf would of course be delighted at receiving any suggestions. "Well," resumed the visitor, "I found that men went to Abingdon for not very creditable purposes. Now, I have ground for believing that three men have gone from our college this morning, and they will return to-night in a cab, to escape detection. I should say they will pass through Bagley Wood about 10 P.M." "Thank you; I will act promptly on your information." Accordingly that night Jelf sallied forth accompanied by a bull-dog, *i.e.*, servant, with his cap and gown in a bag to escape observation, and waited in concealment in Bagley Wood. As ten o'clock drew near, true to the intimation, the rumbling of wheels was heard. Jelf immediately donned cap and gown; when the cab drew near Jelf sallied forth, and as his bull-dog flashed his lantern in the driver's eyes, Jelf exclaimed: "I'm

the proctor of the university; I wish to see who are in the cab". On opening the door the lantern revealed the old Provost of Queen's and two of the Fellows who had been inspecting some college property, and had of course dined! The old gentlemen were at first somewhat alarmed at the assault, but on learning particulars Jelf was taken into the cab, and his attendant mounted the box, and in a short time all were roaring with laughter (except the mortified proctor) at the hoax played on him. Jelf always observed studied silence on this adventure, but not so his fellow-travellers.

Such a mode of discharging his office, so irritating to young bloods, impatient of galling restraint, was, of course, the constant topic of conversation, and needed only an opportunity for explosion. The opportunity was afforded by the commemoration.

Commemoration, called in strict university language "The Encaenia," is a red-ink day in university life. On that day honorary degrees are conferred by the university on men of mark both at home and abroad. The ceremony takes place in the Sheldonian Theatre, a large building with two galleries, on that day crowded with visitors, besides members of the university. The recipients enter through the great doors in procession, preceded by the bedells, and are presented individually by the registrar or some specially chosen professor, occasionally, I believe, by the public orator, in a Latin speech recounting the prominent points of the candidate's history which have suggested his nomination for the degree. The vice-chancellor receives him in a set form, and the newly-made graduate takes a seat amongst the doctors. When this part of the ceremony is completed, the public orator mounts a rostrum and delivers a Latin oration, commemorating the munificence of benefactors to the university, touching on events in the past year of importance to Oxford especially, and will sometimes make graceful

allusion to the newly-created doctors. After this the prize compositions are recited—English essay, Latin essay, and more especially the English poem called the Newdegate, from its founder. Putting all these together, it will be readily understood how the commemoration day is a great day in Oxford. During the whole week Oxford is filled with visitors, but on this especial day the boys let off their steam.

An hour before the ceremonies begin the doors are opened, and the youths rush up the stairs and fill the gallery assigned for their use, though I am told that they have no longer their own gallery, owing to the abuse of the Saturnalia in later years. Like loyal Englishmen, they commence with cheers for the Queen; then follow in rapid succession cheers for the various members of the Royal Family, the army, the navy, the public characters, civil and military, who have distinguished themselves especially during the preceding year. The fun goes fast and furious, especially if any of the undergraduate body can vary the proceedings by witty interludes and aspersions. The leading politicians are singled out for cheers or hootings according to their popularity or the reverse, and the university officials come in for conspicuous attention. During this hour of expectation ladies are filing into the seats in the amphitheatre especially theirs, and the curators whose office it is to pass the ladies on are duly called to gallantry: "Now then, don't keep the lady waiting"; "Ah, Johnny, I saw you squeeze that lady's hand". Sometimes the admonition will be given in a life-like imitation of the official's voice, causing roars of laughter by the ludicrous resemblance. Interspersed with the above will be cheers for the "ladies in blue," "the ladies in pink"; a popular don will be called upon for a song; the head boat on the river, the "eleven," and similar celebrities of the day will receive recognition, and thus at the expiration of the hour, when the procession enters,

the voices will have become well-nigh exhausted. The procession possesses considerable pomp, the vice-chancellor is preceded by his bedells (nicknamed pokers), the heads of houses follow in their state robes, and presently those who are, as described above, to be distinguished by university degrees. But neither this part nor any that follow are condemned to silence. Cheers are showered on the distinguished visitors by young England, and criticisms of the speeches themselves, not always devoid of point, are interspersed, often causing much merriment, such as "Shocking, doesn't know the Latin for Manchester," when the professor described the recipient as de Manchester; or, "Can't find it on the map," when the Indian or Afghan battles of some warrior are alluded to.

When the commemoration during Jelf's proctorate came on, it was only to be expected that an official who had marked his office with such emphasis would receive unusual notice. The revenge had been brewing for some time, and the line of action determined on. On the eventful morning the men had met in breakfast parties, or had passed the word on: "Spare your voices; keep them for Jelf". Accordingly, when the doors were opened, they rushed in and occupied their places, gave a few cheers as usual—the Queen, the Royal Family, the British army, and then sank into silence. That silence was ominous, for it was the lull before a storm. When the preparatory hour had passed, and the great doors were opened, the procession filed on as usual, all rose, waiting till the proctors brought up the rear. The moment Jelf came in sight, the uproar began. "Jelf! Jelf! Jelf!" was roared out by 2000 voices, with groans and execrations. Usually after the first few rounds the men pause, allowing the proceedings to commence. There was no pause then. The voices worked in relays; when one was exhausted, another took it up. The roar was terrific; for two hours was the din incessant, and not a sound could be heard. The degrees were con-

ferred in dumb show, and the recitations and other business were postponed until the next day. The obnoxious official, though changing colour to all the hues of the rainbow, endeavoured to brazen it out, singling out individuals to receive subsequent censure. Some college tutors also were sent up amongst the men to detect personally, if possible, any of the leaders.

When exhausted with their turmoil the men hastened off to their rooms, packing up their effects; every available porter was requisitioned for conveying luggage and portmanteaus for the earliest possible escape from Oxford, the participants expecting to be summoned. A few ringleaders were spotted and punished by rustications of various durations, amid the general sympathy of their fellows.

Such was the proctorship of Jelf. It was talked of for years by old Oxford men, and though half a century has elapsed since then, and those who remember the occasion are now very few, it can ever be chronicled as a memorable specimen of power strained to the full extent and exercised without much judgment. There has never been such another.

The sketch of Jelf's career may be closed by an episode, which may or may not be only a canard. In spite of his absorption in his duties, Jelf was a human being and dared to love. He cast his amorous eyes, so the story goes, on Anne, one of the daughters of the Head of his college. But the fair maiden gave him no encouragement; she had experienced enough of the abstracted and narrow life of bookworms, scholars and university officials, and turned her smiles on some youth of military proclivities. As the father rather favoured Jelf's advances, the despairing lover appealed for aid in his suit. The father undertook to remonstrate: "Why won't you have him? he's a capital Greek scholar; he could write a book about the particle *αν*!" But the living Anne was base enough not to see it.

CHAPTER XII.

OXFORD CELEBRITIES—ROUTH OF MAGDALEN—WYNTER—BULL—SYMONS.

MOST Oxford men have heard of old Dr. Routh by tradition. There are few alive now who had intercourse with him or have ever seen him. (As he is described minutely in Dean Burgon's account of *Twelve Good Men*, only a few additional remarks need be made.) In my early terms he was only seen outside his house on Sunday afternoon, when he would attend the college chapel, and many of us went to see him, as a relic of Oxford of old times. He came forth from his door dressed in gown, cassock and bands, and the wig formerly worn by all divines; walked slowly into the chapel and mounted to his presidential stall. Though bending with the weight of his years, his eye was bright, and his intellect unimpaired. Dr. Bliss, the Head of my college, was an intimate friend, and from him I occasionally heard of his venerable friend. They were both afflicted with "bibliomania," for if either of them were told of or shown a book of divinity, written in Latin and dating, say, from Elizabethan times, and they were certified that there was only another copy in existence, no price seemed exorbitant. One such was, however, sent, so Dr. Bliss informed me, to Routh for inspection, but after perusal the old gentleman declined to purchase, for, said he, "It is written in such execrable Latin; nay, I must have good Latin". To modern Oxford this may sound amusing, but in Routh's genera-

tion and till about thirty years ago Latin was almost the vernacular of Oxford. There was not only the Latin sermon at the commencement of term, but the disputations for degrees were in Latin, the proceedings in congregation and convocation, the proctor's addresses, and some of the professors' "prelections". Latin writing was a great ingredient in the responsion and degree examinations, inability to write it at least grammatically being fatal to the candidate. Perhaps this latter may be the case still. Thus when Latin was like the breath of heaven to the university, it is intelligible how a book professing to be written in that language would be jarring to an accomplished scholar if the Latin were bad. It would be like the grinding of a knife to the ear of a musician.

Mrs. Routh used to be seen daily in a donkey carriage in the streets of Oxford, a venerable lady, grey hair not only on the head, but the upper lip, attended by a young maiden, dressed like her mistress in the style of elder days, and attracting the attention of strangers.

Outside the college gates, in Dr. Routh's earlier days stood regularly for two or three hours a day, when the thoroughfare was crowded with men sallying forth for their constitutionals, a blind beggar with a boy as guide. Though a beggar he was not oppressed by poverty, for Dr. Routh used to tell a story of some of them passing by slowly and watching the proceedings. When any one had dropped any coins, and had got out of hearing, the beggar asked his attendant: "How much is it?" "Three pence." "How much have we taken altogether?" "Two shillings." "Oh, wait a bit." Then an overhearer would come round and drop in a coin. "How much?" "A shilling." "Not enough yet." Presently one of them would drop in another shilling. "How much?" "A shilling." "Ah, go and tell them to have oyster sauce with the mutton."

Dr. Wynter. This gentleman was president of St. John's, and was considered the handsomest man of his time; his fine presence, dignified bearing, and clear ringing voice when he spoke attracting and arresting attention. It fell to his lot as vice-chancellor to adjudicate on the protest made against Dr. Pusey. It is admitted that he followed the usual course, as far as precedents could be ascertained, and Dr. Pusey himself had taken part in the protests against Hampden. The result was that Dr. Wynter, as vice-chancellor, inhibited Dr. Pusey from preaching before the university for three years. That act was never forgiven by the High Church party.

Dr. Wynter was a Tory of the old school, took a decided part in all university politics, and from his many qualifications, it was generally expected, whenever a bishopric fell vacant under a Conservative Government, that Dr. Wynter would be nominated. But such was not the case; the general impression in Oxford was that Mr. Gladstone, strongly identified with the Tractarian party, opposed it whenever Peel named Wynter. This impression was so general, that, after Dr. Wynter's death, when the various biographies referred to his never having been promoted to the Episcopal bench, the writer of these lines assigned the above reason in a local paper. The paragraph was cut out and forwarded to Mr. Gladstone, who flatly denied it, and of course on that denial the explanation was retracted. But the opinion was so general amongst Oxford men of that day, that on the principle that "there is never a smoke without a fire," much astonishment was expressed at Gladstone's denial. The solution subsequently adopted, was, that Wynter's name had been often pressed on Peel, but that he always stated that the appointment would be so obnoxious to Gladstone that he (Peel) must not think of it. Of these negotiations behind scenes, Mr. Gladstone might be kept in entire ignorance, and thus justified in flatly denying

that he had ever prevented Dr. Wynter's promotion, and yet the general impression be not without foundation. Had Dr. Wynter become a bishop, he would have adorned the bench as a bishop of the old school, scholarly, stately, dignified, reserved, but not up to modern requirements. Bishop Moberly was once asked for a description of a bishop: he replied, "Well, if you see an elderly clergyman with a slouch hat, an Inverness cape, and a black bag, running in a perspiration for some train, or from some train for a meeting, that will be a bishop!" Dr. Wynter had a very large family, and his Headship was by no means a lucrative post, involving a certain outward state. Thus his family anxieties were great. Only one of his sons entered holy orders, and is now living as a country clergyman; a daughter married a professional man in Oxford, and one son is known as Captain Wynter, one of the Queen's messengers, and a marked man as such.

Dr. Bull was one of the canons of Christ Church: was a deeply-read scholar, it was said; but was little known as a public man in the university, except for the multitude of offices which he concentrated in his own person. In fact he might be quoted as an exaggerated specimen of a bloated pluralist. This led to a practical joke being once played upon him, which annoyed him much, but he could not resent. It was his custom, in the discharge of one of his offices, to visit and inspect certain property belonging to Christ Church, dining at some hotel *en route*. Mine host was duly apprised of the intended visit, and prepared a substantial dinner, for the reverend gentleman enjoyed a good dinner, as was evident from his portly form. On one occasion, after completing the inspection, he repaired to the hotel as usual, and after waiting a little time he entered the dining-room and observed the table elaborately laid out for fourteen. He inquired of mine host how was it his own dinner was not ready, as it was long after time? "It was ready punctually," quoth Boniface, "but I have

been waiting for the rest of the company to arrive." "The rest of the company!" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "I am alone." "Oh, I was written to that you would be accompanied by several other officials, and to prepare accordingly." Boniface produced the letter, and there was, sure enough, a catalogue of all the offices monopolised by Dr. Bull: Canon of Christ Church; Treasurer of Christ Church; Curator of the University Chest, etc., etc. Dr. Bull was silent, saw that he had been the victim of some wag's contrivance, and considering it best to observe a discreet silence, never mentioned it. The matter oozed out notwithstanding.

Dr. Symons was the Warden of Wadham, and succeeded Dr. Wynter as vice-chancellor. He was a leading man of the Evangelical party, was huge in person, as if a *bon vivant*, and his tongue being apparently too large for his mouth, gave him a thick and pompous utterance. The High Churchmen loved to contrast his elephant-like appearance with the small and ascetic appearance of Pusey and Newman. "Look on this picture and on that," was often in their mouths. They also taxed him with great unfairness in the exercise of his office as vice-chancellor. That functionary has frequently the appointment of the university preachers, and as such he selects the rising intellects in the university, varied occasionally by men of mark invited expressly from the country. Dr. Symons was charged by the Tractarian party with entirely ignoring their existence, from his abhorrence of their principles, and with summoning as often as possible Calvinistic clergy from the country, ignorant of modern university life and its contemporary currents of thought.

Dr. Symons married a second wife late in life, a lady of similar religious sentiments, and the old gentleman was described by nefarious undergraduates with showing his uxoriousness rather amusingly. "Lydia" would be referred to, so they impudently asseverated, in his conversation,

and the hearers would with difficulty avoid explosions of laughter. Sometimes also a lawless undergraduate would have a notice served upon him of a "college meeting" where his presence was desired to account for or receive sentence upon his lawlessness. The artful youth would see that his only chance of escape from rustication could be to anticipate the sentence by an interview with the warden, and work on his kindly feelings and specific religious proclivities. The story was told of one such, presenting himself before the old gentleman in very meek form. "I have taken the liberty of intruding on you, Mr. Warden, owing to a notice I have received of a meeting of the college authorities about me." "Yes, Mr. Fisher, that is the case, such conduct as is alleged against you cannot be passed over." "Oh, Mr. Warden, how kind of you to use the softened language—'as is alleged'—you do not prejudge my case and denounce me as guilty unheard. Thank you, Mr. Warden, that is in harmony with your well-known fatherly conduct." The man then applied a handkerchief to his eyes, as if weeping. The old warden was softening. "Well, Mr. Fisher, what extenuations can you allege?" "Oh, Mr. Warden, I have been grossly misrepresented. I have been piously brought up (perhaps he had) and I have enemies, as my ways are not as some others." The old warden fairly broke down. "You shall not be sent down, Mr. Fisher, I feel for you as a father." Mr. Fisher carried his point, but he was careful never to risk another summons.

In his old age, Dr. Symons was taxed with becoming very penurious. That is so often the case with old men, that no one hearing it of the outside world is taken by surprise, yet it is painful to observe in the minister of Christ who should by example, as well as precept, teach men to be liberal and generous. Dr. Symons resigned his Headship of Wadham and spent his declining years on some property of his own. The vicar of the

parish called on him one day reminding him of a promise to aid him with his schools on his next visit. "So I did," and fumbling in his pocket he laid on the table five shillings! It is to be hoped that an enemy hath set that story afloat.

One more story may be told of Dr. Symons. When Newman left Oxford and withdrew to Littlemore, two miles off, he and his *confrères* occupied, as has been said already, a low, one-storeyed tenement, converted into a few monastic cells, modest in dimensions, still more modest in their furnishings. Dr. Symons, though hating the whole system, is reported to have been prompted by curiosity to visit the establishment. Riding thither he dismounted, knocked at a door, and on its being opened he asked, in his usual pompous tone: "Can I see the monastery?" "There isn't one," was the reply, and the door was slammed to immediately. It was Newman himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEWELL—LIDDELL—GAISFORD.

LONG before I had entered Oxford I had heard of Sewell of Exeter through the popular books, *Amy Herbert*, *Gertrude*, *Christian Morals*, and others. On entering into residence I was anxious to see and hear about a man so well known. There was little difficulty in so doing, for Mr. Sewell was all his life a man who kept himself *en évidence*. He was fellow of Exeter College, tutor, a frequent writer and preacher, and much before the public. When Oxford was filled with visitors, Mr. Sewell was sure to announce some lecture or address, designed to be attractive, such as some of the characters in Shakespeare. The College Hall would be crammed with a fashionable audience. Or he would give a garden party, gathering a large assemblage. He would take a prominent part in all High Church movements, and most thought that his aspirations were after a mitre. And yet his whole life was one great disappointment.

In his college he was tutor and the senior, and always showed it. One of their former fellows published a poem called "The Shadow of a Cloud". This poem Sewell denounced as dangerous to the Faith, and solemnly and publicly burnt it in the college quadrangle. The author must have trembled in his shoes! It calls to mind Luther publicly burning the pope's bull in the market place of Wittenburg, but this latter was the deed of a hero and at the peril of his life. Mr. Sewell saw no perils, except that he would have to pay for the book.

Amongst other incidents of his Oxford life was the holding in his rooms a literary conversazione, to which he would invite other college tutors and professors. Amongst others so invited was on one occasion Jacobson, afterwards Bishop of Chester. Jacobson was one of the most cautious of men, of few words, never committing himself to any statement capable of distortion or contortion. In his university sermons there would not be a sentence that would indicate his opinions on points at the time agitating the public mind, or would imperil his chances of ecclesiastical promotion from either side. Such a man was not likely to launch out into any harangue or dogmatic expression of opinions in a mixed evening gathering. He observed as usual a guarded silence, his few words being very monosyllabic. On the break-up of the evening, and the departure of the guests, Sewell rallied Jacobson on his taciturnity. "Why, Jacobson, how silent you have been; you have not said anything worth listening to." "Nor heard anything," was the quiet rejoinder.

With all this self-assertion and prominence, Sewell counted to a certainty on being elected as Head of the college when the rector of Exeter died. Was he not their great tutor, who had made their college so much talked of? Surely his brother fellows would rejoice to do him honour? So fully convinced was he of this that he began to exercise the rights of property, entered the rector's house, surveying with the eye of an intending occupant the rooms and the garden. And yet the electors passed him over! This occurred twice, for the Headship fell vacant twice during Sewell's time; on each occasion he felt certain, on the second occasion more than the first, and yet he was twice passed over. The rebuff was most severe. The explanation was this. It was observed that Sewell as a tutor, spent the whole time in addressing the men, giving them his own opinions on the subject-matter. The men knowing this ceased preparing their lectures, attended as

a duty and nothing more; they fell off in their habits as students, were not fired with zeal for distinction, and Exeter men were not found in the class-lists. This was observed by the other fellows, and they soon detected the cause, and rightly decided not to place Sewell as their Head.

In his zeal for the cause of churchmanship Mr. Sewell had founded Radley School, and constituted himself warden. Here again he was a failure as Head, ordering, oak carvings and then discarding them for other specimens, regardless of expense, and so imperiling the school that the trustees were compelled to supersede him.

Sewell's own later books had not enhanced his fame. He brought out a translation of the *Odes of Horace*, which was mercilessly cut to pieces by the reviewers. When at Radley he preached to the boys, and published a "*Year's Sermons to Boys*," which experienced a similar fate, the author's vanity marring all his good intentions. Residence in Exeter had become distasteful to him, even if his financial position had not been unimpaired. He withdrew from Exeter, and died eventually, I believe, at the house of an old pupil who gave a home to the old man, now weary and worn and sad. Sewell added another to that large list of disappointed men whose aims have been high, but their hearts are broken.

Dean Liddell. When I first entered Oxford I observed a tall man on horseback, and a friend with me remarked: "That's Liddell". The *Greek Lexicon* of which Liddell was joint author had not been long before the public, but it had rapidly displaced every other in existence, and holds its own still with a monopoly undisputed. Hence a youngster who had just invested in the purchase gazed with astonishment on the intellectual giant, and watched him daily during the whole course of his undergraduateship. Liddell was tutor in his college, senior proctor, preacher before the university, Whitehall preacher,

subsequently head master of Westminster School, and then recalled to his college to become its Head. Those who were his contemporaries describe him as having been a hard student, rising early in a morning; a friend who had rooms beneath him said he could occasionally hear some great tome lifted up or let down on the floor by the hard-grinding student overhead. He was considered generally as a very cold, reserved man, having few associates. He generally walked out or rode alone, though occasionally he would be seen with Jacobson or with Wilson of Corpus, his fellow-examiner. He did not distinguish his proctorate by any obnoxious exercise of his powers, but he seemed rather to dislike the drudgery, and often deputed it to his pro-proctors.

Dr. Liddell left Oxford to become head master of Westminster School, but returned after some years to become Dean of Christ Church. In that capacity he was always described as being very courteous in his manners to all who were thrown in contact with him, and to have been much respected by his fellow-heads. At one time great anxiety was felt about his health, and he passed a winter in Madeira on that account, being accompanied by Dr., afterwards Sir Henry, Acland. The object of the journey was achieved, and he returned to Oxford to enjoy his dignified post for many years. Rumour often stated that he had been offered and refused a mitre. Both statements are credible, for he was known to have been much appreciated by the Prince Consort, and afterwards by the Prince of Wales, and yet any Oxford man can well understand the reluctance of a Dean of Christ Church to exchange that dignified and easy position for the incessant turmoil of modern Episcopal life.

After several years' tenure of office Liddell, feeling the infirmities of age press upon him, resigned his deanery and retired to the neighbourhood of Ascot, where every Oxford man desired for him lengthened days of health and peace.

But his friends desired to have some permanent reminiscence of him erected at once. This has been done, and a statue, of which the resemblance to the original is exceedingly good, has been erected in a vacant niche outside the deanery drawing-room. Since its erection the original has passed away at an advanced age, but the statue will remain a permanent memorial of one who so eminently adorned his college.

A sketch may be here interpolated of Liddell's predecessor, Dr. Gaisford. This divine was also professor of Greek to the university, as he had the reputation of being her most distinguished Greek scholar. But the students did not derive much advantage therefrom, for the professorship was only endowed with £40 a year. Gaisford therefore did not feel called upon to give any lectures, but he occasionally issued some small publication to indicate his existence as professor. His manners were so imperious and abrupt that he was styled in the university "Ursa Major," and of course numerous stories were afloat, hitting at his pomposity and self-absorption. It was said that on one occasion, when it was his turn to preach in his cathedral, he selected as his text, "We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness"; whereon the preacher proceeded, "Such is St. Paul's opinion on this important subject, and I, as professor of Greek in this ancient university, partly agree with him".

When Sir Robert Peel was Prime Minister he offered a bishopric to Dean Gaisford, having been formerly the dean's pupil. The dean replied, "Not fit for it; offer it to some one who has worked in a parish". In his domestic life the dean had once a very severe affliction; it was the drowning of his son in Iffley Lasher along with his friend Phillimore. There is a tablet to his memory in the cloister outside the cathedral. The inscription is a choice bit of Latinity, from the pen of the father as is generally sup-

posed. It was said that it was long ere the father raised his head from the blow.

As reference has been made to Dean Gaisford as a preacher, two more specimens may be given very briefly, indicative of olden pedantic Oxford. It is well known that Dr. Johnson's writings had considerable influence on the style of composition and of preaching in his later years and a generation subsequent, only, as is always the case, his peculiarities were so exaggerated as to be almost burlesqued.

Dr. Bull, previously referred to, is a specimen of the preachers formed on the Johnsonian model. I reproduce from memory a passage from a sermon preached by Dr. Bull in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. The subject was the sin of Moses :—

"Emotions most profound are excited in the human breast when cogitating on the fall of the son of Amram. Eminently gifted as he was naturally, and his intellectual capabilities developed and enriched, so Holy Writ informs us, by all contemporaneous learning, spiritualised, moreover, by Divine guidance, he might have been supposed superior to those ebullitions of temper that characterise inferior mental organisations, and not to have been assailable by such insignificant provocation."

Contemporary with Dr. Bull was Ogilvie, professor of pastoral theology. *His* style was Livian to the extreme, with involved parenthetical insertions, making his sentences very hard to follow. This difficulty was increased by a very indistinct delivery. Here is a specimen, also from memory :—

"Such being the difficulties which attend the investigation of this subject, and yet a subject not to be neglected, inasmuch as the conclusions to which it leads ought to be a controlling force in Christian life, we shall, if the cautions which I have sketched out, though I fear very imperfectly, be adhered to in our investigations, notwith-

standing all the impediments usually incidental to the humble searcher after truth, arrive at conclusions not perhaps wholly satisfactory to the minute inquirer, yet, on the whole, tolerably satisfactory for practical purposes."

CHAPTER XIV.

JENKYNS—JOWETT.

Dr. Jenkyns was the Master of Balliol when I commenced residence. He never made any figure outside of Oxford, but he is always considered as having commenced the elevation of Balliol from a very indifferent position amongst the colleges of Oxford, to a front rank in the educational establishments of the world. In stature he was very short, and as he always announced himself, when making a call, as "the Master of Balliol," flunkeys, *et id genus omne* (so wicked undergraduates said) distorted it into "Master Bailey". But when any one looked at his large, massive head, the diminute stature was unobserved; the attention was riveted by that external index of great intellectual power. He found the scholarships and fellowships of Balliol were all appropriated to narrow localities, or fettered by restrictions which made the range of competition little or none. Dr. Jenkyns gradually got these restrictions removed, and thus multiplied the number of candidates. Out of these he selected his scholars with great care, making minute inquiries as to their previous education, and endeavoured to forecast from their papers the probability of future distinction. The progress was slow, but it told. To be elected as a scholar of Balliol stamped a youth at once as certain to gain university distinction, and his career was watched. The next and more difficult step was to widen the area for the selection of fellows, and thus to obtain picked men

as tutors for his undergraduates. With such material for its component parts, the advance of Balliol was secured. Applications for admission multiplied, so that every undergraduate, besides the scholars, passed a stiff examination for admission, and was pledged to read for honours. Thus to be an ordinary undergraduate of Balliol marked a man almost as much as a scholarship elsewhere, and the result was the pre-eminent position of Balliol men in the honour lists ever since. The elevation was initiated by the policy of Dr. Jenkyns.

Several stories are of course associated with his name. They originate possibly in the fertile imaginations of undergraduates keenly observant of the foibles of those in authority, and out of a small substratum of fact, creating a great superstructure of fiction. A few may be told. One is as follows:—

The livery worn by Dr. Jenkyns's flunkey was yellow plush waistcoat and breeches, and somewhat conspicuous amongst those of a more sombre attire. A town and gown row was going on, and at that time the fighting often assumed a serious and even fatal character. Dr. Jenkyns was at that time vice-chancellor, and the preservation of peace would come under his charge. As the row was terrific a Balliol man, McLean (afterwards M.P. for Oxford), came thundering at the vice-chancellor's door. On its being opened by the flunkey he was addressed by the thunderer: "Here, you yellow-bellied fellow, go and tell your master there's a Balliol man getting killed in a row". The name *yellow belly* thus casually given remained a fixture ever after to Dr. Jenkyns's servant, much to the annoyance of both.

Another story is this. It has been a standing rule at colleges with strict discipline, that their men should present themselves for the university examinations when they have kept a certain number of terms. This is to prevent a student idling away the early terms of his residence,

as he is very much tempted to do, being just released from the strict discipline of school, and now surrounded by the attractions of university life. One Balliol man, not finding himself ready, or thinking he could improve his chances in the class-list by longer preparation, waited upon the tutors to solicit a postponement of his examination. Such postponement was known to be allowed, but on very rare occasions, such as prolonged illness. The tutors at that time were Tait (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), and Oakeley, who afterwards joined the Church of Rome. To them the suppliant preferred his request. They flatly refused, and were deaf to any appeal, stating that he knew very well the regulation, and that if they began allowing its infringement there would be an end to all college discipline. The petitioner, finding the tutors inexorable, stated that it was a matter of such vital importance to himself that he had no alternative but to appeal to the master. "The master has nothing to do with it," quoth Tait; "it is our affair, and we must insist on being obeyed." The 'cute man saw his game. After leaving the tutors he repaired to the master's residence, solicited and obtained an interview, and in the meekest of terms tendered his request, "Well, Mr. Adams, that you must lay before the tutors." "Yes, Mr. Master, so I have, and they tell me that college discipline must be maintained." "Yes, yes" (that was the master's strong point), "college discipline must be maintained," and the Head of Balliol drew himself up. "Yes, sir, I feel that rules must be observed," suggested the suppliant, "but there is no rule without exceptions, and mine is so exceptional a case, that I told the tutors, on their refusing my request, I would throw myself on the mercy of the master, but," (oh, the cunning fox!) he added in the meekest voice, "the tutors said the master had no power in the matter." "What is that? I have no power in the matter! Oh, indeed," grasping the bell-rope. "John," he exclaimed

when yellow belly appeared, "my compliments to Mr. Tait and Mr. Oakeley, and I desire their presence immediately. I've no power, indeed." On the appearance of the tutors the dignified master began: "Mr. Tait and Mr. Oakeley, excuse my having sent for you, but it seems needful. Mr. Adams tells me that he has desired a postponement of his examination, but that you have refused, having regard to the preservation of college discipline. For your zeal for college discipline accept my thanks," and the master bowed with great dignity. "At the same time Mr. Adams adds a remark in which I think his ears must have deceived him, *viz.*, that on expressing an intention of appealing to me you informed him that I had no power, Mr. Tait." "Well," interposed Mr. Tait, "we did say something of the kind, but not meaning to imply that there was not actually the power, but that practically it was deputed. I should never think of at all insinuating that the Head of Balliol was not supreme in his college." "Quite so, Mr. Tait. I could not bring myself to believe that you would mean anything disrespectful; however, just to show that I have the power" (turning to the petitioner), "you may postpone your examination as long as you desire."

At one time Dr. Jenkyns took a great dislike to boating. I myself saw him one evening by the river side, watching the operations of the boating-men most minutely, and much to our astonishment. I never heard of the grounds of his objection, possibly he considered it overdone from observing that many men who ought to be reading hard spend many hours, in fact much of the May term, in diversions; or that the boating was often followed by a noisy supper; certain it is that at one time Dr. Jenkyns made a dead set against boating. This antipathy lead to an amusing scene. At the end of term takes place in every college what is called "collections". This consists of an examination of all the work done in the term's lectures;

men used to appear in white ties, as in university examinations; there was paper work and *vivâ voce*. Each man also appears singly at the table where the Head of the college is seated, and the tutors on each side report on the personal conduct, regular or irregular preparation of lectures, attendance at chapels, keeping early or late hours, orderly or noisy conduct. One man was summoned who was distinguished in Balliol as a boating-man, and the master was preparing to extinguish him. "Ah, Mr. Jones, you are one of those men who are so devoted to the obnoxious habit of boating. Then, I suppose, Mr. Dean (the official who has charge of the *morale* of the men) he will be very irregular in his attendance at chapel?" "No, Mr. Master, there is nothing to complain of, he attends better than the average." "Oh! that surprises me! Well, then, I suppose his lectures will be very carelessly prepared," turning to the tutor. "No, sir, I find him very regular, and his lectures well prepared." "What, in spite of his boating! that surprises me still more. Then he very probably keeps irregular hours! what says the porter's book?" "He is not entered, Mr. Master, as knocking in late." "Indeed! indeed! Well, Mr. Jones, it would appear then, that you keep your chapels regularly, and attend your lectures duly, and are not irregular in your hours, though you are a slave to that obnoxious habit of boating. How much more likely would you be to become distinguished were you not so *led away!*"

Another youth presented himself at "collections" not remarkable for his modesty, in fact he was generally considered very *uppish*. Of this Dr. Jenkyns was aware, and he thought a little taking down would be beneficial; he, therefore, quietly addressed him: "Very well, Mr. Smith, I have heard the accounts of you from the tutors and I have formed a high opinion of you (Mr. Smith bowed, much gratified), I may even say a very high opinion of

you (Mr. Smith bowed again, still more gratified), yes, I might say, almost as high as you have of yourself!" Mr. Smith did not bow again, but turned very red.

Benjamin Jowett. When Dr. Jenkyns resigned the Mastership of Balliol and retired to the Deanery of Wells, to which he had been promoted whilst still master, many speculations were afloat as to who would be elected as successor. Many eyes were turned on Benjamin Jowett, at that time a tutor of Balliol. Jowett had been educated at St. Paul's School, had won a scholarship at Balliol, was of humble parentage, of very limited means, had no taste for athletics, a taste conducing much to popularity, but he was a hard student. He astonished the academic world by winning a Balliol Fellowship whilst still an undergraduate. Becoming college tutor, he soon made his mark as shall be described presently, and was counted as certain for the mastership of his college when vacant. Yet he was passed over and Robert Scott, joint author with Liddell in the well-known *Greek Lexicon*, was elected. Many explanations have been given. Some have said that Pusey, horrified at Jowett's well-known religious opinions, persuaded one of the Balliol Fellows, counted upon as a sure supporter of Jowett, to vote against him. A more probable explanation is the fear that if Jowett were made master he would prove a despot. Subsequent events showed that this fear was justified, for in after years as vice-chancellor Jowett acted often in a most arbitrary manner.

Jowett resented his being passed over in a very silly contemptible manner. Like Achilles sulking in his tent, he absented himself from the Hall Table and also the Common Room. When Scott was transferred to the Deanery of Rochester, then Jowett was elected to the mastership once more vacant, and he became even more celebrated than his predecessor Jenkyns. He was like Jenkyns short in stature, but without his pompous voice and strut. The head and countenance of Jenkyns arrested

attention, the face of Jowett was to the last youthful, as simple as was that of a child. He was shy and retiring in manner, but won respect from all brought under his influence. He grudged no toil on behalf of a willing student, when he was tutor, and as professor of Greek showed the same interest. If any man asked for elucidation, he would appoint some hour in the evening which he would devote to the inquirer. Jowett was all brain; the ordinary feelings which made life amiable and interesting had little attraction for him; work, work, seemed his delight. Any one scanning over his Plato will wonder how a man with such unceasing avocations could find time to elaborate it. His departure from us is however too recent, and his biography is too well known to need further remarks here. It need only be added that if Balliol rose under Jenkyns, its advance was still greater under Jowett. To get admission into Balliol now stamps a man, and his name is soon erased if he fails in examinations, and shows no desire to aid the celebrity of his college. A story is associated with Jowett's name which is a fair instance of the slight credibility to be attached as to the origin of many good stories. It is said that Jowett, in his early residence, wished to have a few fair flowers outside his window, and protected them with a slight border. There soon arose an amusing squib (commonly attributed to "Tommy" Short, Fellow of Trinity):—

> **Little Bennie Jowett had a little garden made**
> **And he fenced his little garden with a little palisade.**

As this was often sung or shouted in his hearing, Jowett speedily demolished both garden and palisade and put down gravel as before, whereupon was soon heard another couplet:—

> **Now when this little garden became the common talk,**
> **He turned his little garden to a little gravel walk.**

When the above was quoted in some of the biographies of

Jowett after his death, some critic stated that the incident and lines did not appertain to the Oxford Jowett, but to a Dr. Jowitt of Cambridge.

There is a similar dispute as to the fatherhood of some other well-known lines, set afloat when the change was made of preaching in the surplice instead of the black gown. Many accounts state that Sir George Rose, Master in Chancery, and one of the greatest humorists of his day, was written to by a friend for an explanation as to which was the correct thing. To which the humorist replied:—

> What robe the clergy ought to wear,
> I own I neither know nor care
> A black dress or a white dress;
> Vexed with a trouble of my own,
> A wife who preaches in her gown,
> And lectures in her night dress.

In the published life of Bishop Harold Browne, these same lines are assigned to an Exeter newspaper as issued with reference to the surplice disturbances at St. Sidwell's, Exeter, about 1842.

Possibly in the next generation some professor of higher criticism may denounce both stories as fictions, and the existence of Jowett himself as a myth.

CHAPTER XV.

SACHEVERELL JOHNSON—DUFFERIN—STANLEY, ETC.

SACHEVERELL JOHNSON, Fellow of Queen's, was a most remarkable man. He obtained almost every honour that an undergraduate or a young bachelor could win, whether classical or mathematical. Incessant study had impaired health that had never been very robust, but the men of generations previous to myself always maintained that he might otherwise have risen to the highest honours in the Church. He was from the very first a reformer, and he commenced with his own college. The scholarships were all held by north-country youths, who obtained them by virtue of their birth in a certain locality, often with a sparse population, and thus presenting no competition; or from being educated in a particular school, also sparsely attended, and the scholarship was gained with very slight qualifications. The scholarship led to a fellowship, as a matter of course, without any condition as to distinction in the class-lists. Thus numbers of the Fellows of Queen's were little more than passmen, of humble origin, little social and not much academic training. The fellows of the newer or Michel foundation were elected by competition, were often men of attainment, and did their college credit. Between the two foundations there was chronic war, for it was the constant effort of those of the old foundation to monopolise all the college offices and snub the *novi homines*. The writer heard of many such cases, even as late as 1845. Sacheverell Johnson fought

desperately against these abuses, introducing examinations and securing the "survival of the fittest". The opposition to his efforts was continuous and often vexatious; he broke the ground, but he was a marked man and was not elected provost of his college, to which office his antecedents entitled him.

Johnson's voice was soft and gentle, but his sarcasm was very cutting when he chose to exert it, and the undergraduates of his time told many instances of its exercise. "Whose legs are those that I observe just protruding from the curtains? Oh! it is you, Mr. Menston; glad to see you, will you kindly go on?" Now, Mr. Menston had not prepared his lecture, and had ensconced himself behind the curtain, hoping though present to escape being set on. The victim in his confusion blurted out some excuse of having prepared the wrong piece. The lectured tittered, for they suspected the excuse would be of little avail. So it proved. "Will you kindly go on with the portion you profess to have prepared." The sequel may be easily conjectured. "Good morning, Mr. Wells, I am so delighted to observe you are only aeger. I was afraid you were seriously indisposed." This was addressed to a man who to escape his lectures had, as it was technically termed, "put on an aeger," which would mean being on the sick list. In such a case the shammer should at least have in common prudence kept his rooms. This offender was sallying forth in boating costume when Johnson confronted him.

Johnson, always a reformer, took an active part in the first University Commission, and when the fellows of his college passed him over on their Headship becoming vacant, the Government of the day solaced him by promotion to the Deanery of Wells.

Arthur Stanley was a prominent figure in Oxford in my time, and certainly should not be passed over in these reminiscences. But the record shall be brief, as his inter-

esting biography has made his career well known. Any one walking in the streets of Oxford might perhaps encounter an M.A. in cap and gown, of very diminutive stature, toddling along very modestly, not attracting observation in a general way. Yet if a stranger did but observe his face, there was an intellectual expression unmistakable. Such was my impression before I knew that it was Stanley, the much respected tutor of University College. Perhaps I should not be wrong in saying that the leading feature of his character was earnestness. He was in earnest as a lecturer, in earnest as a preacher, in earnest as a writer. At only thirty years of age he was the biographer of Arnold, and that biography will perhaps survive all the other productions of Stanley's pen. The devotion to the welfare and progress of his boys which he had admired in Arnold and has recorded in his pages, he endeavoured to reproduce himself as a college tutor. His men saw and respected the spirit. I knew members of the college intimately, and they ever spoke his praise. The "fastest" men never sought to avoid Stanley's lectures. Men that would have been supposed to treat theological studies with indifference at least, if nothing worse, would attend his regularly, take copious notes, and often copy them out carefully afterwards. Stanley's interest in them was not confined to his lecture room. A man would be sitting in his room, a gentle tap at the door, eliciting the usual response, "Come in," would be answered by the entrance of Stanley. His salutation would be: "If you have nothing else in view, will you allow me to have a walk with you this afternoon?" The youth would blushingly accept, and the tutor would in the walk chatter affably and genially with his young friend. This was a constant practice. What man would not be captivated by such influence? The presence of Stanley added celebrity to the college. The same spirit animated his preaching. When he preached in the University

Church, the men flocked in hundreds. The voice was small, barely audible, but his earnestness of purpose spoke to men's hearts, and they revered the man. I have heard it said that to his own compeers Stanley was very reserved, even haughty; certainly he was seldom seen with them. But when duty called, whether as tutor, or professor, or subsequently as companion to the Prince of Wales in travelling, or finally as Dean of Westminster, the noble points of the man were shown; purity of life, earnestness of purpose in making the most of his office, were easily to be seen by those who had eyes to see, and generations of Oxford men, and generations of Englishmen of all ranks in life, will cherish the memory of Arthur Stanley.

Edwin Arnold was an undergraduate of University college in my time. He was a man of promise, which his subsequent career has justified, but they were somewhat marred by eccentricities that appeared ludicrous. He formed a Fez Club, and the members would meet in each other's rooms wearing a fez and clad in Armenian costume. As no one but actual members were present, their employment when so mustered was only conjectured, but generally thought to be smoking chibouks and drinking coffee. They were all of intellectual tastes, somewhat of poetic vein, though tinged with perhaps undue self-esteem. Many of them wrote more or less, and Arnold won the Newdigate for English verse. When it came to his turn to recite his poem in the Sheldonian Theatre the scene was most amusing. He had evidently practised in his rooms a rehearsal of a delivery which was to produce a great sensation. Accordingly he commenced in a most grandiloquent tone, which ere ten lines were completed provoked a general titter. Quickly perceiving that this would not do, he became more natural in delivery, and the rest of his poem secured a good hearing. At the end his weak point leaked out again, for he had seated himself, but on receiving applause he rose and bowed like an

actor who has been called before the curtain, with a most self-complacent expression. I made his personal acquaintance afterwards, for we two and another were competitors for an appointment, and were summoned to be interviewed. It so happened that the third competitor had also won the same prize, and in our conversation Arnold must needs revert to the delivery of those prize poems, how the other had spoken most nervously and timidly, whereas he himself had experienced no such sensation, for it was a perfect pleasure to him to recite his (which was true enough). Arnold afterwards became a writer in the *Daily Telegraph;* he also travelled much in the East, and many able articles in the *Daily Telegraph* may be traced to his pen; indeed he is considered, and justly, to have contributed greatly to the success of that paper, making it one of the most largely circulated in the world. He has been a writer of poems and a novelist, and all who have watched his career will have long ignored the foibles which provoked a smile in days gone by, and have rejoiced to find him well known to his fellow-countrymen as Sir Edwin Arnold, K.S.I.

Osborne Morgan was also a contemporary, and obtained the Newdigate prize for English verse. He was celebrated amongst his fellows as the greatest drawer of the long-bow in Oxford. Men would get up some story of the Baron Munchausen genus, and recount it in Morgan's hearing. But no matter how outrageous the cram Morgan could always beat it. When as Sir Osborne Morgan he made some audacious statements in attacking the Welsh Church in the House of Commons, old Oxford men observed that the spirit Munchausen was by no means laid to rest. His statements were refuted again and again, and as the son of a Welsh clergyman he *knew* their injustice; but as a lawyer he had received his brief from his constituents to vilify the Welsh Church, and he adhered to his plan of campaign, much to the disgust of the leaders

of his own party. He was a man of considerable ability, and rose to the office of Judge Advocate.

Any one attending the university sermons at St. Mary's would often observe there a delicate-looking, slight figure, wearing a nobleman's cap and gown. It was Lord Dufferin. Left fatherless at an early age, he had been carefully brought up by his mother, one of the Sheridan family. She was a lady of great mental power, herself an authoress, with earnest religious convictions. These she duly instilled into her son. Thus from his earliest years the youth formed the noblest conceptions of his position; he early learnt to feel that the possession of property brings responsibilities, such as looking after the welfare of his tenants, building schools, repairing and even building churches (so it was said), and proving thus early an intense blessing. Whilst he was an undergraduate in Oxford occurred the Irish famine, when the heart of all England was stirred with deep sympathy for the sufferers. Lord Dufferin and his friend, Hon. George Boyle, were entrusted with liberal contributions from members of the university, and they went over to Ireland to distribute these to the best of their judgment in such localities as seemed to them most distressed. On their return to Oxford they published an account of their visit and their doings, which were read by all Oxford with thrilling interest. Thus Lord Dufferin became from his earliest years a man of mark, and his high character and noble principles raised expectations of a noble career. Whilst in Oxford he seemed to lead a retired life; when walking out he would be generally alone, or with his friend George Boyle. He did not aspire to university honours, it may be doubted whether his health would have allowed it. Those interested in him were very anxious he should marry, but his health was such that, if I remember rightly, he was married by licence in a drawing-room. His first child died, causing great disappointment, though after a time he was gladdened by

a son. The first public exhibition of Lord Dufferin's mental powers was a series of letters in *The Times* on Ireland. These indicated a true anxiety for the welfare of his native country, with careful investigation of its wants, management and mismanagement, and were expressed in a style so vigorous and forcible that they arrested universal attention. From that time he became more before the public. He became Governor of Canada, was afterwards similarly employed in India, and has held several other appointments under the Crown, his last being that of Ambassador to Paris, which he has now (1896) resigned. Lord Dufferin was raised to the rank of an English Peer, under the title of Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the latter title being a reminiscence of his eastern official life. His lordship has been not unknown as a writer, and though he has now passed the Psalmist's limit of threescore and ten, every right-minded man will desire for him length of days still, on his retirement from public life.

I cannot close these sketches of Oxford men without referring to one or two more who, though not so celebrated in the university as some previously mentioned, yet were no unworthy sons of their *Alma Mater*. I will begin with Charles Parker, Fellow of University College. He was the son of a Liverpool merchant of a very superior order. He was also a nephew of the first Lord Cardwell, and was born in the midst of both affluent and intellectual surroundings. Of his early career I know little, for though he obtained his first class in Oxford at the same time when I figured in the humbler rank of third, I did not then know him even by sight. Having obtained a first class, it goes without saying that Parker obtained a fellowship at his college, but we were all puzzled as to his future intentions. He expressed no inclination for holy orders, did not study for the bar or medicine. Becoming, I believe, a lecturer in his college, it was supposed that being of studious habits he purposed remaining in Oxford, and

perhaps aiming at some professorship congenial to his tastes. To our astonishment, when his relative, Lord Cardwell, took office, Parker took a very small Government situation at Marlborough House, at that time devoted to Government offices. I called upon him there and found him attending to some small details of official life, but could not divine his purpose. At a subsequent Parliamentary election, however, he made his appearance as a candidate for Parliamentary honours, and being of Scotch family, he made a descent on Perthshire, and carried the day. Bearing in mind Parker's antecedents, his public school and university career, his intellectual powers, and his well-known extensive reading, and the introduction which his relationship to Cardwell gave him to prominent men, great expectations were formed of him on his coming into public life. It was expected by some as a certainty that under Gladstone's ministry he would have been called to some office. Those expectations have not been realised. His mind is very much of the Gladstonian type; seeing so many sides of a question, and with such minute subtlety, that he has ever been too long in making up his mind on any given subject. Thus he could not be relied upon as a party man. Add to this, though of tall and commanding figure, and great power of endurance, for he can carry his gun for a thirty miles' trot over moorland, his voice has been against him, getting him the name of Miss Parker. As to this an amusing story is told of his Oxford life. He had joined the volunteers, and got up the whole system thoroughly. But though a college tutor he was only a private, and the major over him was an undergraduate, but a "lusty, robustious fellow," very genial and very popular, yet knowing precious little of military science, as was once the case with all officers, regular or irregular. On a great field-day, when the volunteers were being observed by hundreds of spectators, the major issued some word of command, say, "March by sections," when a

thin lady-like voice was heard to exclaim, "No, major, the new regulations have altered that arrangement". "Then d—— the regulations," exclaimed the major, and he repeated his order, amidst roars of laughter.

In the election of 1895 Parker was defeated, and it is thought that he will not offer himself again, but devote his leisure to literary pursuits. His relative, Lord Cardwell, deputed to him the publishing the life of Sir Robert Peel, and the portion already published is considered to have justified the selection, as indicating a master's hand. I have not seen him for upwards of thirty years, though I have watched his career with affectionate interest, and wish long life to him, however employed!

Another name whom I should wish to record is Edward Hayes Plumptre. I only knew him by sight when in Oxford, though I afterwards became an acquaintance and then a correspondent for many years. Plumptre was a scholar of University College, and won the distinction of a double first, the highest honour that could then be obtained. He was a modest, retiring man, but with the courage of a lion, as was shown in the sequel. He was elected to a fellowship at Brasenose, and found at the year's end that the emolument he received therefrom was only some £60 or £70. As he observed the senior fellows living in clover, the contrast set him a-thinking. He had grounds for suspecting that the *modus operandi* was this: A farm would be let say for £100 a year, but an annual fine in addition of £100 or £150; the so-called rents would be distributed amongst the whole body of the fellows, but the fines formed a reserve fund, divided amongst five or six senior fellows, who received therefrom some £500 a year each. These figures are not vouched as accurate, but they indicate the character of the system. Against this Plumptre made a decided protest, and subsequently prosecuted the senior fellows. He lost his case, for he could not lay hold of documents to prove his charge in a court of

law, but the sympathy of all who had observed the state of things was with him. There can be no doubt that this bold action was the pioneer of university reform. Men began to inquire what a fellowship meant, why founded, and were the lives and conduct of the existing fellows such as the founder contemplated? The inquiries thus set in motion resulted in two University Commissions, which have made changes, many of them of a revolutionary character. On some points most men were agreed; such as that a man should obtain a scholarship and subsequently a fellowship with little or no qualification except the accident of his name or birth in some particular locality, was an abuse that could have been remedied. That the fellow so elected might live thereafter, if he chose, a life of indolence and often grossness, making no advance in intellectual attainments, nor benefiting the world outside nor his university by literary distinction, or by tuition or some specific activity, that was an abuse which again could have been remedied by a limitation of the tenure of fellowships. But the wholesale spoliation of the Church of England by diverting property and endowments that were given for specific purposes, and those beneficial to the Church, is not reform, but confiscation. It would be a long and tedious digression to say more here on this subject. The ball was, however, set in motion by the exposures initiated by Edward Hayes Plumptre. In theological sentiments Plumptre was a Broad Churchman, and was studiously boycotted by the High Church party from Church preferment. He became a professor in King's College, London, and was one of the most learned divines of his day. His merits were so undeniable that they received a very tardy recognition by promotion to a Canonry of St. Paul's, and eventually to the Deanery of Wells. Few men were more respected by those who knew him well; he was one of the most unassuming and modest of men, of saintly character,

but never appreciated in a manner proportionate to his merits.

Thorold Rogers was a very different man from any of the preceding, a man of great ability, great reading, great ambition, and yet may be added to that large body of men who may be labelled "the disappointed". His memory was prodigious. When writing the paper work for his final examination, one question was "date some events connected with this period". Rogers inserted 150 and all were accurate. He obtained a first class. Yet though he made repeated efforts to obtain scholarships before graduating and fellowships after, he was unsuccessful in every attempt. Entering holy orders he joined the High Church party at a time when party spirit was strong, but he was not regarded with much warmth. These disappointments are supposed to have embittered Rogers; he joined the Radical party in politics, became a worshipper of John Bright, editing a volume of his speeches, and eventually availed himself of that Act which enables clergymen to disorder themselves, a step, which to their credit, very few have taken. Forthwith Rogers, dropping his ritualistic garb, appeared in lay-dress decidedly *prononcé*, white hat, "loud bags," flaming tie. After one or two unsuccessful efforts, he managed to get into Parliament, but did not make a favourable impression. He was eternally on his legs, making speeches, fluent, vapid, showing great lack of tact and taste.

If any hopes of an official appointment had been held out to him, they were never realised. He brought out one or two volumes on labour and wages, indicating much patient research, and had Rogers possessed any sound judgment, he might have become a great authority on that and perhaps other subjects. But he never won the confidence of his party: they passed him over much to his chagrin, and so he passed away.

Edward Meyrick Goulburn in my time was tutor of

Merton. Along with this he held the incumbency of Holywell, and there he made his mark, as an earnest, painstaking preacher. The parish is but a small one, but many junior members of the university would always be found there, also many barristers on the Oxford circuit would attend at assize time—Sergeant Whateley, Pigott (afterwards Baron), Keating (Sir Henry), and many others. Goulburn resigned this cure on being appointed Head of Rugby. He had been hitherto one of the chaplains of Bishop (Samuel) Wilberforce, and that prelate on hearing of Goulburn's appointment to Rugby, exclaimed, "Now we shall wipe out that blot on the educational system of England," Rugby School being at that time regarded as a hot-bed of Radicalism and Scepticism. As Goulburn was a Conservative in politics and an earnest minded High Churchman it was evident, if the existing staff were such as they were reputed to be, he would have no bed of roses. This proved to be the case: an undercurrent was ever at work antagonistic to the Head. But he impressed on his pupils some good scholarship and they did well in the universities. Personally he had none of that geniality which gains the affections of youth; his upper boys taxed him with haughty coldness, but all that notwithstanding Goulburn left behind him a name honoured if not beloved.

When translated to the Deanery of Norwich, Goulburn became more in his element. His pen was very active, and some of his productions, notably *Thoughts on Personal Religion*, have passed through many editions, and still command attention. Dr. Goulburn passed away in 1897 at a very advanced age.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHANGES IN OXFORD.

THESE reminiscences of celebrities in Oxford in my time may be closed with some remarks on the changes which strike an old member of the university when he revisits the scenes of his youth.

Oxford, like most of the other towns and cities of England, steadily resisted the approach of the railway. So late as 1845 the station was a very modest structure, on a branch of the G.W.R. joining the main line at Didcot. A few stage coaches were still in existence as the only means of reaching other parts of the country. The university was as yet little affected by changes in the external world, and it may not be amiss to describe the ordinary life of the members as it was about fifty years ago.

Day would begin with chapel, in summer time at seven in the morning, and attendance at a certain number was obligatory. Then followed breakfast, simply of bread and butter and tea or coffee if a man was poor, with additions of eggs and meat if he could afford them; occasionally, instead of a solitary meal, if there was no early lecture, a few friends would be invited, and the fare would be improved by some extra additions. Unless it were a day free from lectures, the meal would soon be broken up, as lectures often began at nine. Most men would have two, perhaps three, in a morning, and these with preparation and notes thereon would occupy till lunch time. This will probably

be much the same now. But the change of life becomes more manifest in the afternoon. The recreation of the bulk of the men in my time would be long walks into the country. All the roads leading out of Oxford to Headington, Shotover, Bagley Wood, the Woodstock Road Summertown, would have long files of men, taking regularly their constitutionals; tutors and undergraduates. In this way, when a man had been some terms in residence, he became familiar with the faces of most of his contemporaries, and often in after life men have recognised a face in some department of life, perfectly familiar in its outline, though the men may have continued strangers. Others would be down on the river boating, which has ever attracted numerous votaries. There was very little cricket then, the ground was at Cowley or Bullingdon, and the practice of the game was expensive. Football and lawn-tennis were unknown.

A large number of the well-to-do might also be seen on horseback, and not a few tutors and Heads of houses indulged in equestrian exercise. Many miles out might mounted Oxonians be encountered on the high roads. To one visiting Oxford now, no change is more striking than in the modes of recreation. There are no longer the long lines of pedestrians taking their constitutionals; it is said by some who ought to know, that hundreds of the students are never above two or three miles out of Oxford, except on arrival or departure. Immediately lectures and luncheon are despatched, in the summer term, even before, men may be seen clad in their flannels, straw hats and soft shoes hieing away to their various sports, some borne in drags to the cricket grounds, some to lawn-tennis, others down the river, but very few are seen as of old taking constitutionals, and perhaps none ever penetrate to such distances as Cumnor Hurst, Water-Eaton and other pretty villages.

The cavalry that enlivened the roads of old have

disappeared altogether; in one visit (1894) I counted only seven equestrians during the afternoon; some years ago there would have been at least 100. For besides the men who rode out on horseback for an afternoon's ride, there were a large number who regularly hunted. The Head of Merton College was a country gentleman, and it was his delight to fill his college with the sons of country gentlemen, who habitually left the college in pink; in his younger days he would ride with them himself to the meet. Others were great supporters of steeplechasing, and the vale of Aylesbury at its celebrated gatherings found many supporters from the university. It was in the White Hart of Aylesbury that an Oxford don undertook to surpass the feat of the Marquis of Waterford, who got his horse up the stairs to the dining-room and led it all round the table. This son of *Alma Mater* said he would not only get his horse into the room, but would jump over the table set out as it was with all the dishes for dinner, the glasses and the candelabra. And he did it. It would be expensive amusements like these that suggested the dialogue in Shakespeare's Henry IV. (Part II., act iii., sc. 2) :—

> SHALLOW. I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar; he is at Oxford still, is he not?
> SILENCE. Indeed, sir; to *my cost*.

He might well say to his cost, and as they are by no means academical, their decadence, as far as a university is concerned, is not to be regretted.

But, as has been said above, the amusements of lawn-tennis, football and cricket in more accessible places were then unknown. And now by another change the roads are enlivened once more by a multitude of riders on bicycles, so that the villages within ten miles of Oxford are becoming again known to the gownsmen, for the cyclist can penetrate anywhere if the roads are practicable.

Hall was in most colleges in my time at five o'clock, after that each man according to his tastes and means spent his evening. The reading man would repair to his rooms and, keeping his eye steadily on the object of his ambition, would spend hour after hour at his studies. There might be a break with evening chapel, or dropping into a neighbour's room and over tea discuss the lectures for next day. But the reading man mostly sported his oak (*i.e.*, fastened his door) and was invisible till next morning. But the reading men were only a fraction of the university. Large numbers had wine parties after Hall, or adjourned to billiard rooms or the coffee rooms of hotels, or entertained each other at a somewhat jovial supper. For there were but two examinations then, the little-go and the final, which presented little difficulty to a man fairly educated; thus his leisure was great, and if so disposed and he had the means he could pass his four years most enjoyably.

Of all the sociabilities of Oxford life, nothing surpassed a breakfast party, if fairly conducted. The style and conversation would of course vary according to the pursuits and tastes of the entertainer; the sporting man would have kindred spirits, who would be authorities on horses and dogs, and be complete racing calendars in themselves. The reading man would have those who were bent on distinction in the class lists; their conversation would be on the books requisite, the new editions, perhaps the crotchets of examiners, the distinctions won by their respective tutors, or the subsequent career of their own friends. Such intercourse enlivened a student's life and fired his ambition. But here also *tempora mutantur*. "Ah, sir," said an old college servant, "where there is one breakfast party now, there used to be a hundred, so that our places are scarce worth having. So many gentlemen reading for honours, that if they do have a breakfast party it is not worth anything." This means that the college

scout took all that was left as his perquisite, and these "leavings" in luxurious days would be enormous.

This leads me to speak of the class of men who now go to Oxford. At one time every *gentleman's* education was thought incomplete if he had not a university education. Not that he acquired much, often knowing as much when he matriculated as when he graduated, but that is not a fair way of putting the advantage. He was for four years thrown in contact daily with the cream of English society. Of course he only knew a portion, not even all of his own college, but he had the opportunity, not to be obtained elsewhere, of enlarging his circle. Men of his own position of life, from homes widely dispersed over England, congregated there, means of introduction to each other were not difficult, and the effect on the whole man was great. Besides those who would afterwards be living on their estates as country gentlemen or turning to political life, officers in the army had mostly university degrees, the majority of the Bar, two-thirds of the clergy, and they would largely be taken from the higher social circles.

There is an immense diminution in this class of men: men who go up solely for enjoyment leave the university after four or five terms' residence without graduating. Aspirants for army commissions and the Civil Service go to specific trainers, a process in the days of purchase not needed. The colleges have also formed a different conception of their office. It is no longer the case that a tutor will ride with his men to the cover-side or a professor ride in a steeplechase; all are bent on intellectual distinction; and those in highest repute require their men, before admission, to promise that they will read for honours. But with such reading for honours constant sociabilities, hunting, and so forth are incompatible.

Thus it will be seen that Oxford is no longer mainly a place of pleasure, but of work. A university degree is now sought by solicitors, surgeons and kindred professional

pursuits, and even mercantile men. Hence the bulk of the Oxford men may be said to be drawn now from the well-to-do middle class, whose parents desire, and can afford to procure, the highest education for their sons. The numbers in Oxford must almost have doubled during the past fifty years; the competition is great, the examinations incessant, and the idler must go.

But if the very rich and their idle habits and their copyists have almost disappeared, another class have also disappeared—the very poor men. Years ago the condition of entering in competition for many scholarships and exhibitions was that the candidate was a poor man. He must be a scholar, but poor, and unable without such subsidiary aid to obtain a university education. Though that stipulation still exists, the scholar elected in most cases could exist without it, as is proved by the expensive training he has gone through. Hence though the extreme spendthrifts are perhaps expelled altogether, the average expenditure all round has been raised. It is therefore impossible for such men of limited means, who were not infrequent of old, now to enter the university, except as unattached students. Not a word is intended in disparagement of this class of men; the foundation of the system is a great blessing, but they have not the social advantages of college life, one great attraction of Oxford.

Another feature that strikes any old member revisiting Oxford is the almost extinction of the clerical element. Time was when all the fellows were in holy orders; the step was obligatory, for the founder of the fellowship made over the property on that distinct condition. As a consequence the streets and leading thoroughfares in the afternoon were thronged with clergymen taking their constitutionals. By the legislation of later years that obligation has been dispensed with; the result has been that colleges once possessing a staff of clerical fellows, often known throughout England as eminent divines, have

now positively to go outside in search of a chaplain. Such a transmutation must necessarily have its effect on the Church. The clerical fellows often became the country clergy, and the rectories and vicarages of England abounded with learned theologians. They were not, perhaps, given to platform distinction nor incessant itinerancy, always in a perspiration. On the contrary, they were generally of quiet, unobtrusive habits, but always at home in their parishes and parish school. As they were men of learning, so they were often active with their pens, authors of books alike indicative and suggestive of deep thought to the student. It was such men as these that won the warm admiration of Dr. Chalmers, one of the greatest divines of the Scotch kirk. He states in the preface to one of his books that through his whole life his studies had been mainly aided by the productions of the Church of England divines. "Those suns are set"; will there rise any more such? That is to many well-wishers of the Church a very grave question, especially as the theologian now studies and writes under altered and often unfavourable conditions.

An old member revisiting his university notices—respectfully be it said—a decadence in the dress of the men. A black frock coat and grey trousers were the invariable costume of the university man in public, and a silk or top hat, as it is called. If he was a little more dressy, he would perhaps don a white top hat in summer time, and occasionally white trousers. On his last visit to Oxford the writer observed the bulk of the men in flannels and straw hats all day long, or perhaps dressed like grooms, and he was horrified to see a proctor walking in the High Street with his hands in his pockets, though in official robe! He also observed a fellow of a college march into Hall with his dusty boots, straight from his walk, instead of appearing dressed neatly for dinner, as was the universal rule of old.

The system of incessant examinations has, undoubtedly, diminished much of the idleness that marred and often ruined undergraduate life. But it has had another effect not so beneficial. The men are incessantly cramming for examinations, getting up books, helpful notes; the bump of acquisitiveness is developed largely, but there cannot be any time for reflection; there may be much knowledge on special points, acquired by keeping pace with current authors, but little soundly digested, and affording material for original development afterwards. The Oxford first-class man of the olden type, when there were only classes for the finals, was a man well read all round, and ever made his mark in after life.

There is one further change, if it be true, which is a sign of decadence, and the writer devoutly hopes he is mistaken. The observation is suggested by a recent occurrence in Christ Church. A number of men returned from a cricket match, perhaps the worse for liquor, and smashed several windows in the college. Inquiry was made by the authorities, and on being unable to ascertain the offenders, all those who had returned to college at that time were "sent down". A great outcry was raised against that exercise of discipline, the punishment being denounced as excessive. Indignant fathers wrote angry letters to *The Times*, the authorities were roundly abused, and it was considered a burning shame thus to brand with infamy innocent men for the offences of their guests. But there was one feature of the transaction on which the indignant fathers and those who abused the authorities were utterly silent, and which struck old Oxford men forcibly. It was perfectly well known who were the offenders, and yet the dastardly cowards sneaked in silence, allowed their suffering friends to incur unmerited opprobrium and punishment, and not one of them had the honourable courage to come forward and own his transgression! It may be admitted that the sufferers

could not turn informers, but their friends should have caused the culprits, well known to them, to be banished from all social intercourse, and be covered with branding shame, till they showed something of manliness by coming forward. Not one of them has done so, nor was this manifest duty so much as hinted at by the complainants in the papers.

In spite of being denounced as a prejudiced *laudator temporis acti*, I think such would not have been the case once. An instance has been mentioned of nobler conduct under the chapter "Some of Ours". There was also a case in University College. Some men screwed up an obnoxious tutor in his rooms, from which he descended the next morning by a ladder. As he was also a university official, the college authorities decided that more than ordinary notice should be taken. The men were summoned, twenty-four hours were allowed for them to declare the offender or offenders, otherwise the whole college would be sent down. No explanation being offered the punishment was carried out. It turned out that the actual offender had asked leave to go down, and had performed the freak before starting, few, if any, being privy to it. On hearing of the serious consequences, and which he had never anticipated, he immediately returned or wrote, offering himself up to punishment and begging the acquittal of the others. How is it there has been no such generous spirit shown in that Christ Church scandal? Does it point to a decline in chivalric tone?

CHAPTER XVII.

CHANGES IN OXFORD.

"ENGLAND, with all thy faults I love thee still," says Cowper, and whatever blemishes an old member may think he discovers on revisiting the university after an interval of two or three decades, that Oxford man is little to be admired if his heart does not beat with fondest emotion. He may sigh when he sees how a utilitarian time has invaded those hallowed precincts with railways in immediate contact, and tramways up the High Street; he may mourn on observing dress less academic, manners less courtly and reserved than characterised a past generation, less blue blood, and language more slangy. These are blemishes if he discerns them, and may justly cause regret. But on the other hand he will observe the university to be a hive of living industry, the youth double the number of former days, all of them bent on making a useful career. He will find the industrial and religious tone undoubtedly improved, the college chapels more worthy of their sacred purpose, the services more reverent and devout, and a far greater average leaving the university immensely bettered by the sojourn. It is, to an extent increasing annually, the yearning of British youths, who seek intellectual life and professional advancement, to add thereto an Oxford degree and its concomitant adornments, to enter on the course that trained Gladstone and Salisbury, Dufferin and Goschen in politics, besides the cloud of eminent living men who adorn the various ranks of

the clerical, legal and educational professions, diplomatic, parliamentary and military life, serving Church and State, wherever the English language is spoken, or British influence is felt. Knowing this, an old Oxonian, if he has any soul within him, ever kindles with deepest attachment when he revisits the university in mature years. Unless there arise ugly thoughts of wasted opportunities, or, worse still, hours and days sullied with vice, the very walls of the colleges seem sacred, the old quadrangles, as his memory repeoples them, are pregnant in story.

Some buildings, though new, will still recall much to interest him. He will find the "Union" no longer meeting in a room up a court, but housed in a palatial building; if he enters the "Parliament house" he will observe all round the portraits of the presidents, from the first Sinclairus Skimmerius down to the president of the day, itself a most interesting picture gallery, as he may trace the subsequent development of those who there began their public career. The writer when so standing called to mind a debate in which he was himself *minima pars*, but there spoke on that night Lord Robert Cecil, now Marquis of Salisbury and Prime Minister; Frederick Lygon, afterwards Earl Beauchamp; Knatchbull-Hugessen, afterwards Lord Brabourne; Chitty,[1] now a Lord Justice, and the president was John Ralph, the first editor of the *Yorkshire Post*.

As years roll on, weighted, it may be, with care and trouble to most of us, it is like an oasis in the wilderness of life to recall these memories as one sits musing; or if he encounters some one erst a contemporary, to entertain each other with stories of "Old Oxford".

When Dr. Jacobson became Bishop of Chester, Liverpool was at that time in his diocese, and the claims of that vast population often compelled his presence at

[1] Just deceased.

night meetings. It was often impossible, or at least very tedious, to reach his home in Chester after the proceedings were over, and he was glad to accept congenial hospitality. One who so offered hospitality was an Oxford clergyman, who had resigned his cure and was living on very substantial means. The bishop was therefore delighted to accept his hospitality, as he knew the host suffered no inconvenience. The host, an old friend of my own, has told me that many a time, after the bishop had returned from some meeting fagged and jaded, host and guest would draw to the study fire and the bishop would begin: "Now, let us talk about Oxford".

From many a quiet home in England, from many a country parsonage, do the sons go forth, and, filled with the indomitable energy of their race, ramble the wide world o'er, determined to push their fortunes like their sturdy sires of old. One such found his way to South Africa, made himself a place and a name, becoming a leading man in the colony. His enterprising energy was felt far, for a whole province now bears his name. He has revisited the mother-country more than once, and more recently in furtherance of his schemes he has interviewed the most powerful potentate in Europe. On one such visit he was expected at some fête in London, but was not to be found. Where was he? He was an old Oxford man; his heart, in the midst of the fêting, yearned to his old university, and he had stolen off to Oxford to witness the "Eights" on the river. It was Cecil Rhodes.

BOOK III.

LIFE IN LIVERPOOL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIVERPOOL COLLEGE.

It will be gathered from the preceding pages that Oxford had become years ago very dear to me, an affection intensified by the struggles experienced in finding the ways and means. When my kind and sympathetic friend, Hayward Cox, obtained for me a mastership, it was under Rev. E. Wickham, father of the present Dean of Lincoln. He had himself been a master at Winchester for ten years, and he designed his establishment as a nursery for that great school. I was taken on trial for three months, for I was very young, looked younger than my years, and was immediately nicknamed *puer impubes*. My main duty as far as tuition was concerned was the Latin prose and verse compositions of about forty boys, and their Latin and Greek construing lessons. I had not been many days before I solicited an interview with my chief, expressing a fear that my qualifications had been over-represented to him. To this he replied: "No, but I was given to understand that if patience were shown you you would do your utmost to qualify". This was promised, and though every alternate week I was expected to be in the schoolroom shortly after 6 A.M., was worked hard all day, and had an immense amount of paper work to inspect in my leisure time, I worked hard to qualify for each day as it came. Thus the three months' probation was prolonged to three years' service. My chief (Mr. Wickham) was a neat

scholar himself, a splendid trainer, and though he never spared me I remember him with gratitude. Three times was I hissed all round; doubtless it was deserved, but it was outlived, and when I finally withdrew, five beautiful volumes, which adorn my shelves now, indicate that the unpopularity had passed away. But Oxford had never been lost sight of. My kind friend, Hayward Cox, allowed me to keep a term as I could; sometimes a short term would fall in school vacation, sometimes two-thirds of a term; then I was allowed, by the kind aid of my colleagues, to leave on Friday night for Oxford, arrive before midnight, keep three nights, being let out of college at 1 A.M., catch the G.W.R. train, sleep in the carriage, get a cup of coffee at a workman's stall at Paddington, and walk thence to Hammersmith. I would carry my bag, and occasionally sit on it from exhaustion, and enter my class-room as if I had come from my bedroom. This I did several times; it seemed my only chance of getting a degree. At length my way was smoothed by receiving a Bible clerkship, as described above, and with my savings I obtained continuous residence.

But I desired not only a degree, but to appear in the class-list, and the only chance of success was hard labour. My kind and generous friend Farrar gave me gratuitous instruction; I rose at 4 A.M., have more than once continued the night through. Once more I seemed to be baulked in my object, for during the last vacation my health broke down, and I was down the country for months. At length in 1852 I presented myself for examination, and when paper work was over and the *vivâ voce* was over, I took my degree.

And now what should I do for my living? The class-list was not out, but even if I figured in it at all, I had no grounds for expecting a high place to justify trying for a fellowship. My scant opportunities for education, my hard struggles for my very subsistence, my in-

different health, had reduced the list of books which I had presented for examination, to the minimum ever presented by an aspirant for honours. Thus all fond dreams of further existence in Oxford as a coach or a fellow were dissipated. I had gone to the university with a strong desire for holy orders, yet my indifferent health, poor physique, weak throat, made me shrink from a curacy in a large town. A country curacy would have been positively distasteful, for I had lived little in the country, scarcely knew one flower from another, and the bucolic mind and habits had never attracted me. At one time I thought of a missionary career, but I should certainly have not been accepted as fit for the service, and still I felt strong yearnings for useful and intellectual occupations. Whilst so ruminating, not without a feeling of sadness, my friend Farrar walked in with a letter in his hand. "Would you take a mastership?" "Of course I would, where?" The letter was from his friend Howson, the head of the Liverpool Collegiate Institution, speaking of a vacancy on his staff. Before a week had elapsed letters had passed, I had been interviewed, and was to repair to the scene of operations for "mutual inspection". Eventually I was engaged as fourth classical master, and so I turned my back on my beloved Oxford to "enter life in earnest".

Liverpool, or the pool frequented by an extinct bird called the liver, was 150 years ago but a small town, with a castle, on the Mersey. The development of the American trade, for which it has been the especial port, raised it to its present position. Being thus comparatively modern, it was not supplied with a King Edward VI. or Queen Elizabeth or similar Grammar School, and the education was mainly in the hands of private enterprise. As the population and wealth of the port increased, public institutions were founded for educational purposes. The Mechanics' Institute was about the earliest, and was

similar to others in different parts of England, and, as its name would imply, provided education little, if any, above primary. Then came the Royal Institution, with a school attached, which provided education of a higher kind, some of the pupils having distinguished themselves in after life. Neither of the above was connected of necessity with the Church of England. But Liverpool was a strongly Conservative and Church town, and many of its philanthropic churchmen considered that the Church of England should be represented educationally. Hence the scheme was launched of founding the Collegiate Institution. The scheme embodied a middle-class school for tradesmen and mercantile men; a lower school, with cheap fees, to correspond with the day schools in existence a little above the elementary schools, and, as an afterthought, an upper school, with double fees, for the higher classes. These would be sons of wealthier merchants and professional men, who desired an education something similar to that offered by the public schools of England, without the expense which a boarding-house implies. The scheme caught on. Several of the surrounding nobility and gentry—such as the Earl of Derby, Earl of Ellesmere, Visct. Sandon, Mr. Gladstone —were induced to take a warm interest in the movement. Besides munificent subscriptions, foundation scholarships were offered to those who advanced money; thus, a donor of £1000 might always have three or four boys receiving free education in the upper school, and donors of £500 and £250 in proportion. To sons of clergy the fees were much reduced, consequently, besides the character of the education, as based on the Church of England, the clergy had an additional incentive to aid the institution. In the rear was erected a large hall, with an organ, where all the pupils mustered for morning prayers; the hall was also available for lectures and concerts. There were two libraries connected with it, and the boys of the three

different schools wore a distinctive gown. Scholarships were founded, so that it was possible for a poor boy gradually to rise from the lowest to the highest school, and eventually go to the university, aided by a scholarship.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONYBEARE AND HOWSON.

THE institution was opened about 1840. The first principal was W. J. Conybeare, one of a celebrated family, and he threw himself into the enterprise heart and soul. As it was a young institution, founded by subscriptions and governed by directors, many of these thought themselves quite capable of prescribing theories of education. These Conybeare had to deal with. One theory which he was obliged to allow a trial, *e.g.*, was the Hamiltonian system. Boys were to be spared the trouble of looking words out in a lexicon, the English was to be there ready printed. This was to be study made easy, and the acquisition of languages made very rapid. Experienced men have always treated the system with the contempt it merits, for it takes away the first element of education—mental discipline. But Conybeare must needs give it a trial. There could be only one result, and that at a waste of tons of books.

Another fad was the discipline: corporal punishment was to be dispensed with. Any one interested in education who goes through a Swiss school of the better kind, will find a number of cells or compartments like sentry-boxes. Possibly the same system may attain in German schools. They are called prisons, and a boy for punish ment is locked up for a prescribed period, to be passed in silence, and without anything to beguile the time. The system may be efficacious in continental schools, or it would not be persevered in. Conybeare tried it in the Collegiate,

forgetting the wide difference between an English and a foreign boy. They afforded the boys immense amusement rather than punishment. The cells were not dark, and they beguiled the time with novels, or occasional songs. If the singer was detected by the master in charge (I doubt if there was a master), how was he to be punished? Was he to have another hour? That was punishing the master on duty. Moreover the mammas got an idea that the boys were hoisted in and lowered by cranes! Eventually the continental importation was abolished, and boys were given to understand that if they merited punishment and were deaf to other appeals, the rod would not be spared. Conybeare's health gave way; the climate of Liverpool did not suit him, as is often the case with those who have previously lived inland. He accordingly resigned. I never knew him personally, but older pupils describe him as successful especially with his upper forms rather than with the schools as a whole, but ever conscientious. His room was in the topmost storey, reached by winding flights of steps, great fun for boys, but causing an adult to puff and blow. At the foot of the stairs was the porter's box, and the principal's room, having at that time no bell, Conybeare would emerge, call out in his quick sharp tone to the porter below, who would respond as from a well, and then commence the ascent. This was observed by one imp of mischief who told me that about once a week he would leave his class-room, look up and down the corridor to see the coast clear, and then call the porter, exactly imitating Conybeare's voice. The man would respond as usual, ascend the flights, knock at the principal's door out of breath to ascertain the cause of the summons, and perhaps receive a reprimand for needless intrusion. The man would return muttering at his ill-merited rebuke, and when it had occurred several times, he suspected mischief, but the offender was never detected.

Mr. Conybeare, on his retirement, went to a country

living, and employed his pen. He was joint author in the life and epistles of St. Paul, along with Mr. Howson. They were both members of Trinity College, Cambridge, and staunch friends. But the retirement did not last long; a victim of bad health, which made life burdensome, he died at a comparatively early age. He wrote his own epitaph which may be fittingly inserted here:—

GULIELMUS JOANNES CONYBEARE
PER PLURES ANNOS
MORBIS OMNIGENIS CRUCIATUS
HIC TANDEM
EX AEGERRIMO CORPORE
TANQUAM EX ACERBISSIMO CARCERE
LIBERATUS EST.
ANNO CHRISTI MDCCCLVII. ÆTAT. SUÆ XLII.
επ' ελπιδι
ὁτι αυτη ἡ κτισις ελευθερωθησεται
απο τῆς δουλειας τῆς φθορας
εις την ελευθεριαν τῆς δοξης.
Ναὶ ερχου
κυριε Ιησου

Conybeare was succeeded by John Saul Howson, previously referred to, and of his staff I became a member. There were a large body of masters employed in the three schools, as may be imagined, seeing that the whole institution educated about 800 boys. Observations shall only be made of those who were my personal friends or with whom I was most in contact.

Our chief, John Saul Howson, was, like myself, a Yorkshire man, and also, like myself, a son of a Yorkshire schoolmaster. Yorkshiremen are proverbially clannish, and the association now commenced by being joint-collaborators in the same institution developed into intimate friendship, for he always treated me as a younger brother. He was exactly the man for his post—

energetic, ubiquitous, always keeping the institution (and, of course, himself) well before the public, he saw it develop in popularity and usefulness. If any illustrious personage came to Liverpool, or there was any great gathering of celebrities, Howson was sure to wriggle himself among them, and induce them to visit our institution, which it must be said presented no contemptible appearance. He had served in two families as private tutor, being tutor to the present Duke of Argyll, and afterwards to the Marquis of Stafford, who became Duke of Sutherland. He was a man of great ambition, and it was evident that his aspirations were to the Episcopal bench eventually. It required a man of great energy and all-roundness to be the Head of that young institution, and though many critics maintained that a better headmaster might perhaps have been procured for the upper school, for he was supposed to be our headmaster, yet such a man would probably have concentrated his energies on his highest form, and have neglected many of the accessories needful for the prosperity of the institution in the aggregate. Many of the masters had come with the intention of having boarding-houses, and making fortunes by them, as Eton or Harrow masters. Thus the masters' interests were divided, each for his house, and the petty jealousies and squabbles were not conducive to the general welfare. Howson filled up vacancies in his staff by younger men, perhaps fellows of colleges, who would not care for the boarding element. Hence in my time we had for years only one married member of our staff in the upper school, Underwood, of whom more presently. He received boarders, and was deservedly successful with them; so far from being rivals, we bachelors rejoiced in aiding his house, and in return his table became a social centre, to which we were always welcome. Howson also preferred as colleagues such as were either actually clergymen or aspiring to holy orders; such a taste sanctified their tuition, and it will prove a

misfortune to England that the sacred office is becoming increasingly dissevered from the office of an educator. Howson had little of the stiffness that so often marks the pedagogue; having to manage a large body of directors, to become intimate with merchants whose friendly patronage and munificence were desirable, and to be personally known and respected by a very numerous body of clergy, whose sympathy was essential, he threw himself in contact with all sorts and conditions of men. This often drew him away from the institution itself, but he chose his colleagues wisely, men who could be relied upon without incessant supervision. Thus he could be and was the most ubiquitous of men, a feature that marked his whole life.

This feature of his character stood him in good stead at the very commencement of his principalship. He found the institution deeply in debt, in fact it was in that condition when I became a member of the staff. It therefore bore the appearance of being poverty-stricken: necessary repairs were made most grudgingly, even cleanliness was barely provided. The masters were scantily paid. Each of the upper school masters (I am doubtful about the others) had a certain number of shares assigned him. A share was theoretically £1 in value, but practically it depended on the prosperity of the institution or the reverse. Sometimes they were only 13s. Howson addressed himself to this crushing debt. Besides appealing for donations he worked out a plan that proved eminently successful. If a donor would give £250 he might have for life a nominee in the upper school always as long as the donor lived, receiving free education. £100 procured one for the middle school. Thus the donors received during their lifetime 10 per cent. on their money. Of course the schools received thereby a number of boys who were unproductive, but the debt was ultimately wiped off, and as nominators died off, so did the free element.

To have compelled him to bound himself within the

confines of England would have been penal servitude to Howson. When the Alt-Catholic movement commenced he soon made the acquaintance of their leaders, was present in their midst, and reported his impressions at a Liverpool meeting. He would cross the Atlantic to deliver lectures on his favourite topic, St. Paul, or have their professors over to his house. It was often my lot to meet some of these guests, and the invitation I regarded then in my youth as a compliment. One such may be recounted, not so much from any great distinction in the social position of the guest himself as the amusement some conversation afforded. A mathematical professor from the University of Dublin was present, and as he was in holy orders he was asked how the "perverts" got on with the old-fashioned Romish priests in Ireland. He remarked that the old race of priests would rather not have them, the perverts were too fond of preaching and lecturing on controversial subjects, on which a judicious silence was preferable; they were for multiplying services, and were too fussy and active for the old stagers. As an instance the professor spoke of a friend of his own, who had been educated in Oxford, and then taken an Irish living, living at peace with the Irish priests about and simply tending his own flock. One day there presented himself an old Oxford friend, once like himself, an English clergyman, but who had joined the Church of Rome. The visitor announced this immediately on his arrival in case his host should demur to his admission. The host, like a gentleman, made no demur, but proffered a hearty greeting to his old friend, and whilst regretting the step taken, he diverted all conversation therefrom, talked of their Oxford days, as two old Oxonians, if of true metal, delight to do, and passed a delightful evening. The next morning, after breakfast, the rector proposed to introduce his visitor to one or two of the Romish priests in the neighbourhood to whom he was personally known. The neophyte caught at the idea; it would be delightful,

he said, to be introduced to those "who had been all their lives teaching the faith in which he was a babe". The rector was very grave, made no remark, and the two sallied forth. Presently they approached a snug-looking house, with a garden in front, and at the gate stood a man of portly presence, of rubicund and jolly countenance, smoking his pipe. It was the Romish priest, who at once greeted them with the well-known salute, "The top of the morning to yer," and a hearty shake of the hand. "Good-morning to your reverence," quoth the rector, "I beg to introduce to you an old Oxford friend." "Come in, right glad to see you, it's meself that says so," giving the neophyte a hearty gripe, and conducting both into his room. "Now, then, be aisy," and he touched the bell. On it being answered his reverence said: "Mary, bring up the matarials". The neophyte sat in mute awe, gazing on this specimen of the pure faith till Mary returned with the "matarials," which meant hot and cold water and a bottle of Irish whisky. "Now, then, my friend, hot or cold?" "Oh," said the stranger, "I never drank spirits in my life that I remember, certainly not in the morning." "Oh, bedad, but we'll tache better than that when you've been with us longer." The rector plainly saw what he knew before, that the native would rather not have such an ascetic in the body, and after a few courteous remarks they withdrew. A few more calls were made, with similar reception and similar revelations. To such men perverts with their restlessness and controversial spirit would be evidently unwelcome. The professor's statement is somewhat endorsed by some remarks in the recently-published life of Cardinal Manning, who bewails the apathy of the Roman Catholic gentry, and their unwillingness to engage in a proselyting crusade, such as that ambitious prelate desired.

Another of the professor's stories was a very droll one. A friend of his was rector of a parish with a very small

Protestant congregation, the bulk of the inhabitants being Roman Catholics. But the two pastors, as if by tacit agreement, abstained from all proselyting, ministering contentedly to their avowed adherents, and living on most amiable and hospitable terms with each other. Tidings of this fraternal feeling reached the Protestant bishop, and of course in an exaggerated form—"that the rector grossly neglected his duties, and that his congregation had dwindled to zero". On receipt of this intelligence the bishop wrote a strong letter of remonstrance, and added that on a certain Sunday, which he specified, he should visit the church and see for himself. The rector was dumfoundered, and revealed his fix to his neighbour and friend. The Romish priest on hearing it said: "Oh, bedad, make yourself aisy; remind me ten days in advance of his lordship's coming". Being thus reminded the good-natured priest thus addressed his people from the pulpit: "Now, my friends, I've always taught you to feel for people in trouble. Now, my friend the rector is in great trouble, and to show good feeling you must all of you go to his church next Sunday." They did so; the bishop was amazed (so was the rector, though he held his tongue); the bishop complimented the rector, and expressed indignation at the unjust calumny he had experienced.

When Howson came into my class-room, as was sometimes necessary, it was always in a brotherly and genial manner that won my affection. An amusing incident once occurred. The rule was, if a master required absence for a week, he must find a substitute, and as in the upper school the substitute must be a graduate, the process was expensive. When I went to Chester for ordination, Howson kindly said he would save me that expense, and take my boys himself. At that time they were the youngest, and he smilingly said: "I never taught little ones, I should like to try my hand!" On my return my flock

crowded to me. "Oh, sir, we are so glad you have returned; when the principal took us, he'd not been in the room an hour before he had caned us all round!"

I remained for nine years at the Collegiate under Howson as my chief; he promoted me twice, as high as I could reasonably expect. When I was married at Bilton Church, Yorkshire, he came over to tie the knot; when circumstances once took him to Yorkshire, at considerable inconvenience he came over to see me in my new sphere of duty; later on he sent for me to preach one of the sermons in the nave of his cathedral, and up to his dying day continued the brotherly feeling he had ever showed me. Howson, of course, had his faults; who has not? He was very jealous of any of his staff achieving more distinction or popularity than himself. He was also very open to flattery; I have been astonished sometimes to observe how some very transparent adulation has made him spread out his tail peacock-fashion. He seemed also positively to exult in rapping on the knuckles those who had attempted to bully or dictate to him. One of the directors who appeared to advise everybody and thought himself quite adequate for the purpose, would sometimes attempt to order Howson. But Howson knowing that the feeling of the others was with him could always floor him. A certain fussy clergyman always received a similar fate. This conceited man would write his opinions on education, *e.g.*, that as Hebrew was the oldest language in the world, at least as he supposed, education should begin with that language. Howson replied: "And do you profess to know Hebrew—you astonish me!" "Why are you astonished?" quoth the suggester. "Well, as you ask me, rejoined Howson, because I conjectured that you had never learnt English, as I see you can't spell." "What do you mean?" retorted the man now furious. "I mean what I say—here's your letter to me with two blunders in spelling; I had thought of marking them

in red ink for you." On another occasion this same man quoted some Greek at a clerical meeting. On his sitting down Howson pointed out to him some grammatical mistakes in his quotation, and was amused to see the man redden as bright as his hair, which was a glowing red.

This man's son had hair flaming red like his father's. He came up to my desk one day showing me a slate, and crying most bitterly. Some class-mate had drawn a supposed portrait and used red chalk most vigorously to represent his hair. The poor youth said it was such a personal insult. I replied that it was so, but told him to take such things good-temperedly and the taunting might cease. A few words were also addressed to the tormentors.

Howson was generous to a fault. His wife said she never dare trust him with more than 1s. 6d., it would be got out of him. On the whole he was a fine man, and served his generation well.

After resigning the Headship of the Collegiate, Howson disappeared from Liverpool to become vicar of Wisbeach. Subsequently he was promoted to the Deanery of Chester, and was thus brought to the neighbourhood again.

When Dr. Howson became Dean of Chester he brought to his new office the same energy and enterprise that had marked him heretofore. In most religious and philanthropic movements he took a part, but his chief attention was directed to his cathedral. He found it so surrounded by other buildings that only a small portion of it was visible externally; one transept was used as a parish church; the cloisters and several other parts were mouldy with the neglect of ages; and the whole edifice excited little of that veneration in the spectator usually associated with a cathedral. A man of less enterprise would have been appalled, or been satisfied with just sufficient repairs for preservation. But the new dean meditated more

than repair: he purposed a complete restoration and he succeeded. It would be tedious to describe the whole process of raising the funds and encountering and overcoming difficulties, many as usual unforeseen. Thus it was discovered that one portion of the edifice rested on a most insecure foundation, and hundreds of pounds were needed to make a sufficient substratum. To recover for the use of the cathedral the appropriated transept, a special parish church was built for the inhabitants who had previously regarded that transept as such. The cloisters were thoroughly renovated, and can now be paced as cloisters; the choir was made to present a beautiful appearance, and the removal of several buildings which impinged on the cathedral itself, and clearing away other incumbrances threw the pile open to view externally. To raise funds he got great meetings held in Liverpool, at that time in Chester diocese: he gave the magnates of the county and the merchant princes no rest till they responded and responded munificently. Dean Howson lived to see his cathedral reopened with appropriate ceremonial, but had his life been prolonged he would never have considered his work completed. One of his plans was a spire to top the central tower, and thus the cathedral would have been visible over the whole county. But an illness carried him off, and, as is often the case, many of his plans expired with the contriver. But years ought to pass over before Dean Howson is forgotten: his cathedral alone is a standing monument to his memory, and one, not the least attached of his friends, rejoices to pay this tribute to his memory.

As a preacher Howson was simple in style, and was appreciated by men of solid worth, but was never the popular preacher. His sermons bore too plainly the marks of hasty composition; in fact, his multifarious engagements gave no time for that careful preparation that weighty and successful preaching demands. He was

also a prolific writer. But here, again, his best friends said he wrote too much. His *magnum opus* is his *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, which he produced conjointly with his friend Conybeare. Many treatises of a similar character have been published since, but Conybeare and Howson's *St. Paul* will hold its own for many years to come. It may be doubted whether longevity will mark his other productions.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME OF OUR STAFF.

HAVING spoken of the first principal, Conybeare, whom I did not know personally, and more fully of Howson, I proceed to speak of my colleagues, mentioning more especially those with whom I was most intimately associated as fellow-labourers.

The masters of the upper school were all graduates, and when I joined the body, they all belonged to the University of Cambridge; thus I was the only representative of my own beloved university. They received me with the greatest cordiality, and as they were all honour men, of high intellectual tastes, I much appreciated the enrolment in such a corporation. It will be a delightful recalling of my younger days to describe them severally, commencing with the vice-principal, Cheetham.

Samuel Cheetham, our senior classical master, was a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and a fine classical scholar, having taken a high position in the Cambridge Classical Tripos. He was a man of high principle and genial to his colleagues, but suffered much from bad health, and found after a time that scholastic life was too trying. After two or three years' tenure of his post, he resigned it and returned to Cambridge. But even there Cheetham did not experience that improvement of health that was desirable. He was subject at times to great mental depression, and the solitude of his college rooms became unbearable. He decided on taking a curacy at

Hitchin, hoping that by a change of scene and a little more activity in his surroundings his spirits might rise. He next obtained the chaplaincy of Dulwich College, which provided him a house and a sufficient income to justify his resigning his fellowship by marriage to one of the sweetest women it was ever my good fortune to know. I think his married life was of ten years' duration, then his beloved partner was taken away, to the universal regret of all who knew her. All Dulwich attended her funeral, for by her good works and amiable, loving disposition, she had won an affection, the depth of which was not known at the time. I visited my old friend more than once during his married life, and Mr. and Mrs. Cheetham were godparents of my dear son Cecil, taken away from me when five years of age. I also took charge of his parish during one vacation, occupying his house with two of my daughters.

Mr. Cheetham was appointed to the office of archdeacon by the Bishop of Rochester, to which a canonry was attached. He accordingly resigned his post at Dulwich and removed to the Precincts, Rochester, where is a house attached to his canonry. There he has resided many years, employing his leisure time by giving the world the benefit of his learning. Some of his writings, notably his *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, will live long after he has been, in the course of God's providence, called to his rest. In 1896 he married again.

Cheetham was also for twenty years Professor of Pastoral Theology in King's College, London, and pupils who attended those lectures have always spoken of them with profound respect. Thus Archdeacon Cheetham, in spite of indifferent health, has been incessantly active, though in a less exhausting form than scholastic life, and has achieved considerable fame amongst English churchmen. I have not been able to visit my old friend and colleague for many years, but a letter at occasional

intervals, always at Christmas, keeps alive the attachment which I feel for my doubly venerable friend, and shall cherish as long as life is spared.

Arthur Ayres Ellis succeeded Mr. Cheetham as our senior classical master. He also had taken a high position in the Cambridge Classical Tripos, and had been a scholar of his college (Trinity). He was a thoroughly conscientious, painstaking man, cut out for a schoolmaster, and the result was soon seen by the progress of his form. He was eventually elected to a fellowship in his college, and after a time he decided on returning to Cambridge, residing on his fellowship and taking such office as his college might assign him. Most who knew him were of opinion that he would have proved a more useful man had he never attained that fellowship. His self-exaltation in consequence was something ludicrous; he conceived himself thereby placed on a pedestal above his colleagues, and to be measured by a different standard. This, at times galling, afforded immense amusement. His being a Fellow of Trinity was ever uppermost in his mind; it would come out in conversation even in a drawing-room, as if ladies were to be awed thereby. If discussing any points in committee, every phrase of a document must needs be altered to meet his approbation.

He accompanied two of us on a foreign tour, and every day the self-opinionated spirit showed itself. We travelled mainly on foot with knapsack, and if we made a midday halt at some small place, not worth more than an hour's sojourn, and it was proposed to march on to a more eligible spot for the night, "the fellow" would protest against doing two days' march in one. As we were three he was always outvoted and would have to follow in grumbling sulks. A friend of his, also a Trinity man, joined us in Switzerland, and much to his disgust always sided with us against the illustrious fellow. Ellis always spoke with great contempt of another member of his

college, though I never knew why till long after his departure from Liverpool. It appears they met in a friend's house and the little peacock was spreading out his tail as usual, when the other guest, a tall, powerful man, laid him over his knees and smacked him heartily after the manner of a naughty child. What an indignity to a Fellow of Trinity! This was the weak side of his character; in his profession, both as an educator and a clergyman, he was a conscientious, hard-working man. As he was desirous of marrying early he took the earliest college living that fell vacant, where he laboured conscientiously as a parish priest and passed away at middle age. Mr. Ellis was not a brilliant man, nor had he a spark of originality; he always said of himself that he had only average abilities, but had used them well. He is a good specimen of a man achieving a fair position by steady industry and conscientious devotion to duty.

W. C. Green succeeded Mr. Ellis, and he was in that post when I left Liverpool. He was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and had won great university distinction as classical scholar. He did not remain long in Liverpool, but returned to Cambridge to take pupils there. He subsequently obtained a mastership in Rugby under Dr. Hayman, who placed him also in charge of a boarding-house there. That appointment caused almost a rebellion amongst the masters of Rugby, and a commotion throughout the English scholastic world at the time. It is well known that the stipends of the masters in the public schools are not large, but they look to obtaining a boarding-house as adding largely to their income. The appointment of Dr. Hayman to the Headship of Rugby had been very objectionable to some of the existing staff. Hayman was a Conservative in politics and a High Churchman. Some of the staff were Radicals, and theologically certainly not High Churchmen. Moreover, Hayman had not obtained the highest honours in his university. Some

masters who had, or who conceived they had achieved some distinction, affected to despise their new chief. In that case a Head, if he feels personally strong enough for his position, should have taken a high hand, and said to his detractors: "It is clear that you have made up your minds against working harmoniously with me. The remedy is in your own hands, and I will accept your resignations." That plan did not occur to Hayman, but on a house mastership falling vacant he introduced Green, from whom he anticipated more pleasurable co-operation. The introduction of the stranger—harmless, inoffensive and peaceful though he was—only heightened the discontent. The matter ended eventually in Hayman himself, after much contention and unpleasantness with his governors, accepting a Crown living, and Green also himself accepting a living. Green now holds a living in Norfolk, and though respected by such of his old colleagues as survive, is never seen by any of us.

James Porter was our mathematical master. He had taken high honours in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, and was a fellow of his college (Peterhouse). An Irishman by blood, he possessed the peculiarities and eccentricities that often mark his countrymen. As we were both bachelors, we had many adventures together, for we were constant companions.

Porter was ordained on his fellowship, not wishing to be tied by a definite curacy, but frequently to spend his Sundays with friends in the neighbourhood, from which social enjoyment a curacy would have debarred him. I shall never forget his first sermon and the locality where it was preached. A mutual friend had been presented to a neighbouring incumbency, three or four miles out of Liverpool, but was unable to assume its duties for a time. He came to Porter and myself for aid, and we made ourselves answerable for two or three Sundays. As my lodgings were *en route*, Porter was to breakfast with me on

Sunday morning, and we would walk out together, I to preach in the morning, Porter in the afternoon. Whilst at breakfast, knowing his oblivious ways, I asked if he was sure about his sermon. On feeling his pockets, he found it had been forgotten. Off he flew to his rooms, and I was to wait. Time crept away, and I was afraid he would never turn up. The document, as was often the case with him, could not be found. After sundry searches it recurred to his memory that he had walked a few miles out on one night during the week, to dine with a friend, had taken his sermon for re-perusal as he walked, and left it in his dress-coat pocket. On his return, we walked out to the country spot, and were astonished to find a tolerably-sized church almost empty. It appeared that the appointment of our friend to the living had caused a breeze. A curate had been in charge of the parish many years, had married a lady of wealth there, kept his carriage, was given to hospitality, and was a popular preacher withal. When the living became vacant, it was naturally expected that the curate would be presented to the benefice. But he had given mortal offence to two maiden sisters of the patron of the living. What was the offence I never could learn. Some said there was a money transaction, others that he was personally and socially obnoxious. The result was that the popular curate was passed over. There was great indignation in consequence, and the bulk of the congregation left the church. The officials of the church (clerk and verger) were hearty sympathisers with the malcontents, and retailed all this to us in the vestry. "The two ladies were so 'aughty, and Mr. Green wouldn't bow the knee to them." My warm-hearted Hibernian friend was indignant at the narrative. "Hiley, if I'd known, I would never have come!" The reply was we were in for it: we had made ourselves answerable for the day, and must fulfil our engagement. The service accordingly proceeded, and after it was over, a footman in livery

presented to us the compliments of the Misses M., "and they would be happy to see the two clergymen at luncheon". Of course we must go, and we found ourselves soon in a handsomely furnished mansion near the church, beautiful pictures and engravings around the room, and all the usual appendages of wealth. There was a bountifully supplied luncheon, and our two hostesses were most hospitable and courteous. They pressed their wine upon us, sherry, hock, claret (Porter enjoyed good claret immensely) and then left us. After their departure, Porter took a survey of the surroundings; admired the pictures, looked into the well-stocked conservatory which opened out from the dining-room. He had a frequent habit of saying "Yes, what?" as if holding a conversation, though not audibly expressed. After another turn round the room, Porter reseated himself and took another glass of claret. "Good claret this. Yes, what?" I was silent, anxiously awaiting the sequel. Porter resumed: "Hiley!" "Well, what now?" "You heard what those men said in the vestry?" "Yes." "Depend upon it, that was an *ex parte* statement!"

Porter used to occupy rooms in the house of a brother master, and on one occasion, I think it must have been the Easter vacation, he decided on going to London, and on his return he made us convulsed with laughter by the following narrative. It appeared that in order to make the most of the time he decided to travel by the night train. He accordingly told the members of the house to retire to rest, he would let himself out with his latch-key, and carry his portmanteau till he could charter a cab. He was never particularly punctual, and when he sallied forth at midnight the cabs had dispersed from the stand. He accordingly shouldered his portmanteau, somewhat perplexed; it then occurred to him to enlist the sympathies of a policeman. The first policeman he met was also the first spokesman. "Now, young man, what have you got

there? Down with it. Let me see." "Policeman, I'm in a fix," began Porter. "I should think you air; let me look at you," turning his bull's eye upon him. Porter then proceeded to state his dilemma, and offered the policeman five shillings to help him with his portmanteau. The policeman smiled good-naturedly, but said he dare not, as the inspector would be round presently. It was decided to meet the inspector, to whom the difficulty was explained. That functionary good-naturedly said: "I will pass you on by the force. This officer may go to his limit, then whistle for the next." Thus by sundry tips to each helper, Porter arrived at the station just in time for his train, bathed in perspiration and in the last stage of exhaustion. He slept on the floor of the railway carriage on his rug, and reached his destination none the worse, for his iron constitution would stand anything, and I never yet heard of his being out of health, though he said he once was for about half a day.

Considering himself not in his element as a teacher of boys, he decided on resigning his mastership, and returned to Cambridge, where he took pupils and became officially employed. When I married in Yorkshire, he came over to be present, true in his friendship to his old friend. Eventually he became the Head of his college (Peterhouse). I have been his guest there, but when our domiciles are far apart and our occupations dissimilar, reunions between old friends are of necessity very rare. But I rejoice to chronicle the above episodes during our joint labours in Liverpool.

Dr. Porter has evidently made his mark as Head of his college, for I observe by the papers that a portrait of him has been painted and presented to his college by a large number of subscribers, as a recognition of services rendered to the university. As he is a younger and much more robust man than his Yorkshire friend, he will in all probability be the survivor by many years. His friend hopes that he may continue to add lustre to his college and his university.

CHAPTER XXI.

STAFF CONTINUED.

CHARLES W. UNDERWOOD occupied the post next above me in the Collegiate on my entrance there, and I can safely say that, but for his cordial reception, I doubt whether I should ever have accepted the appointment which was offered to me. I spent the day mainly with the outgoing man, who gave me such a gloomy picture of the institution and its surroundings, and his whole tone of mind was to me so repulsive, that I had almost resolved to decline the post. An hour with Underwood dispelled the gloom: I soon saw that I should find in him a man of sterling worth to be valued as a friend and colleague, and long tried experience has confirmed the impression then formed.

Underwood's position in the upper school was connected with the middle forms as regards tuition, but he was the great organiser, being a consummate master of detail. He was the only one of us who had a boarding-house, which he managed with exquisite tact. His boys were from all forms in the upper school, and would easily be recognised from the others by their gentlemanly conduct. He was not a man of much imagination, but of solid, sound judgment; if he thought a case over his decision might be relied upon as trustworthy. I have an impression that our chief rather respected than liked him, for Underwood's John Bull character was not particularly pliant. This was shown when Cheetham left us. Howson advertised for a successor, to be senior classical master and also vice-

principal. Some of us felt that Underwood's long and faithful service entitled him to the position of vice-principal, and that to import a young, untried man, however well suited for his post as classical master, and make him vice-principal, was a slight to a deserving man. Porter and myself therefore waited on one of the directors who was much respected by us all and set the case before him. We decided very respectfully to set the case then before our chief; he took it rightly and the tried servant became recognised as vice-principal, thus acting as chief in Howson's absence. When Porter also withdrew from us, Underwood undertook the whole charge of the mathematics. Thus every form came under him; he *made* them work; he gave them the impress of his own solid, dogged, persevering character, and those who went forth into business as well as those who went to the universities, all alike testified to the careful training they had received under Underwood. Perhaps the most decided proof of it was when he eventually decided to withdraw from academic life. It was generally felt that such a withdrawal ought to be signalised in some marked manner. A public testimonial, I believe to the value of £1000, was raised by subscription amongst the boys, and another by those who had been his colleagues in office. As one who had known him the longest, I was summoned from Yorkshire to be the mouthpiece of his colleagues and to make their presentation. The platform of the college and the gallery were crammed with old pupils, now bearded and mustachioed beyond all recognition; parents in numbers swelled the muster. Two days after I returned home, I received the following note:—

DEAR HILEY,

I have sent in my resignation to the directors; Underwood is going, you are gone, the team of my youth is dispersed; I am not going to have it all over again with a new set of fellow-labourers. So I will make my departure too.

Your old friend,

J. S. HOWSON.

And thus Underwood departed from Liverpool. Howson's subsequent career has been described above.

As his colleagues were bachelors, Underwood's house was the centre of hospitality in my time, and his gentle, amiable wife always received us as her husband's brothers. Not a week passed over but one or two of us at least were found seated at his table; no host could be more genial, no guests more cordially welcomed.

On leaving Liverpool he withdrew to the living of Histon, near Cambridge. He was not long before his organising powers were exerted on a parish which badly needed it. There being no suitable vicarage house, he rented a house till he could build one, entirely at his own expense. I have heard him say that as he walked from that house to the church, the inhabitants stared at him with unconcern, men would be lying all their length on the footpath, basking in the sun, not moving an inch to allow him to pass; the children were scampering about lawlessly, the whole presenting little of the appearance of a Christian village. "All this shall be changed, if I live," the new vicar thought, and he laid his plans for its improvement. As the living possessed a great amount of glebe, he divided a large portion, if not the whole, into allotments of small size, but sufficiently large to be valuable. These were eagerly sought after, but every applicant was required to sign a paper of conditions of his tenancy. As the men were eager to rent an allotment, they readily agreed to the conditions, and thus the bulk of the parish were grasped, as it were, and under his own power. He built new schools, made the posts of the master and mistress good and desirable, and they became fellow-workers, and through the children he operated on the parents.

These proceedings were not unnoticed. A lady of means observing the spirit of the vicar, and learning his desire to employ his reforming spirit on the Church itself,

offered him a liberal donation, I think £2000. Immediately Sir Gilbert Scott was brought on the scene, plans were duly formed, other sums of money were procured, and a fine old church, of which the exterior was dilapidated, and the interior disfigured by hideous horse-boxes (called pews), an unsightly gallery, and a lath and plaster ceiling, was restored to its pristine beauty.

It was after the completion of these works that I paid my first visit; I found the village orderly, every one civil, the schools well filled, and a beautiful church with the handsomest stained windows I think I have ever seen in England. My old friend Underwood had, indeed, made his mark on his village. I have visited him again and again, for distance has not diminished our friendship. On such visits he has generally taken me into Cambridge to dine with him at St. John's, his old college, and as my old master, Pearse, was a member of that college, my dear brother Alfred also, and I have sent many pupils there, I felt an especial interest in that college. I thus became acquainted with several members of the governing body. A few words may be said of two of them. The principal tutor at that time was Dr. Parkinson. As he was a Yorkshire man, and Yorkshiremen are proverbially clannish, as I have already said, we soon became tolerably familiar, and when I took to him a pupil who came from his native Yorkshire village his eyes beamed with delight. It is said of Parkinson that when he decided as a boy to go to Cambridge and compete for a sizarship, he rode thither on a pony, for it was long before railways existed. Having arrived in Cambridge he sold his pony (Yorkshireman like) for more than he had given for it, and then presented himself for examination. During his undergraduate career he practised himself in writing legibly but with express rapidity, for in the Cambridge examinations it is not, as in Oxford, attaining a certain standard that decides a man's position, but who attains the highest number of marks.

Thus they are rivals, and numbers of artifices are told as practised by men to conceal their hard-reading habits. When Parkinson went in finally his rapid writing stood him in good stead, for he came out Senior Wrangler. He was a kind-hearted man, and maintained the celebrity of his college for its sympathy with struggling men. Palmer, the Professor of Arabic, has placed it on record, that of all the institutions, whether on the banks of the Cam, the Isis, or the Thames, there is none that has so distinguished itself by its sympathy with struggling students as St. John's, Cambridge.

Another well-known member of St. John's was Joseph Mayor, always described as a walking encyclopædia; he was the librarian, and an immense bookworm. Nor must I omit Peter Mason who still flourishes at his old college. When the old statutes were to be superseded by the new, as vacancies occurred, Mason made a voluntary surrender of his privilege, and allowed himself to come under the new regulations. I saw one result of the new regulations the last time my friend Underwood took me there. Looking round the fellow's table, there were only two in holy orders, all the rest were laymen. When they met in their combination-room, or common-room as it is called in Oxford, afterwards, there was little of that common intercourse which marked the fellows of olden times. Many of them smoked (a modern innovation) in perfect silence, coffee came round, and then all seemed to disperse. Many of them would have, I was told, private pupils, with whom they would be immediately occupied and for hours. Thus the old order changeth. My kind host himself seemed to feel the transition much, for the society of the common-room was in days past a great attraction to a cultivated mind.

Though Mr. Underwood had retired from scholastic life, his diocesans, one after the other (for I think he has lived under three) found his value, and to each one he

became their right hand in educational matters. He became the great organiser of diocesan inspection of religious knowledge. He drew out courses of instruction to be pursued at all the primary schools, arranged the routes of the inspectors, the dates and hours of his visits at the respective localities. Hence he became known from one end of the diocese to the other; he had all his life been remarkable as a consummate master of details; he showed it again when a parochial clergyman, and he told me his day was as much taken up by engagements as when he had been educationally employed in Liverpool. He held also the office of rural dean, and made it no sinecure, and was looked upon as a probable archdeacon.

Advancing years compelled him to withdraw from these occupations external to his parish, and also to engage a colleague to share his ministerial and parochial labours.

The later years of his life became very much overclouded with troubles. He left Liverpool, looking forward to a joyous evening of life near his university, where he was much respected and had numerous friends, but the failing health of his wife soon caused him incessant anxiety. He said in one of his letters that they seemed doomed to spend all their time and money in travelling from one watering-place to another, staying for weeks under the charge of some noted specialist, with little or no material result. Relatives passed away dear to them both, and he was thinking of parting with his living (he was himself the patron) for the sake of his wife's health, and living on his private means. Whilst making arrangements his wife died. He buried her in his own churchyard, and decided to remain. Thinking a change of scene would be beneficial, he persuaded a friend to join him in an Egyptian tour. To his consternation and grief, the friend fell ill and died, and Underwood had to bury him, I think, at Luxor.

Returning broken-hearted to his home, now desolate, his

wife's sole surviving sister came to cheer it if possible. She was herself a delicate woman, and after two or three years' sojourn, accompanied him to Bournemouth for a change, and died there. Thus Underwood was once more left alone. The principal parishioner was a well-known solicitor, an old-established firm in Cambridge, and Underwood's everything. This man decamped, having embezzled thousands. As he had Underwood's keys and documents it was feared that my friend, now in feeble old age, had been robbed of all. Such happily turns out not to be the case, and the veteran sufferer, now in the charge of a faithful nurse and an honourable trustee, an old pupil, is passing his remaining days in comfort till the Master calls. His present age is about eighty-three.

Orlando Charrière Balls came to be classical master next to me, and we soon became very intimate friends. He was not a man of any brilliancy, but by his consistent conduct and amiable disposition he won general respect. He was ordained as additional curate to one of the churches in the town, and took great interest in clerical work. Becoming intimate with one of the parochial clergy who attended one of the hospitals, Mr. Balls volunteered to hold a service there once a week on behalf of his friend. He did so, and so came in contact with phases of life entirely new to him. This act of mercy brought the young clergyman's life to a premature end. An Egyptian frigate arrived in port with sailors down in typhus fever of a virulent kind. They were brought to this hospital, and there came under Mr. Balls' attention. Alas, he was seized with the same disease. I got a note from him one morning to look after his shepherdless flock (his form) on his behalf, for he was ill in bed. I saw him a few hours after, and a much respected surgeon, Mr. Desmond, had taken charge of his case. He called in to his aid Dr. Voase, at that time an eminent physician in Liverpool. The two men were assiduous in

their care, but they soon pronounced the case as desperate. In the middle of the night, after about three days' illness, I was called up with the intelligence that my dear colleague had passed away. It was then my sad office to arrange for his obsequies, to summon his parents, breaking to them the mournful intelligence. His father decided on conveying the remains for interment near his own home (Tottenham, Middlesex), and I agreed to wind up his affairs. On requesting from the medical men their accounts for professional attendance, they refused to receive a penny; adding their sympathy with the parents, and an expression of regret that they had been unable to rescue so promising a life from an untimely end. I have constantly witnessed such acts of benevolence from the medical profession, have known of numbers in various localities, and can confirm the account given in a book very popular at present (*Around the Bonnie Brier-bush*) of a medical practitioner, who is described as "an honour to his profession". No men are more worthy of munificent payment from those who have the means, and they have general approbation when they stand upon their rights. The physician referred to above was once summoned to a wealthy patient, at his own request. The attendance involved a long journey and great sacrifice of time. After the patient's death the physician's charges were asked for, and sent in according to the usual scale of the profession. The executor, himself a wealthy man, but never conspicuous for generosity, endeavoured to put him off with £5! To this the physician replied: "I will accept my fee as requested, according to the rule of the profession, or none at all". Most Englishmen agreed with him.

The lower or preparatory department, which was my own sphere of duty when I first joined the Collegiate, was taken charge of, on my promotion, by T. Aubrey Hart, of Hertford College, Oxford. He was a very amiable, shy, retiring man, and seemed content with the usual round of

his duties. He lived much to himself, avoiding society, and such pedestrian exercise as was the delight of most of us during our leisure. Thus we never became intimate, and except occasional intercourse during the progress of our duties, he had little intercourse with his colleagues.

The gentlemen described above formed the staff of the upper school during the time of my abode in Liverpool. Never did a body of colleagues work together in greater harmony, or with more devotion to the welfare and progress of those entrusted to our charge. They were often the subject of our conversation during our walks, or when mustered socially round Underwood's table, or again at our chief's. As a result, our youths made good progress and were generally marked by a wholesome moral tone; they were much respected in the mercantile world, and of those who went from us to the universities, principally to Cambridge, more than the average did us great credit.

To the above list of colleagues may be added one or two names of much respected men, who, though not confined to the upper school, worked amongst us. Dr. Sattler was the foreign master, and was considered by us all as the most gentlemanly foreigner with whom we had been connected. He came over to England to be tutor in a private family, and then became one of our body. His sojourn amongst us was not of long duration, for he had influential friends in his native town (Bremen) who procured him an appointment in their Gymnase or Public School. I have kept up correspondence with him ever since, for he is a most estimable man, and I believe still holds the same appointment. He will now, like all his quondam colleagues, have reached the septuagenarian age, but is not forgotten by Underwood and myself, the sole survivors.

Mons. Vittoz succeeded Dr. Sattler in his post amongst us, professionally and socially. He was a Swiss, a native of Neuchâtel, had studied in Paris, and was a very superior man. He became pretty well known in Liverpool and

had a large circle of friends. After one of his vacations he brought back with him a partner of his lot, whom we all received cordially. It was amusing to hear her agreeable surprise in her experience of England and the English. She had pictured us enshrouded in perpetual fog, and socially as cold and reserved. The bright sunny weather in many of our months astonished her, and the social intercourse was an agreeable contrast to their own formal dulness.

Vittoz was with us for some time, but he decided eventually on returning to his own country, and receiving pupils. Purchasing a house at Morges on the Lake Geneva, he soon filled it, and was very successful. He described himself as having in his house almost all nationalities, "any amount of Mac's and O's" (Scotch and Irish), Jews, Swedes, Australians. Many of his pupils were sons of military men competing for Sandhurst and Woolwich, and being an admirable mathematician, and skilful as a tutor, they did him credit. After many years, thinking or fancying his health was giving way, he discontinued his pupils and his wife and daughters commenced.

I was often his guest, living *en pension* with him; two of my daughters were pupils under "madame et ses filles," and have continued intimate friends ever since. Vittoz, like a great many men anxious to make money fast, ventured into speculations. He considered himself very prudent, the event showed otherwise, for I fear he lost most of his savings in the Panama Canal and other ventures. One failure of success was attributed by the Swiss to the bad faith of the French Government, and in this way. The success of the St. Gothard tunnel suggested the advisability of another, not in German hands. The Swiss had a railway ready to the foot of the Alps, there was an Italian railway to Arona on the other side, there only needed a junction by a tunnel through the Simplon range. The French Government promised a large

subsidy towards carrying out this; the shares in the Swiss railways rose rapidly in value, and the Swiss were in hopes of their country becoming a thoroughfare between France and Italy. The St. Gothard railway conveys Italian vegetables for the Berlin market next day: why could not the Simplon route do the same for Paris? Suddenly the French Government changed front and decided against the promised subsidy, selfishly conceiving a plan for a tunnel under Mont Blanc, and thus to have the whole traffic from Italy in French hands. Down went the Swiss shares, and the Swiss nation were greatly and justly incensed, many of them, my friend amongst others, losing much in consequence.

Vittoz was a very well-informed man, and I was always delighted by being his guest. This year (1896) he has passed away, to my lasting regret, and the idea of the Simplon tunnel is being revived.

During my visits to Vittoz, I often made excursions to other parts of his beautiful country, even crossing into Italy. It would cause too long a digression to describe these visits in detail: two incidents only shall be recorded.

On the steamboats, as is the case all the world over, there is generally music and song. On one occasion one Swiss boy, lame and incapacitated for active life, attracted me very much by his song, which he accompanied with his guitar. His song was in French, his voice sweet and clear, and standing near him, I caught his words, and have endeavoured to reproduce their purport in the verses below. An attempt is also made to reproduce a hymn which struck me very forcibly, sung in a church in Milan by a whole congregation on their knees. The hymn was a tolerably long one, and seemed to be well known. In front was a huge crucifix, and as I caught the refrain at the end of each verse, I have supplied three verses of what might appear to harmonise with the refrain and the occasion:—

SONG OF THE SWISS BOY.

I'm a little Bernese, and am lame, lack-a-day!
I can't carry burdens, or dig up the ground;
I can't be a soldier, or sail far away,
Like my brothers who wander the wide world around.
But my mother, dear mother, she taught me to sing,
And warble my notes as a lark on the wing.
So I touch my guitar, and with voice try to please,
Then list to the song of the little Bernese.

Oh this land of the Schweitzer, true land of the brave,
Where the tyrant once ruled, like a demon of hell!
But our fathers shook from them the bonds of the slave,
And Gessler was slain by the brave William Tell.
Contented am I if I ne'er see another,
For dear is the land of my father and mother:
Pan-pan (touching the string), says the string of my little guitar,
Oh list to my song! kind friends from afar.

Ye come to the land of the Schweitzer and rove
Where our valleys are green and our mountains are high:
I sing of our land which true patriots love,
For they come from all countries from far and from nigh;
They gaze on those pastures, yon mountains of snow;
(pointing to them)
On the swift rolling Rhone, on this blue lake below;
Pan-pan, says my string then, and give, if you please,
A wee silver coin to the little Bernese.

PART OF A MILANESE HYMN.

Thou who didst upon the tree,
Raised aloft on Calvary,
By Thy death set sinners free!
Te laudamus Domine.

Now ascended up on high,
Friend of all men 'neath the sky,
Listen to our thankful cry,
Te laudamus Domine.

Let Thy Spirit sent by Thee,
All Thy humble people free,
Bending low with suppliant knee,
Te laudamus Domine.

Mention must be made before closing this chapter of another official connected with the college who regarded himself as of no mean importance towards its prosperity, Thomas Harrison, the upper school porter. He was certainly a very loyal and faithful servant, but eccentric, and afforded at times much amusement. He had some facility in writing doggerel rhymes, and once presented me with the multiplication table thrown into about sixty doggerel rhymes, which he seriously conceived as likely to prove a sort of ladder to learning, or arithmetic made easy. He seemed quite grieved when I declined inflicting them on the form to be committed to memory. Harrison would sometimes call upon me at my lodgings to "make a few remarks" which he conceived of great importance. One was bound to submit till the prosing was exhausted. At other times he would commit his thoughts to a long four-paged letter, in a style of composition decidedly original, reversing, however, the usual practice by underlining the words not of most but of least importance. Here is a specimen:—

THE COLLEGE, JULY *9*, 1858.

MOST REVEREND *Sir*,

I am taking up my pen to set before you a few thoughts *which* I have had in my mind for some *time*. As I said to my *dear* wife a few days ago (she was very poorly then, *but* I rejoice to add she is on the mend. Praise the Lord for all His mercies), *for* His mercy endureth for ever. But, as I was saying, *Sir*, I think it exceedingly probable, nay, what is more, it is even *possible*, etc., etc.

As Harrison often spoke very despondingly about his wife, one asked his brother porter about the afflicted woman. The second porter was a man of dry humour, and replied: "Why, sir, she's one of them eer women that's always in the graving dock".

Some years after I had left Liverpool I received a letter from Harrison informing me that the afflicted partner of his lot had been taken from him; that as he considered a woman of her eminent virtues ought not to be forgotten,

he was desirous of erecting a marble monument to her memory and inscribing her virtues thereon. Would I aid him with a subscription for that purpose? I replied that as he had been a daily witness to her merits and felt very grateful for having been so blest, the exhibition of his gratitude should be entirely his own act and deed, or others might doubt his sincerity. I knew that the old fellow had saved money, had no family, and could well afford it.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUR DIRECTORS AND FRIENDS.

THE Collegiate Institution, as it was then called, being the prominent place of education for fifty miles round, and educating some 700 boys of various positions in life, of necessity was much to the front. The surrounding nobility took some interest in its well-being; as it was based on Church of England principles, the clergy rallied round it; and as the nominations at the disposal of the larger subscribers gave free education, they were eagerly sought after by struggling professional men, lay and clerical. The large hall in the rear of the schools was a commodious centre for religious and philanthropic meetings; many of the masters, especially those of the upper school, were in holy orders, and if they did not hold any curacy in the town or neighbourhood, their services were often solicited by their invalid or itinerant brethren. In many cases it caused the spending a couple of nights in some country parsonage or with some trustee interested in, and at the time answerable for, the services in the church. This often resulted in a permanent friendship of a very pleasant character. Putting all these together, the members of the staff of the upper school saw much of Liverpool and its surroundings, the leading clergy and laymen. Some of these shall now be sketched, beginning with the bishop.

Dr. Graham was the Bishop of Chester in my time. I was ordained by him, and as he often presided at our prize deliveries there were abundant opportunities of making

observations. In personal appearance he was like a scarecrow, small head, snub nose, plain, wrinkled features, and spare person. He had been Head of his college in Cambridge, and when in residence there, was always remarkable for his readiness and appositeness of speech. The Bishop of Chester is, or used to be, the "Clerk of the Closet" to the Queen, but I never could ascertain the duties of that office, whether it gave a special access to the sovereign, or what circumstances led to Dr. Graham's appointment, except that he professed Liberal principles, and the Liberals were, I believe, in office at the time. The readiness of speech which marked him in Cambridge also characterised him as bishop. If he took the chair at a religious meeting, or distributed prizes, or met a number of guests at some layman's house socially, he could always say the right thing. Sometimes this facility led to flattery in a manner that was undignified in the speaker and offensive to the recipient. This was often done when there had been in private a passage of arms, so that practised ears got in the habit of suspecting, when honeyed words were rolling forth, that they were the salving over a wound previously inflicted by some objurgation from his lordship.

When any special occasion seemed to excite enthusiasm and put the bishop as it were on his mettle, he could rise to eloquence. I remember such an occasion in the Philharmonic Hall. The advocates of missionary enterprise conceived that a mission founded in the heart of the slave-vending states, might, under God's blessing, strike a blow at the root of that unhallowed traffic. Accordingly, the Universities' Mission was founded; Bishop Mackenzie was to be at its head. They were to penetrate spots where Livingstone had been the pioneer, and the enterprise enlisted the sympathies of all denominations and political parties. A meeting was held to attract general attention to the cause, and to introduce Bishop Mackenzie to the Liverpool merchants. Sir William Browne, at that time

one of the M.P.'s, had his house filled with guests for the purpose, the veteran Lord Brougham, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce and others. It fell to the Bishop of Chester, as bishop of the diocese, to preside, and the universal voice stated that he discharged his office well. Many eloquent speeches were made, notably one by Samuel Wilberforce, whose father had been a champion in the movement for the abolition of slavery, and on that night proved that he had inherited the philanthropic spirit of his father, and displayed it with his accustomed eloquence; but it was felt that Bishop Graham's utterances would, for eloquence, bear comparison with any. It was part of his office to introduce the speakers, and when it fell to him, according to the arrangement of the programme, to introduce Lord Brougham, the bishop said somewhat as follows: "Am I to introduce Lord Brougham! I need only announce his name, for it was familiar as a household word throughout England when I was but a boy in my teens. And now the veteran philanthropist has come here to advocate the cause which he identified with his youthful efforts; he has come it may be in advanced years, but with the powers of his intellect unimpaired, and in the meridian of his fame." The whole audience said that the old bishop held his own that night.

Lord Brougham in his speech contrasted his reception that night with the reception promised to Thomas Clarkson, the originator of the movement. The Liverpool merchants had a large vested interest in slaves, and they therefore regarded any interference with that vested interest with strenuous opposition. Lord Brougham told us that when Thomas Clarkson purposed pleading the cause of the slaves in Liverpool, he was threatened with a watery grave in the Mersey. Brougham amused us by a story of his own visit along with Clarkson to Havana, showing how the tables were turned. They were hospitably entertained by a man of wealth, and of colour as

black as a hat. During dinner their host spoke fluently on the rights of manhood, and describing his own practice, said: "If a man has to deal with me, or comes here, I am always prepared to show him courtesy, even if his face be *as white as this tablecloth!*" It may be added here parenthetically that when the Act for the abolition of the slave trade was passed, vested interests were respected, and the slave owners, such as the Gladstone family, received very large compensation. Bishop Graham's episcopate was not considered a very successful one; he hated letter-writing, so that a correspondent was obliged to go over to Chester and try the result of a personal interview. I have a recollection of one such myself, in which I and my chief (Howson), who had sent me, were severely reprimanded. I bore the flagellation in silence, which had its effect, for his lordship resumed: "Perhaps, sir, you have some defence to make?" I responded meekly: "I hope, my lord, you will credit me with having sinned in ignorance, for I have not the slightest idea what I have done amiss". "Ah, well, then, we will say no more, come and have some luncheon!"

In private life Dr. Graham was a most indulgent father, and many stories were current about that amiable weakness. Before his sons were sent to school, he educated them partially himself. One little rebel when the time came to say his Latin grammar was not forthcoming. At length his father found him up a tree. "Come, my boy," said the father coaxingly, "let me hear the grammar, and here's a shilling for you." The youth mused, and then replied: "No, no, if I come down, I must have half a crown!" In fact, the bishop seemed to have a most merciful consideration for peccant youth. There was a curate whom it was thought advisable to remove at once from his locality, and yet the bishop found he was an orphan and homeless. The fatherly prelate had a bedroom got for him in Chester, and the curate had his meals daily

at the bishop's table, till some occupation had been found for him.

A remark may here be inserted as to the patronage of many of the churches in and about Liverpool, for it was most peculiar. In the neighbouring parish of Walton there were both a rector and a vicar, and many of the churches which had been built by the corporation had, in like manner, two incumbents. As the incomes were, at that time at least, paid by the corporation, this afforded so many more pieces of patronage. The system was found certainly not to the advantage of the Church, for two incumbents would sometimes be appointed of opposite schools of thought, and in one extreme case to my knowledge, the evening preacher would be denouncing the doctrine of the morning sermon. In such a case there could be no co-operation for the cause of Christ and the welfare of His Church, and the evils of the system became so patent, that it was discontinued. On a vacancy occurring, the surviving incumbent became solely responsible, receiving the united income, and supplementing his own labour by such colleagues as would be most agreeable to himself.

Liverpool also possessed many proprietary churches; a system happily passing away, for our bishops have rightly shown a determined opposition to its continuance. A number of well-to-do men would decide that there was an opening for a church in some locality. They would buy a site, or, if the owner refused to sell, would procure a site on a long lease. On this they would erect a church by power of an Act of Parliament which they would obtain for the purpose. When the church was erected, they would procure some clergyman of attractive powers, likely to fill the church, let the pews to those desirous of frequenting it, pay the clergyman's agreed-upon stipend, the organist and other expenses, and divide the residue among themselves. In numbers of such cases

the speculators received 10 or even 15 per cent. for their investment. A friend of mine (Mr., afterwards Archdeacon, Pollock) told me that the proceeds from his church were £1600 a year, out of which the proprietors gave him £400. He was a very highly gifted man, a most able preacher, and received afterwards other preferments, not of a speculative character. Many of us felt a malicious delight when his successor emptied the church, and the speculators got bitten for their unholy traffic.

Another plan adopted by some speculators was to buy a large tract of ground in some suburban district, likely at some future date to be in demand for extra-oppidan residences. One house so built suggests another, and the ground rises immensely in value, sometimes fifty fold or more. Such a practice is legitimate; it is a fair mercantile transaction, and its success depends upon the shrewdness of the speculator's conjectural power. But in order to expedite the process, and enhance still further the value of the land, the speculator would build a church. If in a tempting situation, it will create a desire for residence there, accelerate the demand for, and increase the value of the land. Then the church itself becomes another source of income, by repeating the process of profiting by pew-letting. Sometimes the speculator gets bitten: on the Cheshire side of the river two beautiful churches were built with this intention of tempting building speculation; one was for a long time a failure, although consecrated and service carried on, without being well filled. Another for years remained unconsecrated and useless. The biter had been bitten.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARCHDEACON BROOKS—RECTOR CAMPBELL.

In my time there were two Rectors of Liverpool, Archdeacon Brooks and Mr. Campbell: both were our directors, and took an ardent and active interest in our progress and of our institution. Mr. Brooks was a clergyman of the old school, when the holders of great livings were more known as country gentlemen, or county magistrates, and perhaps sportsmen, than as divines or pillars of learning. In the early days of his ministry it was said traditionally that in the shooting season the rector's carriage would be waiting near the church with his guns, dogs and shooting costume, to convey him as soon as service was over to a spot where he was to commence operations next morning. If the performance of an oratorio was desired the rector's church would be taken for the purpose, service discontinued for some weeks, the church gutted, and converted into an amphitheatre for the purpose of the oratorio. The tone of society at that time may be conjectured from the fact that the mayor's corporation dinners would be on the Sunday, the card of invitation fixing the hour at "one o'clock at noon precisely". When *bon vivants* mustered at the table at one, the probability is that by six they would be under it.

To dispense with the closing of the Parish Church, St. Luke's Church was built. Two purposes were to be effected: it was to be a handsome church, an ornamental heading to Bold Street, and to be available internally for

oratorios. There was a large western gallery with organ, and capable of holding an orchestra and chorus, and the pews all faced that gallery. "Forty and six years was that temple in building," three architects died during the process, and many began to think it never would be completed. At length it was completed and opened for public worship. Then the acoustic principles were found defective. The ceiling was of open fretwork, and there was a most provoking echo. The pulpit and reading-desk were placed at the junction of the chancel with the nave, and the officiating clergy and choir were constantly at cross purposes, and the preacher was inaudible. Finally, the pulpit was placed on wheels and the position changed every Sunday, till eventually it found rest in the most unecclesiastical of all sites, immediately in front of, but with back to, the organ gallery. Finally, the very purpose for which it was built, *viz.*, holding oratorios, was superseded by a hall being built entirely for music. St. Luke's was not needed as a church, there being two other churches immediately near. The course of events has, however, closed those other churches, and St. Luke's has been advocated by some as convertible into a cathedral for Liverpool, now the See of a Bishop.

Reverting from this digression to the sketch of Rector Brooks, a few more details of him may be mentioned. He was of a tall, commanding figure, with a full sonorous voice, blessed with a temper that none could ruffle, a splendid man of business, every day bringing its committees and engagements, clerical, educational or philanthropic. He never made a note of his engagements, bearing them always in his mind; he said if he began with tablets he should infallibly get wrong. The Blue Coat Hospital, the infirmaries, the asylums, always enjoyed his careful supervision. He would be called a clergyman of the high and dry school, peaceful and genial. His residence was close to a cemetery, in fact some of his windows looked into it.

Many neighbours objected to the proximity of this cemetery, on the ground of unhealthiness and the noise attending funerals. They counted as a certainty that the old rector would head a memorial, and thus the nuisance so-called would at once be got rid of by getting the cemetery closed. When the deputation brought the document to him for signature, to their astonishment he declined. He smilingly replied that as to unhealthiness he did not join in that outcry against churchyards in the heart of a population, if the graves were made sufficiently deep. On the contrary, their existence secured an open space that would otherwise be crowded with tenements; and as to noise, the old man added, he wished all neighbourhoods were as quiet!

Archdeacon Brooks was always sympathetic towards his clergy with scant incomes, and felt it much when he saw a man of attainment and education with the remuneration of manual labour. He told the story of his engaging a man-servant for his friend, the Rector of Winwick. Everything seemed to be satisfactory; then Mr. Brooks asked: "What wages do you desire". On the man stating all his demands, the old gentleman raised his hands in astonishment: "Bless me," he exclaimed, "that's more than my curate gets!" "Ah, yes, sir," replied the man, "I often wonders how them poor devils lives!"

Perhaps on no occasion did the archdeacon's geniality show itself more pleasantly than when the annual book-sale of the Clerical Club took place at his house. His countenance was positively radiant with delight as he saw the clergy crowding his room. Acting as auctioneer himself, he interspersed pleasantries that relieved the business, and all was closed by a supper in his dining-room. Thus Mr. Brooks advanced to a green old age, not conspicuous for pulpit eloquence or platform demonstrations; he was no great scholar or deeply read divine. But his days were marked by all that was genial and kindly. He expired sitting in his chair; he had just been writing a letter to

a son abroad; his attendant coming into the room, observed his master fainting and ran up to support him. The attendant had the presence of mind to observe that the ink of the direction of the parcel was not dry; and in a few moments the old gentleman had passed away.

The other rector, Augustus Campbell, who, from having been joint-rector, became on the death of the archdeacon sole Rector of Liverpool, was in many respects the antipodes of Mr. Brooks. He was a tall, handsome man, but spare in person, whereas Archdeacon Brooks was portly. A Scotchman in blood, he had all that reserve and coldness which are supposed to mark the Scotch character. His salutation was distant, offering two fingers to be touched lightly by any except his most intimate friends. He was at one time Rector of Wallasey, a pretty village on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. Whilst there he published a vehement pamphlet against plurality of livings. And yet in defiance of this he became Vicar of Childwall near Liverpool, which he held along with the Rectory of Liverpool, but resigned Wallasey. It need scarcely be added that having eaten his own words, he recalled his pamphlet as a mistake. Mr. Campbell was wealthy for a clergyman, and his munificence showed that his coldness of manner was but the exterior. As a preacher he was thought stiff in his delivery, brief, pointed, effective; he disliked extempore speaking, and on any occasion on which he desired to make an impression, he would speak from notes, as is often done by members of Parliament. He could use his pen very effectively; few men could issue a circular more to the purpose or more lucid in expression. He was perhaps less given to hospitality than Rector Brooks, for he was of most abstemious habits, drinking only water at dinner, and his reserved manners made banquets and public entertainments against his taste. But he lived in public, was always occupied, and was very generous with his means. His popularity, with such reserved manners, was

long in being achieved, but it *was* achieved, and in the later years of his life no man in Liverpool was more respected. When he died at a very great age, but usefully employed to the last, all Liverpool felt that a great man had fallen; his obsequies were attended by crowds, unparalleled in numbers in that city, clergy and laity all alike desirous of showing respect to his memory.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JONES, McNEILE, ETC.

THERE were other clergymen contemporaries of the above who were also among our directors and staunch friends. They were men of mark, though entirely different from the two rectors as men and clergymen. They mostly belonged to the evangelical school, at that time the great revivers of earnest religion in this country. Perhaps amongst the earliest was John Jones, the Vicar of St. Andrew's. Gifted with a musical voice, and studying and expounding the Scriptures well, his ministry attracted especially the well-to-do middle class. It created a smile in some spectators to observe how some, who were considered of the higher class, would be put down in their carriages some distance off and then walk to the church, fearful of being styled " semi-Methodists ". This Nicodemus-like shame passed away in the course of years ; other able clergy, zealous in their vocation, occupied the various churches, and John Jones no longer stood alone. Eventually Mr. Jones took charge of a church at Waterloo, which had been built for his son, a charge which he held for the remainder of his life. It was there that I was for some time associated with him ; going over early on Sunday morning, taking part in his three services, and returning late at night. Of course Mr. (later in life Archdeacon) Jones was not faultless. Stories used to be related of his greed for money, and often in exaggerated forms. The sole effect on me was to remember St. Paul's injunction :

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall". My intercourse with him was a very pleasant one. When I married, my wife accompanied me on the Sunday, and the old gentleman always received us most hospitably; and to the end of his protracted pilgrimage it was a delight, when visiting my Liverpool friends, to run over, if but for an hour, to see again my aged vicar.

There was one Liverpool clergyman, somewhat junior to, but contemporary with, the above-described trio, who obtained a much wider fame, and of a more enduring character, Hugh McNeile. An Irishman by birth, he retained to the last many of the characteristics of the Irish character. I believe his father was a banker, to which occupation the elder brother succeeded. It was said that the father died suddenly, not leaving written provision for the son Hugh, but that the elder brother knew what had been the father's intentions, and regarded their observance as a moral obligation. Hugh McNeile always spoke with the highest respect of this elder brother, and he told me himself that owing to his brother he could live independent of clerical income. He was intended in early life for the law. A story, generally regarded as true, said that Lord Brougham, when a young man, was travelling in Italy, and was told by an innkeeper at some halt he made, "There is a young countryman of yours here lying very ill". Mr. Brougham expressed a wish to see the invalid, sat with him, saw his wants attended to, and left him on the way to convalescence. The invalid was McNeile. When recovered Mr. McNeile resolved on dedicating his life to the merciful Power that had spared him. When in holy orders he became chaplain to Archbishop Magee, whose daughter he married. Mr. Drummond, M.P., presented him to the rectory of Albury, in Surrey, whence he migrated to the district church of St. Jude, Liverpool. It has been said that every orator has some natural gifts which, though not forming the basis of his success, are

powerful accessories. Mr. McNeile had many such. His handsome, commanding presence would arrest attention anywhere ; his bushy hair, black, I was told, in youth, became white later on in life ; his eye was piercing, his voice powerful, and like one or two other orators similarly gifted, such as Gladstone and Bright, never tired on the ear. He never professed to have been at any time a scholar, but once in the ministry he was a hard student of his Bible, often rising at four in the morning for his studies. His sermons were always elaborately prepared up to the close of his life. He told me himself that he never abated in his careful preparations, both for the pulpit and the platform. His ready mind could indeed lay hold of anything that occurred on the spur of the moment and utilise it for the purpose, but he generally spoke with careful preparation.

Here, then, were all the ingredients that make success, and in St. Jude's Mr. (afterwards Dr.) McNeile achieved it. He stood upright in the pulpit with the Bible open in his hand, there might be a scrap with a few leading headings sketched, but that would be all. There was no violent gesticulation ; he would face his people, turn to right or left, move the right hand occasionally, but though energetic, at times almost fiery, the action was chaste and the attitudes graceful. He was well described as one of nature's nobility.

The effect of his eloquence was marvellous. On a sacrament morning, after he had preached an eloquent sermon of considerable length, when the sermon was finished no one rose to leave the church : the whole body would partake of the blessed sacrament, and it has been 3 P.M. before the morning congregation dispersed. From St. Jude's Dr. McNeile migrated to a church built for him in Prince's Park. It was somewhat on the proprietary principle, the trustees guaranteeing him £1000 a year. It need scarcely be added that the migration did not diminish

his fame; on the contrary, on a fine evening people would walk out from all parts to enjoy the doctor's eloquence, and were seldom disappointed.

On the platform Dr. McNeile was no less effective. He had great courage and self-possession. Numbers appalled him not; on the contrary, they seemed to fire up his enthusiasm. He would occasionally fold his arms, after the manner of George Canning, and pour forth a torrent that would be irresistible. One of his best portraits represents him in that attitude. As a reader of a paper or lecturer we considered him a failure. Sometimes he would undertake to read a paper before the Clerical Society, and the room would be crowded with expectant clergy, but they generally expressed themselves disappointed: a written paper or lecture is more for the bookworm or the man of varied attainments, which McNeile was not.

The influence acquired by Dr. McNeile in Liverpool was enormous: at an election he could command, before the extension of the suffrage, 2000 votes; but he will go to posterity mainly as a great preacher. He raised the standard and tone of preaching: clergy learnt that the sermon was not to be a few trite, superficial observations put together in an hour or so without effort; it was to be the result of much reading, thought, and careful labour.

It would be expected that such a man would be the subject of much adulation. In a room he would be the cynosure of all eyes, every action was observed, and it speaks much for his self-vigilance and strength of mind that he was never seen to be overbalanced thereby. It would be expected also that he would have his enemies or traducers. I have heard people in drawing-rooms, especially young clergy, quoting or misquoting sentences, and running him down so maliciously that one expected to hear him taxed with murder and theft. An observer could generally trace the splenetic effusions to envy and jealousy: the pigmies could not bear the proximity of a

giant. Sometimes his self-confidence led him to egregious mistakes. On one occasion, before an immense congregation, he was expounding the fourfold vision in Ezekiel, and expressed himself unable to explain Thammuz (a confessedly difficult matter). But he proceeded to say he was doubtful whether it was Venus or the *goddess* Adonis. A charitable mind would say that he had got confused in his memory, but to his traducers it afforded a delicious morsel. The sermon in spite of this slip was a masterpiece.

On the whole, Dr. McNeile might fairly be called the greatest preacher in England during his prime, though the celebrity of others will be more lasting. Such preachers, for instance, as Liddon attracted the educated class; an eminent dissenting minister has left it on record, that when over seventy years of age, he has stood for upwards of an hour under the dome of St. Paul's listening in rapt attention to Canon Liddon. Something similar, though in a far less degree, may be said of Dean Hook and of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. But McNeile spoke to all sorts and conditions of men—"the man in the street"—with a potency never achieved and perhaps not aimed at by the above. He was one of the preachers invited for the evening sermons at St. Paul's, now common, but then only commenced. The officials stated that of all the great preachers they had had, no one had kept his audience so spell-bound as McNeile.

Dr. McNeile eventually received the deanery of Ripon, where he passed the remainder of his days.

There are three or four other clergymen whom I should like to record here, without asserting for them any marked superiority over their fellows, but simply that I was thrown more in contact with them, and they were interested in our college. Mention has been made of St. Luke's Church, at the top of Bold Street. The incumbent was Charles Lawrence. I had visited several churches, and was desir-

ous of selecting one where I should like to officiate when ordained, if an arrangement could be made. As I was willing to give my services gratuitously, the selection was much in my own hands. I took a great fancy to Mr. Lawrence, requested an introduction to him, and was eventually ordained as second curate. The only stipulation I made for myself was, that being much engaged in tuition, I should have my holidays, and should not be called upon to preach frequently: not above once a fortnight. If that limit was not exceeded, I promised to take pains with the preparation of my sermon. I also requested a free hand, that if invited by a friend to pass the Sunday in the country, I might be at liberty to do so. I never regretted the arrangement, for a kinder, more hospitable incumbent I could not have had. He sometimes gave me some smart raps on the knuckles, and conscience has told me many a time since that they were richly deserved. I have often thought, indeed, he must have sometimes disliked his conceited junior. Memory tells me of numbers of things and sayings I could wish undone. He invited me to his house when he had friends, and I ought to have appreciated the attention much more gratefully than I did. Mr. Lawrence did not attain any great age; he was not a strongly-built man, and St. Luke's Church is a very hard church to officiate in. When preaching there, I have heard my voice reverberating above me, and was always exhausted by the effort; in fact, it is said that St. Luke's Church has been the death of every incumbent, unless he got away after a few years' tenure.

At Mr. Lawrence's house I often met his friend, Frederick Barker, the incumbent of St. Mary's, Edge Hill. Mr. Barker was one of our directors, and several of my colleagues received titles for ordination from that church. As a preacher Mr. Barker was somewhat monotonous in delivery, but his words were weighty. He

was remarkable for his sound judgment; it was always said that if a man was in a perplexity and wanted a good adviser, his best adviser would be Mr. Barker, if he would take the trouble to think the case over. Hence his door-knocker was constantly going, and I always found that any sober-minded, sterling layman of mature years whom I encountered anywhere, held Mr. Barker in profound respect.

Mr. Barker became Bishop of Sydney, and Metropolitan, and he pressed me much to accompany him. Had I gone, the whole course of my life would have been altered, but circumstances that I need not detail here decided me to decline. I saw him immediately before his departure, and also when he came over to the mother country, as colonial bishops do, on business connected with his diocese. He won golden opinions there, and there ended his days.

James North was the incumbent of St. Catherine's, Abercromby Square, and for some two years I was associated with him as colleague. He was of a very shy, retiring disposition, his nervousness causing, when he raised his voice and read aloud, an impediment in his speech. He seemed to aid his utterance by continual circular motion with his right hand, and people called it his barrel organ, and those who had young families shrank from attending the church, lest the children should mimic and acquire the habit. He never married, and I had always the impression that he had suffered some severe disappointment which doomed him to a celibate life. He was socially a very genial, pleasant man, much asked out, and among his congregation were at least sixty maiden ladies, so that his "unprotected" condition surprised me. He was a Tory of the Tories; though his schools were good and flourishing, he looked with an unfriendly eye on anything beyond the three R's, and saw no attractions in "institutes" of any description. His great authors were

Shakespeare and Johnson, and nothing pleased him more than to encounter some elderly gentleman, a worshipper, like himself, of the lexicographer. I have often observed that admiration of Johnson in *self-taught* men. John Bright educated himself much by Milton and his Bible, but I have met many hard-headed men, risen from the ranks, who revelled in the pages of Johnson. Mr. North, amongst other peculiarities, delighted in children; he would invite little dots of three years of age to tea, and on one occasion he took a whole batch to the lakes, without any maid to help him in the charge. He spoke of it afterwards with glee as a great achievement. That it certainly was. He had the misfortune to see his friends and supporters die off, and their houses occupied by Jews and Unitarians who, of course, were not found in his church. The pews at one time were highly rented, producing an income to the proprietor, who by the deed was bound to pay a ground rent to the incumbent. It was rich to hear the churchwarden describe his calls upon one pompous, bullying merchant, for his ground rents for pews unlet and thus unproductive. "Ah! yes, those pews, you should get a more popular man, who will fill the church, and not have the pews so unproductive." To this the churchwarden would simply reply that Mr. North was the incumbent, that the claim was just, and he, as churchwarden, had called for it. That same merchant was well known in the markets of the town, especially the fish market. He did his own marketings, and was such a noted "beater-down" that the stallholders arranged accordingly. On seeing his approach, word was passed round to add 2d. to the lb.; he would go round haggling for an hour, get an abatement perhaps of 1d. in the lb. finally, and retire little conscious that he was forced to pay more than any one else. That same merchant has been already referred to as the stingy bargainer with Dr. Voase. Mr. North's church resembled the dome

of a corn market. Being built between houses it had no side lights, but was lighted from above. Gas, and consequently evening service, was unknown there; the congregation being mostly old-fashioned gentry, dining late on Sundays as on other days. Mr. North's brother was a much respected solicitor in Liverpool, and considered one of the soundest and most shrewd of lawyers. That gentleman's son, now Mr. Justice North, bears the same reputation as his father.

After holding St. Catherine's for forty-six years, Mr. North resigned. The vacancy so caused will be long remembered, as the patronage was put up for public auction, and the unseemly and disgusting spectacle led to some questioning of the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone described himself as sharing in the general disgust, but powerless to interfere. A few flagrant abuses like that, made great capital of by the Liberation Society, accelerated the Benefices' Bill of 1898.

I have spoken of Mr. North's genial disposition and his enjoyment of hospitality when offered to him. I remember spending an evening myself at the house of one of his people, North himself being present. North had a great dislike to the Americans, whereupon our host told us a droll experience of an American visitor recently in his own house. His wife, on being told of the threatened arrival, was horrified, having heard much of their incessant smoking and spitting, and dreading the result to her carpets. At the suggestion of the butler (Norris), a number of spittoons were introduced, and one was to be placed in every room which the American would enter; in fact, Norris was to put them in his way. The very first day, after dinner and the withdrawal of the hostess, the American asked to smoke. Norris, according to his instructions, appeared, apparently passing the decanters, but also sidling up to the smoker, to push a spittoon before

him and withdraw. Immediately on his withdrawal the visitor kicked the spittoon aside. The vigilant Norris soon reappeared, passing decanters ostensibly and again protruding the rejected spittoon, which immediately on his departure was again kicked aside. Once more Norris appeared, this time bringing coffee, and on observing the rejected spittoon he once more pushed it forward. Again the American kicked it aside, and addressed poor Norris: "I say, young man, you've put that article of furniture in my way three times; if you do it again I'll *spit on* it".

Mr. North often spoke of a Dr. Parr, a man of great learning. This gentleman was engaged in tuition, and if Mr. North had not been a pupil of his himself, he must have known some of his pupils intimately, from the stories he could recount of the learned man's pedantry. One was this. Dr. Parr had been requested to write a Latin epitaph for some one of note, to be inscribed on a monument. Dr. Parr complied with the request, and was so proud of his performance that he would put out feelers as to the comments made. Once he sounded the verger as to any remarks his pupils made. "Do the young gentlemen ever translate it, eh?" "Why, yes, sir, they does." "Well, very good, and what do they say?" "Why, sir, they say it's *bad Latin*." The learned man started with horror; then recovering himself, he exclaimed: "Tell the blockheads it's sepulchral Latin!"

CHAPTER XXV.

PERSONAL FRIENDS.

I WISH in this chapter to give some reminiscences of personal friends among the Liverpool clergy, though not perhaps much interested in the development of our institution. I would begin with W. M. Falloon. Mr. Falloon came to Liverpool to be curate to McNeile when at St. Jude's. I have heard him say that when he commenced his ministry he was so shy that in preaching he scarcely dare raise his eyes from his book, and as for attempting to preach without a book (extempore, as it is called), the idea was absurd. But one Sunday, by some misunderstanding, no preacher appeared and the curate must either dismiss the congregation or attempt a sermon on the spur of the moment. He obeyed the spur, and succeeded so well that though he wrote sermons, and very carefully too, he delivered them in the main without manuscript. He eventually became the incumbent of St. John's, and it was there he made his mark. There was no attempt at eloquence in his sermons; action there was none, and his voice was only just audible; but the earnestness of the preacher was unmistakable. Nor was the matter of that kind that usually composes popular preaching. It was exposition of Scripture, as suggested by the season or the needs of his people, heart-searching and personally applied. And the preaching told. The church was surrounded by the working-classes, and they were so influenced by their pastor, that on his Thursday evening service, work-

ing-men would come direct from their work, unwashed and in working costume, put their baskets of tools underneath the pew-seats, join heartily in the service and listen with profound attention while the preacher delivered his message. Even on a week-day evening they would muster to the number of 600. On Sunday evening the church would be crammed, week by week for years, till Mr. Falloon was moved to an easier sphere. An amusing story is told of another clergyman in the neighbourhood observing the large congregation mustering. The observer was a very amiable man, not singularly gifted, and certainly unattractive as a preacher. He was of immense height, at least six feet six inches, and as he passed St. John's Church *en route* to his own, his longitude allowed him to see with ease into the church through the windows. It was half an hour before service time and yet nearly full. Thence he proceeded to his own church, and though nearly the time of commencement he saw a very sparse congregation, one here and another there, lost in a large church. The poor man proceeded to his vestry and felt broken-hearted. He told his observations to the parish clerk, and then in his simplicity asked: "How is it?" To this the clerk replied with equal simplicity: "Why, sir, you see, you ain't a *poplar* preacher!" A "poplar" preacher the poor man certainly was from his tall, gaunt appearance, but popular (or populous as some have travestied it) he was not.

Mr. Falloon afterwards became incumbent of St. Bride's, and eventually was presented by the lord-chancellor to the rectory of Ackworth in Yorkshire where he ended his days. But it was at St. John's, Liverpool, that he made his mark. He was seldom heard away from his own church, and was not known as a platform orator, for which he had neither the voice nor physical power; but that church of St. John's, filled with working-men direct from the workshop, listening not to a political harangue, or an excited

story of grievances, real or supposed, but to the message of grace to guilty men, will be a lasting tribute to the memory of Canon Falloon.

Robert H. Gray was a man for whom I conceived great affection. He was educated at Westminster School, was elected to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, and was ordained, I think, to some curacy at Brompton, near London. He became engaged as tutor to one of the Sefton family, and that family persuaded him to accompany them to their Lancashire neighbourhood, to continue as tutor in their family and to hold a small living in their patronage, which they would increase for his benefit, and also settle on him an annuity. The living was not however vacant, and the old vicar showed no eagerness to resign. Gray accordingly accepted the curacy of Knowsley, was librarian to Lord Derby, and for a time at least was domestic chaplain. He was six years waiting for the promised living, Kirkby, and he always said that the circumstance which seemed a disappointment at the time proved, as is often the case, a great blessing, for they were, he said, the most useful years of his life. His Sunday evenings were free, and he devoted them to the diligent study of his Greek Testament. Obtaining possession of the expected benefice he sometimes needed assistance, and in that way I first became acquainted with him. The acquaintance ripened into close friendship: he was most hospitably inclined, and a bed and hearty welcome awaited his guest, and I was one repeatedly. He was the best read in his Greek Testament of all the men I had hitherto known. His memory was most tenacious; he seemed never to forget anything that he had ever read: his mind was very fair-judging, there was no pretence of superiority, and yet I always considered it profitable to sit humbly at his feet. Unlike many clergy, who are bad listeners of others, he was a very attentive listener, and would often in a most kind and brotherly manner analyse

my sermons. There was a library in every room in the house, and it certainly had been well used by its owner. He lived a quiet, retiring life, having a few intimate friends, and to the outside world he was unknown. When I became curate to Archdeacon Jones, and knew him more intimately, when speaking of clergy about, I astonished him by my eulogy of Mr. Gray. "He had never heard of him." "No," I said, "and yet he is a better read divine than most of those making ten times the pretension." When Dr. Jacobson became Bishop of Chester he was just the man to extract Gray from his retirement: making him examining chaplain and honorary canon. Then the clergy around awoke to a due recognition of this scholar in their midst: he was incessantly appealed to for papers on the subjects of the day most interesting to a clergyman and Biblical student, and they found there was among them a master mind, a well-read scholar, and yet the humblest and most unassuming of men. The Sefton family knew his worth, doubling his house, building him a handsome new church in the place of the barn-like building previously called Kirkby Chapel, and good schools. Standing at the vicarage gate a stranger would wonder whence the people came. There was little or no village, the farms were all around with cottages adjacent. But the congregations on Sunday were the signs of his ministry, the church being regularly filled and the number of communicants always large.

Never was a man more conscientious and lion-hearted in the discharge of his duty. A farmer, a big, powerful man, commonly called the King of Kirkby, wished to contract an illegal marriage. He went with the woman for that purpose to a church in Liverpool, where marriages were very numerous, the parties always utter strangers to the officiating clergyman, and no questions were asked. Mr. Gray only heard of the matter on the very morning, and went to the couple immediately on their return. On

stating his errand the powerful man in a fury laid hold of the clergyman by the neck and threatened to smash him to the earth. Gray said he fully expected the man would be as good as his word. Gray, however, endured it firmly, stood his ground, and persuaded the woman to come away with him to his own house. Subsequently she returned to her own home, after Gray had pointed out the illegality of her act. In a few days the couple disappeared, the man having persuaded the would-be bride to accompany him to Switzerland, where such marriages are allowed. Neither could speak a word of any language but their own, but they made their way, simply showing money and bidding clerks and innkeepers to take their demands out of his hand. After their return the parson remonstrated with the "king" for his violence; the man admitted the violence, but said the parson had no right to interfere. To this the reply was: "What am I for?" The farmer in his heart of hearts admired Gray for his courage, and always spoke of him with respect. On another occasion Gray heard that a man who had been dangerously ill from excessive drinking, during which he had been daily visited by the parson, had gone off to his old courses, and was attending the public-house nightly. Gray immediately put on his hat, went to the public-house, sat by the man on the "settle," and persuaded him to leave. Such devotion to duty deserves high admiration, and though it might be said that, backed up as he was by the patron's family, the tenants were much under his power, men less conscientious would not have faced the peril.

Gray was tall in stature, but with near sight, always wearing glasses. His handwriting, though very distinct, was most minute, and requiring good sight. He once undertook to draw up a petition to the House of Commons. He spent a morning writing his petition, as he supposed in colossal characters. It went to a merchant M.P., who was to get it presented. In a few days the

merchant wrote that the handwriting was so small the petition would be useless, and he had set a clerk to copy it out legibly! When this was done Gray's original was returned to him; but his specimen of caligraphy was a standing joke against him.

Mr. Gray was afterwards transferred by his friend, Bishop Jacobson, to the rectory of Wolsingham, in the county of Durham, a much more lucrative post; but the new rector found a wide difference between being the vicar of a parish, all church people, and all the tenants of one great man, and having a parish where the church stood on a level with a number of sects, and where the first thing that met the eye, when I visited him, was a large placard on the walls of "What Joseph Arch said".

Mr. Gray was always a delicate man; at one time he left his parish for two years on account of a throat ailment, and his tenure of Wolsingham was not for many years. In those years, however, he was more to the front than in his earlier years at Kirkby, prior to the advent of Bishop Jacobson, and won general respect.

My friend Frank Geoffrey must not be omitted from these pages, because at one time we were very intimate, and his career has been somewhat eventful. He was one of those men who are always in rows. When I first knew him he was already in deacon's orders, and was curate at one of the principal churches in Liverpool. He was evidently well born, accustomed to society, and was soon much "invited out". As he had already been in one curacy and had left it in his first year, a most unusual thing to do, I felt certain that he was a "man with a past". I gathered from others that he had been in the navy, was a clever, daring officer, and as I should have expected insubordinate. His ship was once anchored in the mouth of one of the South American rivers, and knowing that a friend was on board another ship also at anchor, he asked permission to pay a visit. Permission

being granted, a boat was lowered, and he was rowed thither. Chatting with his friend he forgot the flight of time, and when he desired to return to his own ship it was after hours. His friend implored the first lieutenant to allow the lowering of a boat, but the staunch disciplinarian firmly refused. "Oh, never mind," quoth Geoffrey, and buttoning his jacket and drawing down his cap he dived into the water. The river was swarming with alligators, but he swam fearlessly to his own ship, a rope was lowered for the adventurous middie, and a cheer was raised at his courage. Why he left the navy I never could learn, though rumour said that the cause was insubordination. This to my mind was very probable, knowing how in after life he was ever impatient of control, or the slightest opposition. Geoffrey was, as I have said, in deacon's orders when I first knew him. He had been ordained to a curacy in the south of England, but quarrelling with his vicar, they dissolved partnership and the curate migrated to the north. We were companions at the ordination at Chester, and an unpleasant incident occurred. The bishop remarked at the commencement of the examination: "Of course, gentlemen, I must rely upon your having no notes of any description". On the evening after all had departed, a paper with texts proving certain points was found at Geoffrey's place. On our return the next day the bishop called him up, showed him the paper, and asked for an explanation. The man said it must have dropped from his pocket, and disclaimed having used it. So far so good; then with characteristic pugnacity he attacked the bishop for breathing a suspicion. The bishop bowed and simply said: "I accept your disclaimer, sir". I firmly believe the man's statement, but the incident was unfortunate. The offender made it worse by his own conduct afterwards. When the examinations were all over, on the eve of the ordination, instead of putting his examination papers in his pocket like all the rest of us,

Geoffrey folded his up, and to the astonishment of us all, walked up to the bishop and returned the papers as of no further use to himself! We were all astonished; the bishop, after a pause, taking the papers, said: "Be thankful, sir, that nothing further is said". I learnt afterwards from the chaplain, that had the discovered paper at all borne on the questions proposed the candidate would have been rejected. And yet this man was thoroughly in earnest; he was a man of considerable ability, determined to be a faithful pastor. He would go to crowded courts in his district, inhabited by people who, as he said, feared neither God nor devil, and standing in the middle deliver a stirring address, reminding them of a judgment to come, of their need of a Saviour, in a spirit truly Pauline. He ever showed the *fortiter in re.* But he was hot, unwilling to be guided, and sadly lacking the *suaviter in modo.* Hence he was always in rows. He insisted on disposing of the poor money in a manner different from all his predecessors; the old women rose in rebellion and threatened to burn his door down. He would go freely into "society," for he was a thorough society man, pay marked attention to some lady to an extent that an explanation would be asked as to his intentions, and he would reply that he had only shown the common civilities of life. To flout them all, he offered marriage to a pupil teacher in his district, a clever but to all appearance a shy, retiring girl, and married her in three weeks.

Having some influence he obtained a Government chaplaincy in India, and we heard ere long of this shy, retiring girl riding with officers in hunting parties and taking a leading part in the dissipations of the Indian *beau monde.* After an interval of many years Geoffrey returned to England, but as he never reopened intercourse with his quondam friend, there are no further reminiscences to record of a character that made some sensation when I was in Liverpool.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOME ITINERANCY.

It has been stated on a previous page that members of our staff, if bachelors, often itinerated to supply the place of invalid or absent clergy. I was often pressed into such temporary charges; it may be added only a young man would have faced the inconvenience. Two such may be described.

One was at Altcar, where a building, apparently at one time a farm building, had been converted into a church. It stood in a farmyard. I have seen cows gazing at me complacently through the windows. There had never been a resident clergyman, but Lord Sefton, to whom all the property belonged, decided when a vacancy in the incumbency occurred to build a house and get a resident pastor. I had charge of the Sunday duty during the building of the house. I went by rail to the nearest station by an early morning train, and thence walked across fields, pleasant enough in summer, but swept at other times by winds and rain that seemed to beat horizontally. I found it advisable to keep a change of garments in the vestry, a capacious towel, and strip off wet garments there. The district there was called Holland, and any one who has travelled in Holland would admit the justice of the appellation. At one time the whole was under water, but a former Lord Sefton adopted the plan habitual among the Dutch. He put flood-gates at the mouth of the river Alt, shutting out the

rising tide. Thus the channel of the river contained only the water discharged from the surrounding land. Then he raised the banks of the river, and in the lowest part of the land near sank a deep shaft. This received the surface water from all the adjacent land, and an engine constructed on the bank, and always at work in damp weather, raised the water from the shaft into the river. Thus acres of land were redeemed and made available for cultivation: one farmer told me that he paid £400 a year rent where his father had paid £40, his farm being so increased in extent. Ditches were cut also round many of the fields, and the excavated soil was used for dykes round the said field: this ditch also communicated with the shaft, thus aiding the drainage whilst the dyke made a solid road. Along these dykes the farmers ran their conveyances.

When I arrived the first Sunday I was waited upon by the old clerk, a very respectable man, holding also the office of schoolmaster and sundry others. He informed me that on a fine day the congregation might number thirty, in bad weather it would be six. The choir, so called, were supported by one or two musicians, performing on a trombone and a flute; "the singers went before, the minstrels followed after". As is always the case in such places, the choir were very ambitious; they chanted all the canticles, and, as the clerk informed me, the *glorĭa* (laying especial emphasis on the i) *patri* after each psalm. Some of the farmers showed me hospitality after morning service, and from them I learned the above particulars and some more. They told me that the late vicar had been master of a grammar school a few miles off, coming over on pony back, if the weather permitted, but in bad weather not putting in appearance at all. They did not suppose he had ever preached a sermon of his own in his life, and could not have written one had he tried. He had a volume of sermons in the pulpit—I had observed it on my first appearance—and if there was a good congregation he read half a sermon; if

the congregation was small, which was generally the case, he dismissed them without. They told me that he was very short of stature, and that on his first Sunday on mounting the pulpit, the little man disappeared from view. To remedy this the clerk went out and cut two or three sods; these piled upon each other elevated the preacher. He had not proceeded many minutes before he felt very uncomfortable. At last he could endure it no longer, and exclaimed: "Brethren, I have the Word of God in my mouth, but I'll be shot if I can tell what is creeping up my breeches." The clerk had cut a piece of an anthill![1] By the next Sunday a stool was provided, and the sods were dispensed with. I found the place saturated with drunkenness; what wonder! they had no one to lift them up, for even the very presence of a parson of character in a parish is beneficial; they had no books nor papers, nor intellectual resources; to smoke and to soak was in winter nights their sole occupation. A coroner told me that he had once summoned a jury to "sit upon" a body found dead, and he found the whole twelve sprawling on the ground dead drunk. The farmers, with one exception, were *fairly* sober, very respectful, and glad when one preached to them in a tongue understood of the people. When the house was completed, the new vicar came into residence, and my missionary enterprise was over.

Another spot where I performed similar services was in East Lancashire, near the Rivington Pikes. I had to walk some four or five miles from a station, as far as I can remember, and found a rather pretty church, comparatively new. The vicar was in very delicate health, and it was to give him a chance of recovery that I took charge of his parish.

I could observe as I approached the spot that I was withdrawing more and more from civilised regions, and this somewhat prepared me for my subsequent experi-

[1] I have read this story also of a Scotch minister. Both may be true.

ences. After tea in the vicarage, which was left at my disposal, I was cogitating my next day's proceedings, when in walked a loutish, uncouth-looking man with hob-nailed boots, and, seating himself, asked me to come and "say a few words to them". "And who may you be?" I asked. "I'se t' schulemaistre." I need scarcely say that he was evidently an uncertificated master. I had been told that the whole place was full of Methodism; but for the Methodists the people would have been heathen. I guessed, therefore, that the clergyman had found it expedient in some way to adopt Methodist practices. When Dr. Hook first went to Leeds some Methodists waited upon him, expressing a willingness to become Church people, but they did not like abandoning their classes. "Why should you?" said the ready divine. "Let me attend one of your classes, and I will be leader if you will allow me." In a similar spirit I followed my guide to a blacksmith's smithy, where I found about a dozen men, who pulled their forelocks respectfully. I thereupon accounted for my appearance, stated that I might not be as successful with them as their own clergyman, but would do my best. Then pulling out my pocket Bible I read a portion of a chapter with running comments, and concluded with one or two collects, which they supposed to be an extempore prayer. I then wished them good night, and one of them paid me the compliment, "thou'll dew".

On Sunday I appeared in church and officiated to a rather sparse congregation, and the children, in a gallery by themselves, were the roughest set of lads I ever encountered. During sermon they ate and talked, and one annoyed me excessively by throwing his cap first at one and then another. At last I closed my book and harangued the children on such conduct in church, and pointed out that especial delinquent. The poor fellow became the victim of prompt punishment, for four fists concentrated on

his head as a focus with a sound that would have made some of us ill for a week. His cranium seemed bullet-proof, for he simply rubbed it a little, but remained quiet uttering no sound. And yet I could see signs of a faithful ministry. "T' schulemaistre" proved a well-meaning auxiliary. He spoke with great respect of his clergyman, was very attentive during sermon, and would "ax" me questions thereon. There was a Scotch engineer in charge of the water-works then in process of formation. He asked me to share his table, and I found him a modest, unassuming man, and very intelligent. He asked if I objected to his being a communicant, though a Presbyterian. I expressed great pleasure in his desire, and he appeared accordingly at the Lord's Table next Sunday. I have often found Scotchmen, even of the humblest class, exceedingly well read. This engineer was no exception, and he gave me much information about his neighbours; they were a mannerless, uncultivated lot, he said. He had asked one farmer to drive me down to the station in his "shandry," but the man declined unless paid for it. Being young and a good walker, I declined further expense, for my railway ticket was not a trifle. My Scotch friend repeated his hospitality two or three times, and when my engagement was over I parted from him with regret.

Clergymen who itinerate in the manner above, though they may have some pleasant experiences, yet by their very itinerancies are tempted to become indifferent, and perform their duties in a very perfunctory manner. Being utter strangers to their congregations, not knowing their habits of life, nor sharing their joys and sorrows, they can seldom be that sympathetic friend which I maintain the bulk of the English clergy are. They are tempted also to become careless in their pulpit preparations, using the same sermons again and again, and sometimes unconsciously in the same neighbourhood. It is not often though that there is an experience such as the following.

A friend of my own living a few miles from Paris went to his English service as usual on the Sunday, and heard on one Sunday a very nice sermon on the incident of Peter's wife's mother lying ill of a fever and our Saviour's compassionate conduct to her; hence he drew an interesting description of the sympathetic character of the Saviour. After luncheon my friend decided to walk to a friend two or three miles off. The friend was just sallying forth to church and the visitor said: "I will not debar you from worship, I will go with you". "But we shall have a stranger to-day." "So had we this morning," said he, and entering the church the visitor recognised the clergyman who had officiated in the morning, who again dwelt on the incident of Peter's wife's mother. The friends dined together and after dinner decided to take the Versailles train and call on a mutual friend. They found him in like manner sallying forth to church: "The service has been made later in the evening to-day, for the convenience of a stranger who takes our chaplain's place to-day". When seated in the church, who should they observe commencing to officiate but the clergyman listened to by one of them twice already, and again came the sermon on Peter's wife's mother, to their intense amusement. The next day two of the friends were in the train proceeding to their business in Paris, when they were presently joined by the worthy clergyman of the previous day. The train passed near a cemetery where a funeral procession was filing along. The clergyman remarked: "An early funeral". One of the Englishmen roguishly exclaimed: "Ah! it must be Peter's wife's mother, for you told us yesterday three times over how ill she was". "Oh! now, really, did you hear the same sermon three times over? Well, you have taught me a lesson, always to have more sermons with me. In fact, however," continued the worthy man, "I never expected officiating at all, but was pounced upon unexpectedly."

The itinerancy spoken of above brought me one or two droll experiences in celebrating marriages. On one occasion a young farmer was to marry the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. The bride had walked three miles to church accompanied by her father and friends. When she stood before the rails for the ceremony, she extended her hand encased in its glove. This she was asked to remove. The walk had made her hand swell, and the glove fitted as tightly as the natural skin. She pulled and pulled vigorously; she inserted her finger-ends between her teeth and again pulled most vigorously, but the glove refused to give way. Then the bride's father exclaimed: "Darn my weskut, let me have a try!" but even his herculean strength failed. Finally the bridegroom pulled out his knife and ripped up the glove, saying: "Never heed, lass, I'll buy thee another". It transpired that the glove was tightly buttoned, a circumstance which in the excitement and nervousness of the occasion had been entirely forgotten.

On another occasion the bridegroom was a tall, strapping soldier, a splendid-looking fellow. On being asked the words: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife," etc., repeating the usual form of the prayer book, the soldier drew himself up to his full height, and applying his right hand to his brow in the form of a military salute, he answered: "If you please, sir".

On recounting the above to my friend on whose behalf I officiated, he described an incident of his own marriage, quite as ludicrous. He had been out of health, and arrived on the scene of action late over night, and exhausted with a long day's travel. Being thoroughly spent, he overslept himself, and needed rousing for the ceremony. Jumping into the garments in which *he had travelled*, he hurried off to the ceremony, certainly not dressed in apple-pie order. The bride was the daughter of a judge, and as there was rather a *distingué* gathering, the bride-

groom's outward man created some amusement. But worse was to follow. I believe a bishop was officiating, and at the proper time asked for the ring. The bridegroom proceeded to fumble in his waistcoat pocket, and out came a pill box, the contents being scattered right and left. The ring had bounced out at the same time, but had rolled away with the pills unobserved. The bride blushed, the bridegroom got redder and redder as he fumbled in his pocket in vain, and some present were almost convulsed with laughter. In the end the bride's mother slipped off her own ring and handed it for the ceremony to proceed. During the signing of the registers, the extravagant and erring ring was discovered inside the rails with some of its companions, the pills.

There were two clerical institutions which should not be forgotten in my reminiscences of Liverpool. All over England the clergy have some arrangement for drawing together at intervals; these will vary in character according to the earnest tone of the members. In some cases it is a dinner, with conversation afterwards, which will assume more or less a clerical tone, being on subjects in which they will naturally take most interest.

It was to one of these that Sydney Smith was once invited; the host happened to be the archdeacon, and one of the body had asked permission to bring a visitor. Of course the permission was granted. Now, this stranger had his hobby—it was natural history—and as he rode his hobby to the death, he was the prince of bores. This was known to some present, who accordingly observed his entrance with consternation; he would certainly divert the conversation to his crotchet, to the exclusion of all their own interesting matters. Some of them approached the wit, telling him all the circumstances and their fears. "Now, Mr. Smith, can't you floor him somehow?" "I

can but try," quoth Smith, with rather a puzzled look. The dinner progressed, the one or two customary toasts, such as the Queen, the Church, had been duly honoured, then came a lull, and the naturalist seized his opportunity. "Mr. Archdeacon, have you seen the pamphlet written by my friend, Professor Dissector, on the remarkable size of the eye in the common house-fly?" The archdeacon courteously said he had not had the privilege; the guests looked at each other with a glum look, as much as to say, "now we are in for it". The bore pursued his opportunity. "Oh, I can assure you it is a most interesting pamphlet, setting forth particulars, hitherto unobserved, as to the unusual size of that eye." "I deny the fact," roared a voice from the lower end of the table. All smiled. The bore bridled up: "You deny the fact, sir! may I ask on what authority you contradict the investigations of my most learned friend?" "I deny the fact," repeated the voice, which was, of course, Sydney's. "I base my denial on evidence wedded to immortal verse, well known to every *scholar* at least at this table." He laid on emphasis on the word scholar, which nettled the naturalist by its implication. "Well, sir, will you have the kindness to quote your authority." "I will, sir; the evidence is those well-known, I may say immortal, lines—'Who saw him die? I, said the fly, with my *little* eye'." The whole table roared with laughter, much to the discomfiture of the extinguished bore.[1]

Other clerical meetings are more of a devotional character: clergy coming together for mutual edification and encouragement in their work. That to which I belonged in Liverpool was of this character. At first they met in each other's houses in rotation, the host provided tea, then the guests adjourned to another room, and the proceedings

[1] I have seen this incident narrated in some periodical with rather different details. The above I believe to be the correct version.

were opened with prayer offered by the host, who also read a portion of Scripture previously fixed, made his own comments, and then each in turn either passed it on or expressed his own observations. When it had gone the round the host would sum up according to his ability. It is manifest that if those who were "mighty in the Scriptures" chose to exert themselves such an evening would be very instructive, especially to the younger clergy. After this some agreed-upon subject was brought forward, probably a paper, presumed to be carefully prepared, was read, and discussion was invited in like manner. When the members became too numerous for a private house to receive them, the constitution of the society was recast, the meeting mustered in a public room hired for the purpose, tea was provided by a caterer, a small subscription was required of each member to cover expenses (the secretary taxed several of us with never paying), a regular form of prayer was agreed upon and printed, each member possessed a copy, and the names were called in succession. If a clergyman of celebrity was to read a paper the room was crowded with expectants; they were not always rewarded, for the great man talked "of pressure of duties, time allowed too short for so wide a subject," and giving us a great amount of tablecloth, but very little meat. The clerical meetings were generally conducted most harmoniously, and were regarded by the bulk of the members as an oasis in their pastoral life. Much unpleasantness was caused by one member who had adopted strange sentiments on the Scriptures, and was perpetually introducing them as opportunity afforded, and often in a painful manner. He then wrote a book on *The Inspiration of the Bible*, and propounded therein sentiments which filled the senior members with horror. They decided on bringing forward a motion that he (Mr. Macnaught) be no longer considered a member of the society. The room was crowded; the motion was introduced very reverently in

a manner fitting so grave an occasion by Dr. Howson, Head of the College, and seconded by Dr. Baylee, the Head of St. Aidan's. It had been expected that the motion would have been adopted unanimously, as all the seniors were acting vigorously. The writer of these lines ventured to move an amendment, though only a curate. The motion seemed to him like an act of persecution, and persecution is a bitter process in the Church of God. He appealed to his elder brethren to show more of the spirit of Gamaliel, when he advised the members of the council, bent on persecuting the apostles: "Refrain from these men, for if their work be of men it will come to naught". Influenced by this spirit the amendment admitted the preamble of the motion, but substituted for the expelling clause a hope that the society would not be driven to adopt any measures for their self-preservation. I had taken no steps whatever to get voters, but had simply informed my chief very respectfully that I should oppose his motion. Much to my astonishment my appeal found a seconder and several supporters, though the vote of expulsion was carried.

Then followed what I had expected. Mr. Macnaught was a very vain man, full of self-assertion, and made the transaction an occasion of a furious pamphlet, posing as a martyr. His very violence, however, defeated his own object, for his pamphlet met with very little sympathy. After some months the pamphleteer desired a reconciliation, his vanity again coming to the front. He desired a public meeting to be proclaimed, he himself to make a formal resolution, and Dr. McNeile, in a flashing oration, to receive on behalf of the clergy their returning brother. This Dr. McNeile very properly declined to do. Mr. Macnaught soon afterwards left the neighbourhood, and ultimately purchased a proprietary chapel near London, where rumour says he still sought distinction by eccentricities.

These clerical gatherings are now general in the English Church, but in the form of ruri-decanal chapters, presided over by the rural dean; thus they have lost the form of a social gathering, but present a more official character. The rural dean is appointed by the diocesan; he invites only the members of his own deanery. The topics are subjects on which the diocesan desires the sentiments of his clergy, and as the rural deans meet annually under the bishop's roof with their reports, the gathering assumes an ecclesiastical form.

Another institution to which I was much attached was the Clerical Book Club. Every member was bound to order books to a certain value. These were deposited in a public room and went the round of the subscribers. On a certain day in the year the subscribers met, and the books were put up by auction, one clergyman being the auctioneer, and two others entering the details. If the books were not sold, the ordering clergyman was bound to take his book at some reduced price. If the auctioneer was a man of wit he contrived to make the proceedings interesting, often running a book up beyond cost price. As I was librarian to the college I often bought books for the college library, which no one else cared for. When all was over and accounts paid the rector gave us a hospitable meal, and the social gathering dispersed.

Liverpool was a good instance of the evils attaching to the much-vaunted voluntary system. The incomes of the clergy depended on the pew-rents. When the church was built the pews would be readily taken and a fair income secured. Thus the object was to secure good payers, but what was to become of the poor! For them in such churches there was no provision, or a few sittings were allowed them near the door. The working classes, respecting themselves quite as much as their neighbours, refused to be so ticketed. The clergyman needed vigilant officials to protect his interests. People would take three

sittings in a pew, but regularly occupy six, if the church was not crowded. Sometimes the verger would observe a family come and ask for places. When he observed this done for several Sundays he would ask if they purposed taking sittings; if not, he would show them the free seats. After that intimation they disappeared.

Frequently the whole character of a neighbourhood changed, the well-to-do people moved off into the country, and their place was taken by a dense population unable to pay pew-rents. These a clergyman, if his heart was in his work, would gladly minister to and fill his church with if he could induce them to come, but what is he to live upon? Two or three such told me that they never had £100 a year; their people were all poor and unable to aid. Nor did the Wesleyans or Dissenters supply the need. On the contrary, when their well-to-do and paying people moved off elsewhere, they sold their chapels for other purposes, sometimes a warehouse. In one case the Wesleyans sold their chapel and schools to the Roman Catholics, who adapted them to their own religion, and the children attended just as before! Where there is wealth the voluntary principle will do much; but amidst poverty or the struggling and indigent poor it is powerless. Thus the poor are never seen except in Roman Catholic chapels and the endowed churches of England.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOME SOCIAL ACQUAINTANCES.

It was my privilege to know several families in Liverpool very intimately. I had been brought into connection with them in the first instance perhaps from their sons being at the college, or I had officiated at some church with which they were associated, and my relations with them are amongst the most pleasing reminiscences of my life. Many have passed away, but a few are surviving, and I count them as friends to this day, though in these passages I can only refer to some of them.

In the outskirts of Liverpool, at a spot called the Dingle, were three houses occupied by members of the Cropper family. My chief, Dean Howson, had married a daughter of one branch, and thus I became acquainted with them all in some degree. One house was occupied by John Cropper the elder brother, his brother Edward occupied another, and Wakefield Cropper, a son of John Cropper, a third. It was with Edward Cropper and his family that I became more immediately associated. The whole family had originally been in business, and were Quakers. That body they abandoned, John Cropper becoming a Baptist, Edward a Churchman. There was deep religious conviction through the whole family, and they had distinguished themselves much by espousing the cause of negro emancipation. Edward Cropper had married a sister of Lord Macaulay: Lord Macaulay's brother Henry had married a daughter of the first Lord Denman. Edward Cropper

lost his wife, Mrs. Macaulay lost her husband, and the widower and widow married. She had two sons by her first marriage, who of course bore the name of Macaulay. These two boys were both of them somewhat under my charge as boys. The elder, Henry, went into the Royal Navy, and I did not see much of him again till he had retired from the service. He died about the age of fifty, leaving two sons. Henry's brother, called Joseph Babington Macaulay, went to Australia, thence he returned to England and superintended his stepfather's property. He now lives at Paignton, Devon, and I have renewed my intercourse with him and hope to continue his friend.

When Mrs. Henry Macaulay married Mr. Edward Cropper they lived at the Dingle as mentioned above. They kept much society, and I was often privileged by being their guest. I was peculiarly interested on one such occasion by meeting many who had taken a prominent part in the abolition of the slave trade in the British Empire, and listening to the narratives of brutalities which their own eyes had witnessed. One guest present stated that a lady living close to her own house, who kept slaves, and who moved in society as a gentle, amiable, lady-like creature, had a female slave flogged on her bare back and in her presence, because suspected, not convicted of theft. I heard many other similar narratives. It was at this house that Mrs. Beecher Stowe stayed when in England, though it was not my good fortune to meet her.

Sometimes one would encounter some of the M.P.'s and people who were regarded as magnates in Liverpool. With many such my host and hostess thought it advisable to keep on terms of social intercourse, not perhaps from personal liking, for they were at times a heterogeneous mixture, but from social necessity. Others were people of mark. One such was the contriver of the submarine cable to America. The first time I met him was

when the laying down was in process: his countenance was marked by great anxiety, and yet he was sanguine of success. He listened to every conceivable objection and *answered* it. The next time I met him was when the cable had been laid; it was *un fait accompli*, for a message had been delivered and been responded to. His countenance was radiant with very natural delight, but placid and self-possessed. His achievement was well worthy of the honour of knighthood awarded to him by the Queen, and the name of Sir Charles Bright will be treasured amongst the list of England's inventors and the world's benefactors. Another guest I encountered occasionally was a Mr. Pearson, a gentleman in private life, exceedingly well read and an unlimited fund of humour. One of his stories, and they were many, is worth preserving. An old friend of his own (I have an impression it was the late Sir Robert Inglis) always on his birthday invited a few of his oldest intimates. After dinner he produced a bottle of his choicest port, and in a neat, suitable speech requested his intimates to drink his health. On one occasion he had omitted to fetch the bottle from that particular bin, an office which on that particular occasion he always discharged himself. He apologised for his obliviousness, which would compel a descent to the chilly, damp cellar. The guests importuned him to allow the butler to descend. "But oh, if he should shake it!" At length he was induced to entrust the key of the particular bin to his butler. Still the genial host could not be quieted: "I omitted to charge him about carrying the bottle. Oh, if he were to shake it!" At length the butler made his appearance, carrying the bottle like a man understanding his business. On his entrance the host turned round excitedly: "Watson, did you shake that bottle?" "No, sir," said the man in amazement, greatly puzzled by the expression on his master's countenance, "but I will," and he suited the action to the word.

I met there also the father of my hostess, the first Lord Denman, but only in his infirm old age, and several other members of her father's family. I saw much of the second Lord Denman, who died at a very advanced age. He was eccentric when young, and his eccentricities increased with his years. He drew in his old age very much towards his sister Margaret (the above Mrs. Cropper), and appointed her son Joseph his executor. George Denman was often there. I met him there when he was thinking of standing for Cambridge. He had been a splendid scholar when at Cambridge, and was a fine athletic, being the stroke of his boat. He retained his love for athletics all his life, always taking the chair at the dinner following the university boat race. When in company with him he was modest and unassuming, none of that haughtiness or stand-offishness which so often disfigures men in high position. It is no wonder therefore that he was immensely popular at the bar, and still more popular as a judge. When he determined to resign his seat on the bench, and avail himself of a judge's retiring pension, the whole of the members of the bench and the bar mustered in court, to tender him a public farewell and their hearty wishes for his happiness during his remaining years. The scene was most extraordinary, and the address of the Attorney-General (Sir Charles, now Earl Russell) as the spokesman of the bar was very impressive. In his retirement the worthy judge has amused himself with reviving the scholarship of his youth, and in the year 1896 he published a translation of "Prometheus Vinctus," the first play of Æschylus, which, as he tells us, he read in his boyhood. Only a limited number were printed for his immediate relatives and friends. I was allowed to peruse a copy, but though I earnestly desired to possess it permanently he could not spare it. The Honourable G. Denman must be now eighty-one years of age, his faculties all clear, though his health is infirm.

Since writing the above he has passed away, but his portrait, given by himself, hangs in my drawing-room as an ever-present memento.

After I had left Liverpool Mr. Cropper removed to an estate which he had purchased in Kent, with a beautiful mansion called Swaylands. There he died. The estate was left to his only son, Denman Cropper, and the widow moved to a cottage in South Wales. Mr. Cropper, as an investment, had purchased some slate quarries, and to dispose of the produce constructed a line of railway at his own expense. This railway is now being pushed on to Fishguard, with the hope that the produce of the quarries will find a market in Ireland. To superintend these works a small cottage of two or three rooms was built at a spot called Rosebush, *en route* between Carmarthen and Fishguard. Thither the widow retired, adding to the cottage, and laying out some of the moorland adjacent. She afterwards married a third time, a Colonel Owen, of a Welsh family, as the name implies. That married life did not last long, and though she doated on him no one else did. She is still living at her cottage, to which she constantly makes additions, and I have twice had the pleasure of visiting her there. She was always somewhat deaf, and is now very lame and paralysed. In her youth she was, I used to think, the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and her son, J. B. Macaulay, has promised me an enlarged photo., or copy of it, which hangs in the dining-room. Her faculties are clear, and both of us being deaf, we held conversations by writing, filling pages in a morning. It seemed to give her pleasure to have one who remembered her early days and subjects to memory dear. There was another of her brothers whom I had had the pleasure of meeting, a clergyman, Louis Denman. His sister wished me to continue the intercourse by occasional exchange of duty, a process often pleasant, but generally expensive, and in our case not practicable. I

can therefore only wish him God-speed in his sphere of duty.

Another Liverpool name deeply engraved in my memory is that of Christopher Bushell, a wine merchant, a man of very superior abilities, an earnest, God-fearing churchman. Bushell took an active part in all religious movements. The Scripture Readers' Society was an especial object of his care; he would gather the readers together to an annual tea, get the bishop to be present, hear the men's reports, and address them in earnest and forcible language. I was present at one such gathering, perhaps more, and was struck by the noble-heartedness of the man. He was of a tall, commanding figure, with a striking and expressive countenance, and a mouth indicative of temper, which would be very violent if not kept under good control, showing him to be one of those men who, if not a very good man, as by the grace of God he was, might have been a very bad man. I have heard men who respected him as much as I say, that but for his temper Bushell might have occupied any political or municipal position he chose, but his colleagues dare not press his merits or solicit his coming forward, even if he had been willing.

One of his sons, his eldest, was under me at the Collegiate; I also often officiated at the church which he attended. Mr. Bushell in consequence made my acquaintance, showed me great hospitality, offering a bed and hearty welcome if ever I felt tired of the solitude of my lodgings. This general invitation I often availed myself of. He was an inveterate punster, but his humour was always under good control. He possessed a good library, so that a visitor of quiet habits need never have felt dull whilst his host was absent. Mr. Bushell was foreman of the jury in the celebrated Hopwood will case, a *cause célèbre* that occupied the attention of all Lancashire at the time, owing to the position in life of the parties concerned,

of the witnesses, and the high standing of the counsel employed. Though not present in court I was in Liverpool the whole time. My incumbent, Mr. North, had some of the witnesses as guests, and my friend Bushell was, as I have said, foreman of the jury. Thus the following account can be relied upon as strictly correct.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO *CAUSES CÉLÈBRES.*

A FORMER Mr. Hopwood, of Hopwood Hall, of Lancashire, had a large family. The eldest son was an officer in the army; he had undoubtedly led a dissolute life, and had probably been a cause of great annoyance to his father. Hence it was said that his father had forbidden him the house, discontinued his allowance, and made a will leaving him penniless. The son had however reformed, had married a virtuous, excellent lady, and sought reconciliation with his father. One of his brothers had married a sister of the then Earl of Derby, a daughter had married the then Earl of Sefton, other members of the family had become highly connected directly or indirectly. Thus they were a numerous and very influential body, and the eldest son taxed the family with combining to prevent a reconciliation between father and son or any interview or chance of it, and disputed the will as made under undue influence. The judge who presided was Sir Cresswell Cresswell, and during the trial he was the guest of Lord Derby at Knowsley. That circumstance was severely criticised at the time, as Lord Derby was strongly interested in the case, his sister being wife of one of the defendants. This feeling was heightened by the fact of Lord Derby coming into court and sitting by the judge on the bench. The leading counsel for the family was Sir Frederick Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chelmsford; the leading counsel for the eldest son was Sir Alexander

Cockburn, afterwards Lord Chief Justice. The character of the case put this advocate on his mettle, and veteran lawyers said his management rivalled the brightest efforts of Erskine. First, with all the fearlessness and independence that have ever characterised the British Bar, Cockburn commented severely on Lord Derby presuming to sit on the bench, as if to sway by his presence the mind of the judge. He reminded the peer how a peer was always forbidden to appear during election time, in fact how the commons of the realm were ever jealous of the interference of the barons, and pointed out that it would be much more dignified in the peer to withdraw. It was observed that Lord Derby went all the colours of the rainbow, and endeavoured to laugh it off composedly, but my impression is that he did not sit there the next day.

Cockburn (at that time only Mr.) elicited the following startling facts, which he set forth with thrilling effect: "The eldest son, forbidden all other means of access, by letter or in person, finding that the servants had orders to forbid him, was still determined to seek an interview with his father, and obtain his forgiveness. He learnt that on a fine day two of the sons brought out the old gentleman, and walked him up and down the terrace in the sun. Secreting himself in the thickest part of a plantation near the house, the eldest son passed the night in the open air, saw the grey dawn appear and then the hours steal on till noon, when the old gentleman was brought out as usual by two sons. Stealing cautiously he approached the promenaders, and I have the impression that he actually managed to throw himself on his knees before the old man; but the two brothers whisked off the old man into his bedroom, whither a daughter followed, locking the door on the inside, the two brothers, one of the two being a clergyman, standing guard at the outside and repelling the suppliant. He roared out: "Father, let

me see you," and he distinctly heard the old man repeat his words: "Father, let me see you," the speech evidently showing how thoroughly the feeble old man was under their control. Baffled in that attempt, the eldest son tried another scheme. His beautiful wife went to intercede for her husband, and took with her their little son, aged five. They were refused admission: it began to rain, the butler dare not give them shelter, they were poor, they must needs walk back, and the butler lent them an old gingham. And so mother and child walked away in the rain, the mother occasionally carrying the little fellow, for they had five miles to walk, and his little legs were tired. The advocate made a great point of this incident, and when he exclaimed: "Guardian angels defend that child," every spectator in the crowded court was deeply moved.

Soon after this old Mr. Hopwood died, and the eldest son, finding himself totally unprovided for, as described above, disputed the will as obtained by undue influence. There were several striking episodes during the giving of evidence. A daughter of the deceased was called to give evidence of the animus of her deceased father towards her eldest brother; she quoted a very bitter speech that the old gentleman had used. Tripping away from the witness-box, she was at once recalled by Cockburn, who exposed her thus: "You have given us a bitter speech as uttered by your late father against your elder brother. May I ask how long it was before your father's death?" "About seven years." "How came you to remember so tenaciously and so exactly your father's words?" "Because I opened my writing desk and entered it in my diary." "Is that the usual conduct of a sister to a brother, think you? You may go."

The defence wished to prove the capability of the deceased to make a will at the time. To do this a bishop was introduced (Short), who stated that he had held a conversation with the deceased shortly before his death,

and he seemed quite in the possession of his faculties. Mr. Cockburn, duly primed, asked in his cross-questioning: "May I ask your lordship how long that conversation lasted? Would it be as much as a quarter of an hour?" "Well, it might be a quarter of an hour." "During that quarter of an hour had you not all the conversation to yourself?" At this there was a general titter, for the bishop's garrulity was pretty well known. "I cannot speak decidedly." "Did Mr. Hopwood, think you, utter a syllable?" That evidence utterly broke down.

But nothing showed to the jury the rottenness of the defendants' case more plainly than the evidence of Sir James Graham, whom they had pressed into the service as a witness on their behalf. That statesman will be remembered as one of the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel; when any member of the House pressed with awkward questions, on which reticence was desired, Sir Robert always motioned to Graham, who would immediately rise to reply; he would courteously accumulate sentence upon sentence for half an hour and then express a hope that after that lucid explanation the hon. member would feel quite satisfied; the hon. member being, in fact, more mystified than ever. Sir James exerted all his arts on this occasion. He was an hour and a half under examination, and fenced off the questions with consummate skill, but the jury "read between the lines"; it may be added they knew the man. How the judge summed up may be indicated by the remark of one of the defendants immediately after, in a club room: "We are certain to win; the judge has summed up quite in our favour". But they did not win. The jury gave a unanimous verdict against the will, restoring the eldest son to his rights, with the approbation of the whole county.

Two very interesting episodes followed. One of the jury was a wealthy shipper, but continued a grocer's shop which had been previously his father's. The defendants'

family had been customers for a long period. On hearing the verdict the head of the family at that time wrote to this member of the jury, angrily informing him that "no more custom must be expected". The receiver of the note was equally indignant that a man of education and position should so wish to have justice thwarted, and called upon the foreman of the jury, saying, "I will send it to *The Times*". The foreman (Bushell) said: "Don't; consider the mood in which that note has been written. Here is a man in a high state of excitement, counted on carrying his case, mortified to the quick at his disappointment." "Then, what would you suggest?" "Write him a courteous note, enclosing his own, and saying that out of respect to him you are giving him an opportunity of reading it again in cooler moments, and you think he will not regret the opportunity afforded." That was done. As a few days elapsed and no notice was taken, the tradesman came to the foreman more indignant than ever. Bushell said: "Let us ascertain whether he has seen the note". A special messenger learnt that he had gone to London, and the letter was awaiting his return. The letter was by express wish despatched to him in London, and in two or three days came a very courteous letter, stating that his former letter had been burned, and that he appreciated with thanks the patient forbearance that had been shown him.

When the eldest son had got settled in Hopwood Hall he invited all the jury to visit him. On receiving the invitations they met, and, with the high honour of Englishmen, they decided it would be a dangerous precedent, and tend to make justice venal. The invitation was unanimously declined in a round-robin with no address. The eldest son also got an account of the trial, compiled from the shorthand writers' notes, printed and bound, and sent a copy to each juryman. The book was received in silence; not a man acknowledged it. I have read through the

copy at Mr. Bushell's house when his guest, and he had done the same, and described it as thoroughly truthful. I was never Mr. Bushell's guest after I left Liverpool, only seeing him at long intervals, but my attachment for him to the day of his death was unabated. I am told that his son is following in the steps of his father in aiding good works, religious and philanthropic, and as he continues to me in my old age the friendship that I enjoyed with his father, it is delightful to hear the continuance of the noble reputation.

The record of the *cause célèbre* above suggests an account of another that took place in Liverpool in my time and caused immense amusement. There lived in Liverpool at that time a celebrated bone-setter named Evan Thomas. He was, as his name indicates, a Welshman, had commenced operations in a humble locality in Liverpool amongst the poor, and being very successful and charging very little, he had acquired a widespread reputation. Then patients, anything but poor, sought his services and did not regret it. "The Faculty" found, as a result, that many of their patients, if afflicted with a sprain or a dislocation, abandoned their usual practitioner and sought the renowned bone-setter. This was observed with consternation, and there was a consensus of opinion that the man must be crushed. It so happened that a patient of Evan Thomas's, after being under his treatment, died. The patient would have died under any circumstances, but it would be a triumph for the malcontents if a verdict could be got from a jury that the sufferer had died, not only after being under the treatment, but in consequence of it. Accordingly the family of the deceased were induced to prosecute the "unlicensed quack" for malfeasance. When the trial came on an eminent practitioner was put in the box, and the counsel for the prosecution asked: "Is it your opinion that if a patient is put under such treatment as the deceased experienced death must ensue?"

"Most decidedly," responded the eminent practitioner. "Then you think that the deceased met his death by such mismanagement?" "Most certainly," was again the response. Other witnesses followed, all one after the other, giving the same decisive, indubitable testimony, and poor Thomas seemed doomed to the hangman.

But when the case for the defence came on the tables were soon changed. Witnesses of good social position, mayors, M.P.'s, astonished the court by their evidence. The chorus of them all, though varied in detail, was: "I had a sprained wrist, or a sprained ankle, or a dislocation, and I was a year under such a practitioner" (naming him), "and I was nothing better, but rather the worse, for the joint was becoming stiff. I was then induced to go to Evan Thomas, and he had me well in a fortnight." When one or two witnesses had given evidence of this kind, not to be shaken by the counsel for the prosecution, there were shrieks of laughter at each fresh piece of evidence. The trial, instead of exterminating poor Thomas, as was hoped, added immensely to his reputation. It was the talk of the whole town for many a day. It became a standing joke. If any man had an accident, such as a sprain or dislocation, "Go to Evan Thomas," was the universal suggestion. If he still adhered to his own practitioner he would not hesitate to state, what he would previously have shrunk from doing: "If you don't get me well soon I shall go to Evan Thomas," a threat received with no great welcome.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MORE LIVERPOOL FRIENDS.

WILLIAM TARBET was another Liverpool merchant universally respected by all who knew him. I believe he was by birth a Scotchman, and like so many of his countrymen, had come south of the Tweed to push his fortunes. In fact Liverpool, being a great port, was made up of representatives of every nationality under the sun. I have sometimes dined at a table crowded with guests and have been the only Englishman present. William Tarbet was a man of deep religious convictions, and was at one time a leading member of the Evangelical body, that body called in the neighbourhood of London—the Clapham sect.

He laid the foundation of St. Bride's Church, and was most intimate with its minister, Haldane Stewart. After a time he was much attracted by the preaching of Edward Irving, and eventually joined that body. They called themselves, and still adhere to the name, the Catholic Apostolic Church. As I was a frequent guest at his house I had many and many a conversation with him as to their body and its distinguishing principles. They seemed to be these: Among the pentecostal gifts, marking the descent of the Holy Ghost on the infant Church of Christ, were many of an extraordinary character. These have been generally regarded by the Church as of a temporary character, and ceasing after the generation of the Apostles had passed away. The newly-formed body before us maintain that such is not the case: that we have no evidence

that the cessation was intended, but there would still be the outpouring if these gifts were prayed for. Their contention is that such is the case among their body, and that like as we read in the Acts (chap. xiii. 2) that as they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said: "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them," so the same voice is heard amongst them in response to their prayers, calling one to the office of an apostle, another to that of a deacon, another that of an evangelist, and so forth; thus their whole system is framed and ordered by the Holy Ghost. They maintain that the gifts of tongues are sometimes imparted, sometimes the gifts of healing. In their service sometimes a woman will stand up and make a hideous howling: the service is stopped and the interrupter is undisturbed, in case some one else who is gifted with the interpretation of tongues should be able afterwards to stand up and explain to the Church the import of the howling.

The members of the body when I knew Mr. Tarbet would be few but wealthy. They commenced a place of worship in Liverpool intended to be gorgeous, but from lack of funds it was completed on a much humbler scale. They have a beautiful church in London, and Henry Drummond, M.P., was a great supporter of the body to the end of his days. I have sometimes attended their worship, and once heard the howling, which reminded me of the extravagances of the early Methodists. But I never heard any interpretations, nor could I ever trace out any of the alleged cases of healing: the locality was always some distant, perhaps continental, spot. It may be doubted whether the body increase in number. Such as I have known struck me as very amiable, very benevolent people, enthusiasts, but dreamy. Mr. Tarbet was a man of considerable ability, thoroughly in earnest, and since he passed away I have never been thrown in contact with any others of his persuasion.

Edward Whitley was a man ever to be cherished in affectionate remembrance. His father was a solicitor, and on leaving school and entering his father's office he devoted his leisure and his Sundays to Sunday school work and similar offices for his fellow-men. Any good work was invariably associated with his name, so that all orders of men, from the highest to the lowest, mentioned his name with respect. His year of office as mayor was distinguished by the popularity of his whole demeanour and the remarkable brevity of his speeches. He never sought greatness, it was as it were thrust upon him. His marriage was characteristic of the man. His sister superintended his house for him, and he left her after breakfast, going down to his office as usual. In his office, fastening the door, he opened a parcel containing a suit of new clothes, arrayed himself therein, and stowed the others away, sallied forth, took a cab to the station, entered a train, and alighted at a roadside station, where a lady was waiting for him, and they quietly walked away to a neighbouring church, where the knot was tied. The announcement in the papers took the breath of people, and he said afterwards in justification that had the affair been known so many would have been present that he should have broken down or have run away. Certainly had it been known all Liverpool would have been there.

After the birth of his first child the manager of the principal theatre waited on my old pupil and my friend, W. J. Stewart, now the stipendiary. "I want you to do for me as you have done before, write the prologue to my pantomime, make it topical; and could you not introduce somehow our friend Mr. Whitley, now that he is a father?" This was agreed to. The story of the pantomime represented, if I remember rightly, an awful ogre (Ignorance) attempting to persecute a little fairy (Innocence). A valiant knight (Chivalry) comes to the rescue, and the fairy with delight jumps into

the knight's arms. When the piece was performed the actor advanced to the footlights, caressing gently the little fairy with the words: "Mr. Whitley a-nursing of his baby". The speech was greeted nightly with roars of laughter from an enthusiastic audience. Eventually the worthy man was asked to stand as representative in Parliament. On his consenting there appeared on the walls no long flowing speeches, but a modest address of a few lines to his fellow-men "who had shown their confidence by asking him to stand, and he would endeavour to justify their confidence". On being placed at the head of the poll the working men said he must go to Parliament "decently," and proposed to purchase for him a carriage-and-four! On his being interviewed the modest man said: "Nay, nay, I'm not a duke; I'm plain Edward Whitley"; but a compromise was struck by the presentation of a brougham and pair, if my information be correct. After an interval of many years I became his guest for a night when I was visiting Liverpool. It was winter, but I was sorry to see how acutely he felt the cold, especially as he was my junior in years. He almost sat upon the fire. The next morning on parting he made me promise not to allow so long an interval to elapse before another visit. "Recollect," said he, "we are older men now." These were his last words to me, for ere the year had closed Edward Whitley had passed away. His memory will be long cherished as a noble-hearted citizen, a staunch Conservative, a pious churchman, and a modest, unassuming, honourable man. Such men are the salt of the earth.

I have referred to W. J. Stewart as writing the prologue of the pantomime. This leads me to speak of his father, W. Stewart, sen., my honoured and valued friend, who was for some forty years in the service of the Customs. Being a man of deep religious convictions, he, like one or two mentioned above, has devoted his leisure time to religious works, such as Sunday school teaching. Being

a Government servant he could not take part in public matters even if he had desired. But his modesty and simple tastes shrank from anything of the kind. Nor has he cared for general hospitality or spending his evenings out; fond of his family, he has spent his evenings at home, except when attending some religious or benevolent meeting, or holding some cottage lecture. He has been a great reader, known but to few, but by them duly valued.

I have said that Mr. Stewart was long connected with H.M. Customs. One does not hear of affrays with smugglers now-a-days, but he told me of an adventure of one of their officers which is worth recording. I am not sure of the port at which this officer was stationed, but he strongly suspected that a vessel approaching dock had a large cargo of contraband, perhaps tobacco. The officer forbade her approaching nearer, but with about three or four constables purposed boarding her. He found his suspicions were correct. The crew, finding they were detected, asked that they might be spared the degradation of being marched through the streets to the police office handcuffed, and promised to surrender quietly if so spared. The officer having but a small force they hoped on landing unmanacled to overpower their guardians and escape. The officer saw through it, but was equal to the emergency. He promised to abstain from handcuffing if they strictly obeyed his conditions. To this they agreed. Sending his constables to the land-end of the plank he called up each man singly to himself and required him to deposit his belt (or braces) before proceeding. As a sailor's breeches are very capacious, if his belt be removed he is obliged to hold them up with both hands or he collapses into nudity. Thus the victims were to a man conveyed to a magistrate, and stood in dock with both hands holding up their nether garments amidst roars of laughter both in court and out. Of all my Liverpool friends the Stewart family have kept up closest intimacy by acts of kindness, correspondence, and inter-

change of visits. He and I have travelled together, and being both very deaf our peregrinations have been of necessity silent and not without adventure. On one occasion we had lost our way and were in a state of great perplexity. At length finding a man at work we brightened up, expecting a speedy solution of our difficulty. Not so. The workman heard our inquiry, but could not make either of us hear his reply. First he tried the right ear, then the left of each of us, then he could not speak for convulsions of laughter and ran off.

Mr. Stewart is much my senior, being over eighty, but he is so vigorous for his years that he may in the course of God's providence be spared many years and survive his less vigorous friend.

W. Stewart, junr., was educated in Oxford, was called to the Bar, and soon took an active part in politics and literary pursuits. He became a member of the Town Council, and was asked to stand again, all expenses, even the minutest, being guaranteed, but he desired to devote himself more closely to his profession. He has showed himself a man of great energy, would use his pen, take a pupil, deliver a lecture, or a course of them; and such men generally come to the front. Like most barristers, on entering their profession, he had to bide his time. Young Stewart's time came by the absence of a barrister who had been retained for a case of disputed ownership. The solicitor finding his counsel, who had been duly primed, unexpectedly absent, seeing the young briefless present, said: "Will you take it, Mr. Stewart?" He did so. I believe the subject in dispute was a parrot, and counsel called upon them to "produce the article". Young Stewart, who was always brimful of humour, kept the court in roars of laughter. A solicitor present remarked: "That young man will do," and employment began to come in. Being a keen politician on the Conservative side, he made himself intensely useful to his

party, and on the death of the stipendiary magistrate, Mr. Raffles, the Conservative members pressed the claims of Stewart for the vacant office. The application was successful, and the young stipendiary has already filled his office with great satisfaction. He has bid adieu to active life as a politician, but not to his literary pursuits. It would not create surprise if there should issue from the press, though it may be long after the departure of his father and his father's friend, some volume worthy to adorn any library.

Several other names are dear to my memory of Liverpool life, and were not without note among its foremost citizens. Adam Hodgson, the frequent chairman at public meetings, a man of deep piety, a staunch patriot, ever ready in the cause of benevolence; Percy Dove, the first manager of the Royal Insurance Co., like Keats, the celebrated master of Eton, barely five feet high, but with the enterprise of a dozen men in him; or, as his friend Bushell said, more of the Percy than the Dove; T. D. Anderson, the merchant, who observed a district of Liverpool needing a church and built a beautiful one at his own expense; "all, all honourable men". They have passed away long ago, but have left a name behind them long to be cherished with honour.

One name more may be mentioned, partly because it was celebrated, though in a very different manner; partly because I often enjoyed his hospitality. There was a local court of some kind in Liverpool, long since swept away, presided over by a lawyer named Parr. Any one meeting him in the street for the first time would turn round and gaze. He wore stiff upright collars almost reaching his hat, and rendering the sides of his face almost invisible; a large frill protruding from his shirt front, and a peculiarly shaped hat which men said he had designed himself. But it is of his son whom I speak, well known as Hamilton Parr. The son

must have been a very handsome man, was a finished gentleman in manners, but the last man to pass his days in a lawyer's office. He passed his time mostly with the sporting men of the county, was driving the London mail every night a portion of the journey, and joining the return coach. He was a splendid mimic, and has been known, as the guest of a sporting parson of the period, to have attended church duly with the other guests, and then in the afternoon was repeating to them behind their host's back the whole of the morning sermon, every attitude being reproduced to the life with inimitable skill.

"Birds of a feather flock together," and it would have been surprising if the gentleman referred to above had been the only sporting parson of Mr. Parr's acquaintance, for at that time they were numerous. One other such was the Rev. John Russell, commonly called amongst his friends, and perhaps by the world outside, "Jacky Russell". Of him Mr. Parr would tell many stories, and amongst the rest the following. Mr. Russell, wishing to see a friend of his, a banker, was shown into a room (the sweating-room) till his friend was at liberty. A clerk was told to take *The Times* into the room for Mr. Russell's diversion, and it was observed that the clerk did not return. After a few minutes awful noises were heard in the sweating-room, sundry jumpings about, sounds that had never been heard there before. Two or three clerks ran into the room in alarm, when they found Mr. Russell and the missing clerk with their coats off having a thorough set-to with boxing gloves. It appeared that Mr. Russell had in his bag two pairs of boxing gloves which had been undergoing repair. Recognising in the bearer of *The Times* an athlete of his acquaintance, he proposed to the clerk an amicable mill with the mended gloves. Their active boundings and upsetting of chairs caused the unusual noises which had disturbed the serenity of the money-changers, though highly diverted by the transformation scene.

Mr. Parr could sing when in his prime a comic song in a manner equal to any professional. One of his public exhibitions of this kind was to sing on the Liverpool stage "The Yorkshire horse-dealer," or "Diamond cut diamond". His imitation of the Yorkshire dialect provoked rounds of applause. This suggests a digression.

I was never in the Liverpool theatre but once, but an occurrence took place in my time during one performance very singular in its character. A celebrated actress was performing, the villain of the piece was purposing a brutal deed of violence, and she exhibited terrific horror at his approach. His meditated deed, however, was interrupted by a sailor bouncing on the stage. He had been a spectator in the gallery, and his feelings were so wrought upon by the life-like representation that he supposed it to be a reality. Sliding down the columns that supported the gallery and the boxes in a manner that none but a sailor could do, he sprang over the seats of pit, stalls and orchestra, bounded on the stage between the two performers, clasped the maiden, exclaiming: "Shiver my topsails, my darling, if the scoundrel shall dare to touch you," shaking his fist at the villain. The audience in a few moments perceiving the episode cheered the sailor with thunders of applause. The actress with great presence of mind covered the break by beckoning him to follow; but it was long before the warm-hearted salt was convinced that it was only a play.

Hamilton Parr's last public exploit was when the opening of the railway route from Liverpool to London put an end to the traffic by stage coaches. When the London mail had made its last journey, Parr drove the mail at foot's pace through the streets of Liverpool, the horses arrayed in black trappings, funereal plumes on their heads, and sundry crape appendages about himself and his comrades. The glory of *his* nights had indeed departed.

It was only in his old age that I knew Mr. Parr, and

then as a genial, gentlemanly old man. He and his family of five handsome daughters attended St. Catherine's Church; they were musical and attractive women, and I was welcome as a visitor. He had to stick close to his profession, for it may well be supposed that with the life he had lived he had neither saved anything nor had he accumulated business. I have an impression that he made what he could by his profession, and that the surviving friends of his early days subsidised him financially. After I had left Liverpool I learnt on a subsequent visit that the old gentleman had died, and that the daughters had sold all off and joined their brother in Australia.

The above narrative may be said to terminate my reminiscences of Liverpool friends. There were a few circumstances that may be recorded in addition. When the assizes came round and brought members of the Bar in large numbers, my old friend, John W. Church, stayed with me, and I always dined with him at least once at the Bar mess. They were a very numerous body, and I have observed their subsequent career with interest: Adolphus Liddell, Overend, Bliss, Fenwick, Hopwood, Digby Seymour, North, all became Q.C.'s, and of considerable repute, and North a judge. One night there dined at the mess a man for the first time who had been for a long time a teetotal lecturer. He was evidently a risen man, judging by his operations with his knife and fork, and upon his teeth afterwards. But he had acuteness enough to observe the sensation, and soon transformed himself. He had something of a commanding presence, and his rise was predicted, if for no other reason, on account of his voice, in tone something like John Bright's. The prediction was verified. A few years afterwards I saw him going down to court in his carriage and pair, and he has enjoyed an immense practice as Q.C. at the Parliamentary Bar.

Sometimes some of them, my friend's intimates, would come to my humble bachelor rooms for tea, and very

pleasant hours with conversation on old university life would beguile the evening. One of them told us an amusing story of an old Oxford friend, a curate in some rural district, whom he had expressed a wish to visit if a bed could be offered him. The curate wrote: "With all my heart; I lodge in a thatched cottage, and you must put up with curates' fare, a bit of steak or a chop, and a glass of beer". The visit was paid, the steak was discussed, and the curate not only gave a glass of beer, but produced a bottle of port, to his guest's astonishment. The evening flew swift away; the next morning the guest departed. After two years he wrote expressing a desire to repeat the visit, having been so gratified with the former. He accordingly appeared, the friends chatted away after dinner, and the curate again produced some port. The guest at last said: "Well, old fellow, it is very good of you thus to entertain an old chum; I hope I may never enjoy my dinner less than I have to-day, and a good glass of beer too. But if I might be critical, you will excuse my saying this is not such a good glass of port, not quite so good, as you gave me last time." "Ah, now," cried the curate, clapping his hands as at a good joke, "that is rich, for you know I never drink wine myself, and that is the identical bottle that I decanted for you two years ago!"

Here close the memories of my Liverpool life, for I had decided to go to Yorkshire to continue my father's school. In January, 1861, I was married at Bilton Church to my dear wife, daughter of Rev. Dr. Jessop, vicar of Wighill. My kind friend Dr. Howson came over to officiate, my friend John Church was my best man, and James Porter also, as having been at one time my great chum, came over from Cambridge. My wife returned with me to my lodgings for six months, accompanying me on Sundays to Waterloo, and I finally left Liverpool in June, 1861.

There is a natural feeling in any man to linger about the spot that has occupied for many years his anxious

thoughts and been the scene of his active labours. It is equally natural for him to hope that some memory of himself may linger there, that he has to some extent taken root. Above all, it will cheer him much in after life, if he bears with him some outward and visible sign that his existence was regarded as of some value, and that his memory will not perish immediately. Byron describes it as solitude, alike piteous and depressing, to roam along through the life with the consciousness that there is not a human being who cares for us, or would smile the less if told that we had passed away. I rejoice to record that such was not the closing scene of my life in Liverpool. I found them ever hospitable and kind-hearted. My wife had lived all her life in a country house, with friends few and far between, and when she spent with me the last few months of my residence in Liverpool, she was astonished at the hospitality she received, making more and more intimate friends during those few months than in the whole of her previous existence. I received expressions of good will in a tangible form to an extent that surprised me. The little fellows who made up the junior forms, my earliest charge there, had given me a handsome writing-desk on my promotion, but amongst the seniors I had the impression that I was unpopular; once I was hissed round, and very likely for some mannerisms or exhibitions of temper that were deservedly obnoxious. When, therefore, just before my departure, I was asked to adjourn to the board room of the college, I was taken aback by the scene before me. All the seniors were there, the hissers included, and one of them as spokesman for the rest, presented me with a beautiful time-piece by Roskell, far handsomer than any I should have purchased for myself, and bearing on the basement a silver plate descriptive of the gift. My colleagues and companions in arms presented a beautiful davenport, also with a silver plate, bearing their names

(alas! many of them have passed away). My old chum Porter had already given me on my marriage a handsome dressing-case, and my dear old incumbent, Charles Lawrence, to whose church I was ordained, gave me the dining-table whereat I am writing these lines. These memorials are in my house now, are ever before my eyes, and preserve the donors in undying memory. Since they were given, nearly forty years have elapsed, I have become the father of a family to whom they shall descend as precious heirlooms, commemorative of a pleasant period in their father's history.

So ends, as I have said, my abode in Liverpool, a severance which caused great pain, and though apparently inevitable, yet was felt to be a terrible wrench. Not that my intercourse ceased; far from it. A large contingent of pupils repaired therefrom to my Yorkshire home for many years. It was my delight in my vacations to be the guest of their friends, and to keep alive my old friendships. Many have now passed away, having gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns. A few still remain whom it is my delight to rivet to my heart's core, all the more tenaciously because the chronicler can see them but seldom, and ere long even that intercourse will be denied.

BOOK IV.

YORKSHIRE MEMORIES—SCHOLASTIC.

CHAPTER XXX.

THORPARCH.

THORPARCH, which was to be my home for thirty years, is a pretty village on the banks of the Wharfe, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It is about equidistant from York, Leeds and Harrogate. The district is agricultural, and at the time I speak of was thinly populated. At the other side of the river was another village, now called Boston Spa, but in former days both sides of the river were called alike Thorparch. There was formerly a large boys' boarding-school there, at which many of the sons of the higher class received their education. In those days locomotion being difficult education was more localised than it is now, when by means of railways youths can be sent all over for the purposes of education. The population were mainly gentry, attracted by the healthiness of the spot, the prettiness of the locality and fox-hunting, the neighbourhood being the centre of the Bramham moor hunt. Now the population has been largely increased by an accession of Leeds tradespeople.

The name Thorparch gets its origin from the word Thorp or village (German *dorf*), an affix or prefix very frequent in Yorkshire, as in Bishopthorpe, Copmanthorpe, Osmondthorpe, Thorp-Perrow and numbers of others. A family came over with the Conqueror and received that district as their manor. The founder is called in the Latin documents Osborn de Arcubus: Normanised Osborn d'Arcy. Thus the place became called the Thorp or village

of the Arcy family. For a time the village was called Ivet-thorpe. The explanation is this: The manor at one time belonged to Bigod, one of the barons who signed the Magna Charta. He gave it as a marriage portion to his daughter Ivetta; hence arose the name Ivetta's Thorpe, shortened to Ivet-thorpe, and then gradually discontinued. The whole village, with the exception of the glebe land set apart for the support of the village school, and a small plot to be spoken of presently, belonged to one family, and has continued much in the same form for generations.

Both sides of the river were visited in summer time by a few visitors of quiet, retiring habits, wishing an inexpensive outing, the place possessing two or three small hotels and lodgings. On such a visit my father often walked on a quiet lane between the villages of Thorparch and Walton, and observed one spot between the two churches as affording a beautiful site for a house. At that time no railway had invaded the neighbourhood, nor was a highway near. Much of the land had been till about 1825 moorland; it was covered with brushwood, gorse or timber, and in one spot near the river was a cottage surrounded by a moat, and thence called the "moat-house". The nearest road to it was a little-frequented lane, being part of the old Roman road between London and York, and thence called Rud-gate. On the roadside, near the river, was a well called St. Helen's Well, and formerly there stood a chapel there: the passing pilgrim would refresh himself at the spring, pay his orisons in the chapel, and then pursue his journey, crossing the river by a ford, still called St. Helen's Ford. In later years the chapel disappeared, the ford was no longer used, and the only travellers would be gangs of gipsies who would hang rags around the well, doubtless muttering their mystic cabala, and then disappear. I have seen some forty or fifty rags so hanging. The moat-house was a few hundred yards distant, hid from view, and might be well described by

Scott's lines: "Here for retreat in dangerous hour, some chief had framed a rustic bower". In the early part of the present century it was the abode of a noted highwayman, Nevison, the terror of Yorkshire. In my boyhood the elder people told many of his exploits. In one spot near Birstal a stone stands or stood by the roadside with the inscription: "Here Nevison killed Fletcher". Fletcher was a constable in the neighbourhood, and observing in the imperfect light of twilight a horseman coming along, whom he suspected to be Nevison, he secreted himself in the ditch bottom. As the horseman drew near the constable had no doubt as to his identity, and advancing stealthily from the roadside he sprang on the horse's back behind the rider, enfolding his arms round the robber, with the words: "Now I have thee". The robber, however, drawing a dagger, plunged it in the heart of the constable and made his escape. It was supposed that many aided him in his escapes from terror, hoping to purchase thereby their own exemption.

On one occasion the steward of the Temple Newsam estates, near Leeds, had been collecting rents and was returning home by night on horseback with a large amount about him. He overtook a man on horseback, and as their routes seemed the same they fell into conversation. It turned upon Nevison. The steward spoke of his dread of meeting the man, laden as he was with money. "Surely we could both manage him," said the steward, "as you seem a sturdy man." They rode on till they approached one of the lodges of the estate, where the steward pressed his companion to enter and receive some hospitality. On the stranger's declining, the steward, shaking him by the hand heartily, was wishing him good-night, when the horseman said: "Stay a minute; I am Nevison". The steward was horror-struck. He fell on his knees and implored the man to have mercy. The stranger replied: "I'll not touch you; you trusted to me in ignorance:

Go." I have had the spot pointed out to me where the two parted.

The terror inspired by this man was so great that Government offered a reward for his arrest. The good folks of the neighbouring village of Walton thought this reward very tempting, and determined on surrounding the moat-house and thus to take him alive. The whole village accordingly sallied forth, armed with sticks and any chance weapons. The noise and shouting brought out the highwayman. The mob paused; he presented his blunderbuss at the foremost, and the whole body took to their heels. Ever after they were called "the Walton calves". The final arrest of the highwayman took place in Gipton Lane, near Leeds. A constable (at that time there were no regular police) was returning to his home, and he thought he heard a faint cry of murder. Pausing, he listened attentively, and then walking in the direction of the sound he approached a cottage which he well knew, and observed in the dim light the prostrate figure of a woman, screaming now faintly and struggling for life against a murderer who had her down. At that time most men wore wigs; the constable took his staff from his pocket, turned his wig round so that the back presented itself in front, cautiously advanced to the murderer and then made a slight noise. The murderer raised his head, saw only the back of a head, and started back in terror. The constable, seizing his opportunity, stunned the man with a severe blow on the head, and whilst he lay unconscious bound the man's hands behind him and also his knees and feet, using his garters, neckcloth and braces for the purpose. He then went for help, and returned with a cart and two men, by whose aid the murderer was conveyed, though with great difficulty, to the police authorities and finally executed. After Nevison's time the moat-house became, and is still, a small labourer's cottage, and like the lane passing near, Rud-gate, only known by a few

farmers near and the hunting-men who may occasionally gallop by.

It was in this neighbourhood that my father, as stated in the first chapter of this book, decided on building a school. The surroundings of his existing premises, and the altered conditions of education had shown him for some time that a migration was desirable, but where to pitch his tent was the difficulty. He was determined not to leave Yorkshire, or the localities whence his connection was derived. He advertised for a house and visited numbers, but every one offered for inspection was objectionable or refused when the owner learnt that it was intended for a school. He had all his life been a great dabbler with bricks and mortar, and now in his old age, for he was nearing sixty, as he could find no house ready-made, he resolved to build an educational establishment in the country, where all his pupils should be under his roof, and the arrangements should be the best that his long experience could suggest and his means would allow. Advertisements or inquiries were now made, not for a house, but for a site. Out of others one was offered by an old pupil; it was the very spot, between Thorparch and Walton, which years before, on passing by as a casual visitor, he had noticed as an admirable site for a house. It was a plot of ground, about fourteen acres in extent, in the middle of an entailed estate, belonging to a family who had all left the neighbourhood, and were not unwilling to dispose of it to an old friend.

The next question was to raise the means for his undertaking. On attempting to sell his existing premises and other property, purchasers, as is always the case, hung fire, hoping that the desire to realise would cause an easy purchase. But here another old friend came to the rescue. The principal partner in one of the oldest banks in Leeds, Henry Oxley, who knew his integrity and energy, offered him the desired "accommodation". The land was

bought and the premises, afterwards called Thorparch Grange, were erected, and the school was removed there. But the great mental strain, the anxiety in the process, added to a life of long-continued struggling, were too much for the veteran. Besides being afflicted with deafness, incessant headaches, fainting fits, in which the old man would sometimes fall at his desk, bade him lay down his arms. Mr. Hiley retired at first to Scarborough, but eventually to Doncaster, where he employed himself in revising his school books and bringing out others which appeared to him to be needed. His mornings were so employed up to a fortnight before his death, 1872, having enjoyed eleven years of retirement.

In July, 1861, I reopened the school at Thorparch Grange, which I had purchased from my father, and as my energies were now to be spent on educational life in another form and in a new locality, some remarks may not be out of place as to the education of England.

Nothing has ever been done for education by England as a nation till the Education Act of 1870. The various churches throughout the land have taken interest in the education of the youth in their respective localities, according to the conscientiousness of the clergy there, their activity, and the means at their disposal. The religious houses also were great educators, most of the nobility and gentry receiving such education as they possessed (it was not much) at the hands of "the religious". The clause would appear to be justified. Scott in *Marmion* makes Earl Douglas, when told of Marmion's traitorous deed, exclaim :—

> Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
> Save Gawain, ne'er could *pen a* line.

There was some excuse for Gawain learning the use of the pen as he was to be a bishop, but as for the others their ignorance was, in the father's estimation, bliss, as it saved from the temptation to Marmion's crime—"a letter

forged". Scott was doubtless warranted in so characterising the whole class.

After the Reformation the ministers of King Edward VI., and subsequently of Queen Elizabeth, founded the various grammar schools that bear their name, and similar institutions have been founded in different towns by the munificence of benefactors interested in their welfare. Raikes, of Gloucester, was the pioneer of Sunday school education, and the National Society has dotted England all over with schools for primary education.

Many of the grammar schools had endowments for their masters, and scholarships for their scholars to proceed to the universities. These, being the only schools in existence, attracted the well-to-do classes; their numbers increased by the celebrity of the school; this suggested boarding-houses, and these were the origin of the public schools which have done such service for the education of the aristocracy and gentry of England. But even these were the result of private enterprise: a master built, or got built for him, suitable premises to receive boarders, anticipating an adequate return for his adventure. The whole of the rest of England, the intermediate classes, which formed the bulk of the population, depended for education on schools founded by private enterprise, without any endowment to form as it were the germ. Demand creates supply; but the supply will vary according to the character of the demand, and the history of the private schools which have educated the mass of Englishmen is a fair specimen of demand and supply. When men of wealth desired an exclusive and luxurious education for their sons, and would pay any money for the purpose, men, mostly clergymen and scholars too, came to the front to supply the commodity. The terms would be very high, those admitted would be either highly-born, or very wealthy, or both, and the entourage would be suited for those who desired a luxurious home. Where, as in towns,

the sons were destined for commerce, an education would be demanded most fitting for trade, but modified according to the conceptions of that education formed by the respective parents. With the bulk of the parents the demand would be limited to the three R's; if rather better off, or of the professional class, some classical education would be superadded. Since the commencement of the present century French became demanded, in some cases Spanish, and later still German. Where in individual cases there was a taste for drawing or music, opportunities for instruction therein would also be sought. The two great objects, however, always sought by English parents, and sought still, for their youth, were power to make money, or to obtain and preserve social position. Social position has, however, been always deified, and it has operated upon education in every form.

The men who undertook the office of education have been as varied as their patrons. Some have been men who have been utter failures in other employments, and then have considered themselves competent for the education of youth. Others have been youths of studious tastes, have found themselves apt to teach, and have become very successful in developing the abilities of successive generations of youth. The educators have always varied with the character of the demand; when the demand for a higher article has arisen, to use the language of commerce, the vendor of the article has been forthcoming.

It has been to the credit of the English nation that they have always preferred educators who united therewith the clerical profession. Even Nonconformists have preferred such, provided they have been qualified in other respects for the office they undertook. There was some guarantee for his character, for his antecedents would be more thoroughly known, and there would be a hope that he would form higher conceptions of his office than just a business or money-making concern. Such a man would

seek to elevate the youths entrusted to his care, not only intellectually or socially, but morally, fashioning them to become useful citizens and laymen, pillars of the Church of God.

It may be readily shown what are the advantages and what the disadvantages of such schools as have been always called private schools.

The advantages may be stated as mainly two. First of all the head of it has more interest in his charge. In a public school the educator is naturally most attracted to those who best repay his efforts, either by being possessed of greater natural ability, or showing more eagerness themselves to profit by instruction. An enthusiastic trainer will revel in a class so composed; it will be his delight to witness their progress, and he will pour out for their advancement all the stores of learning he may possess. Such boys will win scholarships for the universities, and by a brilliant career there reflect honour on the school that trained them. Thus when a clever, energetic man was appointed head of a public school, in very low water on his entrance, his first step was to gauge the capacity of the existing boys. If he found one presenting the right material he worked him most industriously; in a year or eighteen months that boy would compete for and win a scholarship at Cambridge or Oxford. As soon as this was known that school filled up rapidly. When Vaughan went to Harrow there were but seventy boys; he sent a boy to compete for and win a Balliol scholarship; the fame spread, and the members soon reached 300. Thus the talented boys, being the making of the school, are the special object of attention. The rest less gifted go to the wall. The form may consist of forty or fifty boys; the master cannot spend his time on those who show little return for his culture, and care as little about it themselves. Hence it is possible for a youth to attend a public school term after term, and being in the common

herd, to be little more advanced than when he entered. The instructor of the form would say: "I cannot waste my time on such; here are some anxious for advancement and who will gain us distinction. These must be first and foremost in my mind." The head of a private school dare not do so. Each individual boy is like a case to a surgeon; must be duly cared for, however hopeless his development may seem. Each father judges of that school by his own individual son, and as the head does not wish to lose a single connection, his eye must be on every single member and do the best for that individual. Such individual treatment is the speciality of a private school.

In some respects also the head of such a school is less fettered. If he is responsible to no committee or board, he is not fettered by any; no conceited member to air his own fads and to offer to teach the instructor his profession. He can vary his books, his modes of tuition, his hours, his co-operative staff just as his experience may suggest, without having to consult any one but his own connection and their requirements.

On the other hand a private school has its disadvantages, and they are often of a grave character. First of all the fact of its affording more individual treatment, causes it to be composed almost entirely of exceptional cases. The material he has to work upon is generally of inferior quality. Two brothers may be at a public school, one is making progress, and remains; the other is either very slow or very idle, or both, and he is removed to a private school, of which the head has the reputation of effecting some progress even with the slowest minds. Many of his *clientèle* will also be delicate, cannot stand the life of a public school and need individualising on physical grounds. The question of terms is also a great matter. If high, his connection is necessarily very restricted, and often of a class not heeding intellectual

progress. If the terms are moderate or low he cannot afford a competent staff: he has also the expense of premises and repairs out of his earnings. It will be seen from the above that many accessories will be needed to make a private school a financial success, in addition to skill as an educator. Some have succeeded well because they have been excellent tradesmen, good bargainers, farming land, growing their own stock, qualifications seldom possessed by a scholar pure and simple. Others have been "society men," skilful panderers to maternal weakness, or encouraging instead of checking youth in luxurious tastes.

Other circumstances may be mentioned later on as operating still more prejudicially. But enough has been said to show the arduous nature of the career.

All the above features of the life before me were well known, for I was then thirty-six years of age. But I had made up my mind to the venture, and determined that if unsuccessful it should not fall from lack of industry and energy.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE FIRST DECADE.

As I had been nearly twenty years out of Yorkshire, and was almost a stranger to the connection, it had been arranged that my brother Alfred should remain with me six months till I had felt my way a little. I then advised him for his own benefit to leave me. He had lived all his life in his father's house, and even when at Cambridge, being of a shy, retiring disposition, had mixed little with his fellow-men. He had worked industriously for his degree, taking honours in mathematics, and scrupulously keeping down every expense for his father's sake. After graduating he had rejoined his father, and had been ordained as curate of Boston Spa, holding the curacy along with his mastership in his father's school. Dr. Atlay, at that time vicar of Leeds, had been his college tutor when at St. John's, Cambridge, and having formed a high regard for his character, he offered my brother a curacy under himself. If that had been accepted the whole course of my brother's life would have been altered. But his father raised objections, and Alfred remained at Thorparch under his father and then with me. After six months I advised his leaving me and getting a curacy in some large town, and thus be more thrown among his fellow-men. His life had been spent under his father's roof, and his range needed expansion. This process, however, he shrank from, for though he left me he took a curacy in a most out-of-the-way spot in Somersetshire,

where it might safely be said that "remote from towns he ran his godly race". On the death of his rector he migrated to another of a similar character.

During that time I had become vicar of Wighill. My father-in-law, feeling the infirmities of age, had obtained permission from the patron to nominate his son-in-law as successor if he resigned, and the diocesan acquiesced in the arrangement, on the understanding that I had a curate on the spot. That post I offered to Alfred, and along with it the charge of the mathematical department at The Grange. He accepted the post, living in Wighill and coming down to us almost daily.

Never did two brothers work on more harmoniously; it would have been a reproach to me had it been otherwise, for my brother proved the most unselfish and generous of men. His heart was with me, studying my interests, working without stint, sympathising with me in my troubles, being willing to give me the very shirt off his back. When I seemed a ruined man his heart bled for me; he would work on without stipend, do anything and everything for my welfare and comfort. He was eventually presented to the living of Walton, the adjoining parish, by the patron, George Lane Fox, but as there was no house and the income was only small, he was associated with me in my labours as much as ever.

Perhaps ours is the only instance of two brothers co-operating in a private school, and vicars of two adjoining parishes. At the time of writing this, though no longer associated in scholastic life, we are still neighbours in clerical life, bound to each other by a brotherly attachment increasing, if possible, with advancing years, and intensified by our having lost a younger brother whom we looked upon as the impersonation of bodily and mental vigour, and likely to survive us both.

I have anticipated the course of events by this digression.

But as my brother Alfred shared in all that follows, the digression seemed requisite in the first place to account for his participation; and secondly, as a grateful tribute to the best of brothers.

In August, 1861, I commenced at Thorparch Grange with thirty-eight boys. All but two were the remains of the existing connection. Some had been withdrawn not very pleasantly, but the parents of those who returned seemed disposed to give the new broom a fair trial.

Some of the boys were sons of medical and legal practitioners, a few of farmers, but the bulk were engaged in commercial pursuits. On making the acquaintance of their parents I found that one and all laid great stress on French and German. As their sons were destined for mercantile pursuits it was pronounced essential for them to be fairly proficient in these languages, so as to correspond with or travel amongst their connections. An old proverb says that a man must "cut his coat by his cloth," and realising my position, I laid my plans accordingly. I was not a bad French scholar myself, having put myself under French tuition in Liverpool, having taken pains with it on my frequent visits to France, attending French churches, listening to their preachers, attending the law courts and following the advocates in their addresses, and hearing the best actors in their classic dramas. On one visit Madame Rachel was going through a round of her characters, and with book in hand I followed her delivery. By the above processes the ear got accustomed to the "vrai accent". I had also some knowledge of German, having put myself under a German master during my domicile in Liverpool. This enabled me thoroughly to superintend the lessons given. I set every lesson and examined it, tested every exercise, and demanded its reproduction. I also made arrangements in the case of those to whom further proficiency was desirable, for a sojourn on the Continent in some school or with some

tutor who received pupils, of whose competency I was well assured. The arrangement in most cases answered admirably.

As the parish church offered but limited accommodation a plan had been begun by my father of attending only in the morning, when the parish congregation was small, and having a service in the house in the evening.

This plan I continued, writing special sermons and paying some attention to the singing, and making the service bright and attractive. That their leisure time might not hang heavily, attention was paid to their sports; their cricket was encouraged, a trainer was engaged, and matches arranged, which gave a fillip to their everyday life. These things were not unnoticed; the inhabitants about who had looked on coldly and snubbingly, regarding the new schoolmaster as a parvenu, and his institution as a "mere middle-class adventure," began to show a little courtesy, and some of the clergy thought it not a bad thing to become acquainted with one who might give a helping hand on an emergency, particularly as he refused an honorarium. The school rose in repute, its numbers increasing annually. The Lancashire connection developed especially; the good people of Liverpool did not forget their former friend, and there were at one time as many as twenty boys from Liverpool alone.

This increase in numbers demanded an enlargement of the premises. There was no provision for a private family, and my family was receiving constant additions. The water supply also proved a very anxious question. There was a good well, but it was soon exhausted, and during one year of great drought two water carts were every day employed in fetching water from the river. Large tanks were constructed to store up water that had been allowed hitherto to run to waste after heavy storms, and later on, after many years of anxiety, an additional and deep well was sunk at great expense; the water was raised by steam

power to the tower of the house, and thence distributed to the various storeys.

Prosperity is never without a check, in spite of all care and forethought. When the boys returned at the commencement of one term we noticed in them a great listlessness and depression of spirits. At first we attributed it to home sickness and the uninviting weather, but as days passed on and they seemed to have no inclination even for their sports, but hung about the premises in indolent groups, we were baffled for an explanation. My brother, who shared with me my anxieties, and myself conferred on the matter, and after several conversations we felt disposed to send them all home again, with a circular stating our observations and anxieties, and suggesting a detention at home for a fortnight, hoping that on their return our fears would be dispelled.

It would have been a blessed thing for the rising institution if that step had been taken, for we were soon troubled with illness. Sore throats began, inexplicable colds; my own children fell ill, and in like manner my wife. At length the mischief developed itself into scarlet fever. One boy died, two of my own children also in one week. Never shall I forget that awful time. The mother of the boy who died was in the house nursing her son. I had to send for the father, and they bore his remains away to their own home. My second son Cecil, the sweetest disposition that it was ever my lot to encounter, sickened and died, and six more of the boys showed symptoms. I decided on sending the whole school home and closing it for an indefinite period. My wife fell ill, and our kind medical friend declared that she must have had the disease in her childhood. When I conveyed my little son to his last home she was propped up in bed that she might see us in the distance in the churchyard, myself and my dear brother, the mourners, by the grave. Another child soon followed, and the others began to refuse their food.

Our kind friend Mr. Scatchard said we must get the other two out of the house, or you will lose every child you have. The good man bore off two into his own house, took one into his own bedroom, getting up in the night to observe the little patient's progress. I remember on the Sunday morning riding up to see my child, on my way to officiate at my church. The child addressed me: "Good-bye, father, I shall be gone before you return, and then you will only have one little girl left". With a heavy heart I rode away to officiate, with as much spirit as I could summon, to my fellow-men. When I returned I found my child was rallying. She and her sister are now well-grown women, but I consider that, under the good providence of God, I owe their preservation to that kind-hearted, conscientious man. He has long since been called to his rest, but he knew to the last my grateful recollection of him at that time.

The events recorded above took place in the spring of 1870. My eldest child was miles away at school, where the same malady had broken out, and he was a victim there. Thus I paced my house, now empty of its usual occupants and more like a city of the dead, and to all appearance an utterly ruined man.

As the air about The Grange is of the purest and the drainage well arranged, there was no assignable reason for the outbreak which had visited us. The general impression was that the malady had been imported; and this impression was corroborated by the fact of an employee having spent the Christmas vacation in a house where there was a case of this malady in a virulent form, and thence returning to The Grange without a word being said on the subject. After the first prostration of spirit which the affliction, both personal and domestic, had caused, our energies were braced up to meet the future. The best advice was taken as to purifying the whole building; papers were washed off, and

windows left open night and day. After all reasonable efforts had been made, four medical men gave their unanimous opinion that the school might safely be reopened. It could scarcely be expected that we should escape Job's comforters, who maintained that the idea of reopening within a year was preposterous; one or two even suggested a longer period, which would have meant of necessity the dispersion of the whole connection. Now though the estate was my own, having purchased it from my father, one of the terms of purchase was an annuity to the old gentleman. How was this now to be paid? There was a mortgage on the estate which I intended to increase if successful; how was the present interest to be paid? I could not fold my arms in inaction. Moreover, I had great faith in my boys and my parents; it had been proved on more than one occasion. The narrative of one such may be interpolated as a parenthesis. Very soon after my commencement, some little fellows annoyed me much by their persistent idleness and disobedience, one little fellow was especially a delinquent. Not wishing to employ corporal punishment in that case, I refused him permission to go home punctually to the day when the others went, and detained him a day. It was obviously no enjoyment to me to have a youth hanging about; but it seemed desirable to make an impression. The next day the father came over in a towering rage, overwhelming me with abuse in such English as he possessed (he was a very ignorant man) "that I had been guilty of brutality and unfeeling conduct". Wherein that consisted I asked him to point out, for I showed him that I was the sufferer. As I found that he could not or would not understand reason, I bade him take his boy away with him. I learned afterwards that the indignant man went from house to house, endeavouring to persuade other parents to remove their sons. Not one followed his suggestion, but some of them gave him a bit of their

minds in plain Saxon. "If Mr. Hiley had succumbed to *you* (stress being laid on the *you*), I should have thought him unfit for his post." This was the universal reply. That loyalty recurred to my mind at the present crisis. Many of the parents had also written to me most kindly, bidding me bear up manfully. One father of three sons wrote: "I said to my boys on their return home, 'Well, it is a sad trouble; but what is to be done about your education?' To this the boys replied: 'As soon as *he*' (I suspect they would use my nickname) 'sends a circular that we may safely return, we will go back'."

The circular was sent out, and *forty-two* boys returned! After evening prayers I addressed them: "Well, boys, you have acted like bricks in standing by me. We will all be photographed together." This was done, and my copy has ever since been preserved as a pleasing reminiscence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHANGE OF STYLE OF EDUCATION.

I HAVE spoken before of adopting the style of education to the demands of the connection. My connection had gradually been altering in its character, becoming largely sons of professional men—clergymen, solicitors, surgeons —and many of them over seventeen years of age. This suggested an alteration of scheme that I had long desired. As long as French and German were of necessity prominent subjects, the tuition was largely in the hands of the foreign master. Other form masters, myself included, would give French lessons, and some of them very skilfully, yet the compositions were entirely under the foreign master. But there is such an innate antagonism in the English boy against a foreigner that we had eternal collisions.

Moreover, the discipline in continental schools is most rigid, and the boys, even when approaching manhood, are expected to render a slavish obedience abhorrent to English youth. The foreign masters wished to reproduce the servile compliance of their country. Besides this, they have no appreciation of humour, always fancied themselves slighted or made game of, and thus scarcely a day passed without some unpleasant scenes.

Some of these scenes were very troublesome, and others most grotesque. It seems not amiss to make a digression as to the foreign masters themselves. I had resolved never to employ a Frenchman. If admirably qualified, he

may do very well as a visiting master, but even then his patience is sorely tried by perverse, rebellious British youth. But a Frenchman in your house would render life unendurable, and perhaps from no direct fault on his part. I had met with strange specimens. One such was remonstrated with on account of the slow progress of one particular boy. He replied: "Vell, sare, if Got Almighty were to call to me, 'De Boudre,' well, here am I. 'De Boudre, whether would you teach dat boy French, or be Got-dam?' I would say vidout hesitation, Be Got-dam." No, I resolved never to have a Frenchman, even if he would work for nothing. Having a penchant for the Germans, one or two were tried of Prussian nationality. On one occasion this took place: "Sare, I do vish to report Jones to you; he has been vare (very) cheek to me". "He has been what, sir?" I asked, with difficulty repressing my laughter. "He has been vare cheek." "Oh, you mean rude or impertinent?" "Now, I was going to say so; and they did inform me that would be vare vulgaire English." On inquiry the offence did not appear a great matter, but the complainant insisted on either corporal punishment or expulsion, and took it in high dudgeon that both were flatly refused. Another Prussian was remarkably vain of his person, and I observed that he commenced wearing gold spectacles. One Saturday he asked leave of absence to visit a friend in Manchester, and on his return after two or three days there was general giggling, though the reason I knew not till some time after, and even now the following statement may be incorrect in details, but with a substratum of truth.

It was suggested to him that so handsome a man ought to marry a rich Englishwoman, that Manchester would be his most likely market, and that his best plan would be to advertise in a Manchester paper. This was done. Answers arrived, correspondence ensued, he was to appear in person and to be recognised by his gold spectacles.

On the day fixed he sallied to Manchester, and on arrival a smartly-dressed (supposed) young lady accosted him very amiably but modestly, and suggested an adjournment from the crowded platform to her friends. The guileless youth accordingly called a cab, and the pair were driven certainly to friends, but it was the pavilion of a cricket ground, where were two other (supposed) young ladies eager to enter the competition. It need scarcely be explained that all three were young men in disguise, and the pavilion was crowded with the youth of Manchester enjoying the fun. The remainder of his adventures I know not, but the poor fellow eventually appealed to the police for protection, and under their tutelage he was "returned empty" to Yorkshire.

Having travelled much in Switzerland and respecting the whole tone, moral and religious, of the Swiss, I determined to import Swiss, well-recommended, direct. They would be utterly ignorant of English, but they acquired it rapidly, were industrious and painstaking, and after a time returned home, always to better themselves. More will be said of one or two of them presently, for they won permanent respect. Not that even with them as colleagues we escaped rows and collisions. Far from it. But they were men of character, I could respect their word, they were willing to fall in with any arrangements for the welfare of the whole body.

By altering the course of instruction, German and French were no longer brought so prominently to the front. More time was given to Greek, and the bulk of the upper boys no longer came under the foreign master's tuition. This provided a loophole of escape from these interminable fracas, and the arrangement especially suited a professional connection.

Thus after twenty years' occupation at The Grange, and many struggles, I found myself, to my intense delight, teaching more and more Greek. This also gratified a long

cherished hope of educating boys till they could enter the universities. Occasionally we had sent forth a stray member as a pioneer to the desired land, but the instances had been few and far between. Now there could be a class, and I had no higher delight than having this form with a Greek Testament lesson. Great pains were taken with them, and some reward was reaped by the encomiums passed upon them by college tutors on their entering the university, or by bishops' chaplains when the youths applied for ordination. We had at one time five in Oxford and five in Cambridge simultaneously; about a dozen excellent clergymen, dotted about the world, have been in some way connected with Thorparch Grange, and of medical and legal "Grange men" the number is "legion".

Mention has been already made of extensions; it may be safely said that these were constant, suggested by demands for space, and enlargement of the curriculum of study. A desire was often expressed for a chemistry class, but the great difficulty experienced was to find a competent professor. When he was found, he desired a separate class-room and convenience for experiments. We made great progress in music; our concerts attracted large audiences. The dining-hall became overcrowded, a circumstance which suggested a larger hall and at the same time accessible from the cuisine. The senior boys asked for more privacy, and as at least thirty were over seventeen, the request was reasonable. The result was the erection of a large dining-hall, with a raised platform for organ and choir, a series of music rooms with pianos, so contrived that whilst each practitioner was isolated, the instructor could easily pass from one to the other. The upper storey over these was subdivided into cubicles, thirty or more, for the young men, with a master's room in the midst. The chemistry master had a room constructed for his requirements, another room became

a workshop in wet weather, and a covered cold plunge bath, besides baths in the lavatories perfected the arrangements. The cricket field was spacious, allowing three sets to play at once, and a good walk all round with numerous benches. On the occasion of matches these would be crowded.

To carry out these various additional branches required a considerable modification of our staff, and this proved no easy matter. A day school in or near a large town can easily supplement the regular staff by professors of the various branches, each skilful in his department, and attending at stated hours. When in Liverpool our drawing master was President of the Liverpool Academy of Painting, and was eminent in his profession, and had thus abundant occupation elsewhere besides his engagements at the college. The professor of chemistry was a medical man in good repute and practice. To a school situated in the heart of the country, as we were, such facilities were not available, except at very great expense. One music master who so visited us, most able in his profession, bled me most profusely, while the parents complained that he heaped on his pupils pieces of music by the dozen, charged at high price (out of which he received 30 per cent. profit), and the pupil could not play one of them. If the remedy usually applied in private schools were adopted, of the master undertaking two or three branches, one branch was found in practice to be badly done. If he was a good linguist, he was a poor musician, and *vice versâ*. Eventually a solution of the most pressing difficulty was presented in a manner that was unexpected. The vicar of a neighbouring church was desirous of a good musical service and a good organist. The procuring this latter had proved a difficulty to him also. We agreed on an amalgamation; same organist was to serve us both; he lived with and served me as music master, choir master and organist, and by arranging the hours for

mutual convenience, he performed the same functions at Boston Spa. These joint offices were performed for many years by our worthy friend, Mr. Sutcliffe, a conscientious, painstaking, reliable man, deservedly respected by us all.

Drawing was taught during the whole of my time by a visiting master, Mr. Moore. This gentleman came from York, and as we could arrange for his lessons without much inconvenience he served us for years. He was a beautiful landscape painter in water colours, and many of his pictures fetched high prices in the London exhibitions. As he was an incessant talker, had very near sight, could not see what was going on, and no disciplinarian, I found it necessary to devote my whole time to him when present. He would have one boy with him three quarters of an hour, forgetful of the numbers waiting for his attention, and thus a whole morning would be practically lost to the bulk. To remedy this, I stood at his elbow, stopped the floods of his eloquence, sent each boy away after the inspection of his work, and called up a successor so that all might have fair play. In the summer time he was always anxious to take them out sketching, pointing out the advantages of "studying from nature". I suspect also that being a townsman, he enjoyed the change of sitting in a field and enjoying the summer sun. A hint was given to me that supervision of the sketchers would also be advisable. This turned out to be correct, for on going casually to the spot one morning, I found him sitting on a stone, drawing and dictating on the process as he supposed to a large class. *There was not a boy near.* They had slipped off one by one to the adjacent village and he had not missed them. There was nothing for it but to cut down the sketching lesson and to be always present, though often at great inconvenience, as it may well be imagined.

Singing also was taught for some years by a gentleman from York, one of the minster choir. He was a beautiful

tenor singer himself, enthusiastic in his profession, and took great pains with his class. Unfortunately his vanity was excessive; this the boys soon perceived and played upon it, so that I was perforce present to keep order for him. As it is a pleasant drive to York, the singing master (Mr. Herring) would occasionally bring one or two of his brother choirmen with him; there was supper for them, they would have a smoke in the masters' room and then drive back. This return drive caused one or two droll adventures, as follows: On one occasion they had come in a dog-cart, two sitting in front and one behind. When nearing York, the driver addressing an observation to his friend behind and getting no response, looked and found no friend. In consternation they turned back driving slowly, fearful of some accident having happened. After a mile or two they encountered their missing friend. It turned out that on rounding a corner of the road rather sharply, the back sitter had been shot into the ditch, and was so long in extricating himself that they had driven out of hearing. He had resigned himself to a dreary trudge home when the trap reappeared.

On another occasion they came in a cab and had stayed chatting and smoking longer than usual. The toll-keeper (at Dringhouses at that time) had gone to bed, and refused to let them through without a second payment, as being after midnight. It was pouring rain and the man was standing at the gate in his night-shirt, storming at them for tardiness. They each professed to be fumbling for money, till the man resembled a drowning rat, his night-shirt sticking to his skin like a wet towel. They felt no compunction at the revenge as they had paid only a few hours before, and had civilly told him so. On getting through finally, they told the furious guardian that they would give him another benefit some night. Mr. Herring shortly afterwards left York for a more lucrative post, and we made another arrangement for choral training.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SCHOLASTIC ADVENTURES.

An institution for boys must of necessity be full of life, sometimes harmless, but at other times creating much unpleasantness at the time. One moonlight night the brightness induced a turn in the garden. Observing something white on the school roof I hastened thither, and found the inhabitants of one dormitory hastily retreating to their beds, but who on inquiry admitted to having been enjoying the moonlight seated on the school roof in their night-shirts. It appeared that there was a window, whence an active bound would land a light jumper on the roof. To do this had been a frequent practice, though never detected before. It need scarcely be added that the possibility of a repetition was prevented.

I have been for many years an early riser in the summer months. One Sunday morning I had risen very early for my sermon and fancied I heard a great row. Following the sound, the cause was soon discovered, a pillow-fight was going on. A sentinel on the look-out gave the alarm, and by the time I had arrived on the scene, all were apparently wrapt in the soundest repose. Looking round the beds I spied by one of them a paper cocked hat, indicating the habitation of the captain. Turning his bedclothes down, there he lay partially dressed with a belt and a pillow attached. Pulling him out of bed, I ordered him to call up his men and to follow me. Entering the schoolroom, I sat at my desk writing, and the

culprits were to stand in a row in front in their night-shirts and in silence. After about half an hour one of them stepped forwards and asked permission to speak; he begged that he might bear the blame, as he was the prime mover. Another said: "No, sir, he was not. I got it up as much as he, and he shall not bear my punishment." There seemed generosity in both speeches, and I spoke to them about the unreasonableness of disturbing the household, including myself hard at work during the day, by such a disturbance on the Sunday morning. The rejoinder was that they had supposed every precaution had been taken against the noise reaching my apartments, and they regretted it had happened. On their promising self-restraint for the future, they were allowed to return to their beds.

When the school were assembled, the circumstance was alluded to, and a distinct announcement was made that if a repetition occurred, the matter would not be so lightly dealt with; in fact, that if a boy left his own bed, corporal punishment must follow. Strange to say, the injunction was broken not long after and on a Sunday morning. Amongst those detected as out of their own rooms, was one of the nicest and best-conducted boys that I have ever had. I had no alternative but to inflict the announced punishment, but it cut me sorely to touch that boy, and I have often pondered over the dilemma, whether I could not have got out of it without the charge of favouritism. I heard of it afterwards from his father, who was mortified that he could not say that his boys had gone through their whole school course without corporal punishment; he told me that his son had told him all about it, and added that he had richly deserved it, for he was without excuse. That youth was a boy of great promise, and if he had gone to the university and followed a profession, he would have become distinguished. But he was easy-going, and becoming well-off in money

matters and without family, he preferred a life of literary ease. He took up oil painting for amusement, and his house is adorned with the products of his own brush. As a boy he had shown great skill as a caricaturist. The writer has somewhere a caricature of himself, very well done, and styled "Dick in a wax". He would occasionally write in magazines, take part in political meetings, be a member of the Yorkshire Cricket Club Council, sit on the bench as a magistrate, or take long tours. I have, however, always regretted that he has not come forward still more prominently, but he has shrunk from the exertion involved.

There are two other occasions on which corporal punishment was inflicted from a sense of duty, but the reminiscence has always given me pain. I had three boys from India; their mother being a native, they were of dark complexion, and I provided their clothing and holiday entertainment. They were not clever intellectually, but they were well-grown, gentlemanly boys, and, being good cricketers, were very popular. I had had rumours of boys being out of bounds to an undue extent, and one afternoon I caught three boys who had been evidently robbing an orchard. One of the Indian boys was one of the three, and of course he had the same punishment as the others. But it cut me to the quick to touch him, and though he never showed any resentment afterwards, I have ever regretted it. Subsequent experience suggested how I might have avoided inflicting the punishment in his case and yet preserved discipline. He is now in India if alive, and if I knew where he lives I have a strong inclination to write to him expressing the pain the remembrance causes me. He was with me some time after, and behaved exceedingly well.

The third occasion was this. A boy, an only son, and consequently unusually home-sick, wrote home that he was much bullied in his bedroom, and that his life was

miserable in consequence. His father enclosed the letter to me and left me (as most of my parents did under such circumstances) to deal with the matter, taking notice or no notice, according to my discretion. Taking the boy aside privately, I questioned him on the matter. He replied: "Please, sir, it's all a lie". "What! do you mean to say you have alarmed your father and mother, and for no cause whatever?" "Yes, sir; I thought they would take me away." I expressed great indignation and gave him a few strokes of the cane. Full seven years afterwards I learnt that the boy was justified in his complaint, that he *was* bullied, and by the very youth whom I had appointed as his protector. The offender had heard somehow of the boy's having complained, and that the matter was to be investigated. He accordingly waylaid the youth, and told him that if he dared to "peach" he would thrash him within an inch of his life. The boy, thinking he would get more mercy from me, spoke when questioned as I have said above. I have seen him since in his manhood, and on referring to the transaction he had forgotten it altogether. "But I have not," was my rejoinder, "and I never shall." He is now a rising physician. I officiated by his request at his marriage, and he always shows an affection almost filial, but I consider the above narrative as one of my scholastic mistakes.

A case very similar occurred later on. A boy had complained in like manner of being bullied in his bedroom, and the father wrote to me to the same effect. By this time I had meditated much on the former transaction, and resolved on another course of proceeding. Looking over the names of the occupants of that dormitory, and pondering each character well, I spotted two names as likely to be offenders. I then went round to each of my colleagues and, without going into particulars, showed the list and asked which boys in that list would be likely to torment a weaker boy. All alike spotted my two. Here

was cumulative evidence sufficient to act upon. Towards evening I requested the matron to move the belongings of those two to other and separate bedrooms. We had a custom for each boy, before going to bed, to shake hands with myself and Mrs. Hiley if present. That night, as one of the two approached, I said to him: "Jones, you will find your things moved from No. 3 to No. 1". He turned as white as a sheet. The shot was true. When the next approached the same direction was given, but to another room, and with a similar result. Not a word more was said, but on the following day the two came to my desk spontaneously with this speech: "Please, sir, do you suspect us of making Smith miserable in his bedroom? We never meant to hurt him." My reply was: "I not only suspect, but am certain of your conduct. I shall not decide hastily as to your treatment, but shall watch your conduct most narrowly." I instructed my staff to watch them very closely. They were never seen even to accost little Smith, and the child's own countenance indicated a betterment in his condition.

It has been truly said that boys, unless under the strictest supervision, are most brutal to each other, and though capable of and showing many generous acts, there will occur occasionally acts of jealousy and spitefulness that are almost fiendish. I remember two acts of this description.

There was a boy amongst us, tolerably tall and well grown, but of very delicate health. He had not physical strength for football and cricket, and was allowed to keep a singing bird. The care of this bird was his delight. He would clean his cage, supply him with water and seed, and on a fine afternoon the cage would be suspended from a branch of a tree in the cricket field, and the singing of his bird was real music to the owner. He would sit listening in rapture for hours together. One morning on descending to his pet, it was dead, and evidently by

wilful hands. Of the fact there was no doubt, but I have forgotten whether poison was found in it, or some wound. No cat could possibly have reached it. The owner and his friends, and they were numerous, were convinced that the bird had been maliciously killed. The boy was broken-hearted, and naturally enough, for if the bird was wilfully killed and we all reluctantly admitted the fact, it was an act of devilry on the part of the perpetrator.

A similar act was the following. One boy was a most beautiful draughtsman; the drawing master, no mean artist himself, said he could not surpass that boy's handiwork. The youth in consequence was a great winner of prizes. There was one drawing that attracted general admiration, and was suspended for the purpose. One morning it was discovered spoilt, as if a coat sleeve had been passed over it. The draughtsman is now an architect in London. The destroyer was never detected.

In contrast with the above, I should like to record an instance of a generous, forgiving disposition shown towards myself. There were four brothers with us: the eldest was a fine handsome lad, but hot-tempered. One day he seemed to be thoroughly possessed, for he insulted one master after another. Finding remonstrance of no avail, it seemed necessary to show him that there could be only one ruler in the place, and I gave him a good flogging. The next day I saw a wheal on his face, and I asked if he had been fighting. "No, sir." "How comes this mark then?" "Please, sir, you did it; I must have wriggled about." "Oh, my boy, I never intended such a stroke as that." "No, sir, I am sure you never would." "Thank you, my boy, that's generous and forgiving in you." My eyes moistened, and I vowed internally that I would never touch that boy again. It was Francis Thorburn.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THIEVING IN SCHOOLS.

I ONCE received a remarkable confession. There arrived in the letter-bag one morning a letter in a feigned hand, something to this effect: "Dear Sir,—When I was at The Grange, I once stole a book from one of your drawers. Your back was turned, and I saw that you never missed it. But it has been on my conscience ever since. I have travelled all the world over—America, Australia, Africa —but have never been at peace when that theft recurred to my mind. I could not return the book—that might have led to my detection, a disgrace which would almost kill me. I burnt it. I am now in London and observing a letter-box in this exhibition, I am posting this with the above confession and restitution in a spot where I cannot be traced. The book would be worth about five shillings, I enclose thirty shillings and ask your forgiveness." Something of the above description occurred two or three times in my experience.

The above narrative suggests the mention of a sad phase of school life, which always distresses the management—cases of stealing. Perhaps few schools of any magnitude escape occasional outbreaks of this vice. One public school a few years ago had so many cases that stringent measures were taken for detecting the offenders if possible. Some were so detected, and a law suit by a father in consequence of the expulsion of his son will be fresh in general recollection. Two or three times when the

mischief cropped up with us, the boys themselves were so exasperated that they determined on tracing it out. On one occasion one or two secreted themselves behind the "grub boxes" which were generally the objects of attack. When the coast seemed clear, just as they expected, two plunderers commenced operations, and the watchers sprung upon them whilst at work with a workman's chisel forcing open a box. Then followed the unpleasant office of communicating with their parents, their distress at the intelligence, and the subsequent removal of the culprits.

On another occasion the purses were practically relieved of their contents during the night. The crime was so repeatedly performed in one dormitory, that three of the inmates determined to keep awake one night and observe what might ensue. During the night a youth came in with a bull's-eye lantern, of which he shaded the light with his hand till actually needed for his purpose. The night was not pitch-dark, there was light enough to observe his proceedings, but not his features. He crawled under the beds, feeling for the trousers' pockets of one or two, but discovered no spoil. From one or two he was more successful, and was preparing his departure when his lantern slipped, making a noise. Fearing this should have disturbed any he looked round with his light on the sleepers, and one of the watchers saw enough to recognise him. He had been much chaffed that term for his unusually short night-dress; its scantiness had amused us all. The watcher had recognised the short night-dress.

An intimation was given to me the next day that three boys had knowledge of the theft, but each of them shrank from being individually the informer. This is always the great difficulty with boys, their fear of being taunted as sneaking informers, and the probable tormenting as a consequence. Having learnt who the three were, I waited till all were out in the field and dispersed in groups. Then

approaching one of the three who was alone, I whispered in his ear to go quietly to my study without saying anything to any one. This process was repeated to all three, and when they found themselves thus mustered they felt nervous. Entering the room shortly after I spoke to them kindly about the distress we all were in about this incessant thieving, and that as I had ground for believing they knew the culprit, but were afraid perhaps of being individually the informer, they might all speak together when I rapped the table. They did so, all uttering the same name. They then recounted the details recorded above. I dismissed them separately, enjoining silence.

That evening (it was Sunday) at our service I preached on Ananias and Sapphira, and how detection is mercifully ordered in most cases to follow crime. When all were going to bed, as they passed before me, I touched the culprit and bade him retire to my study. He changed colour immediately. On my entrance I lit two candles, placing one on each side of him, and looked him earnestly in the face. I saw his lip quiver, and that I should be master of the situation. "Do you know this lantern," I asked, having previously got possession of it. "It is the one you used when robbing the pockets in No. 1, is it not?" He fairly broke down, and confessed his offence. My heart bled for the boy, for I had known his father many years, and I knew the grief the transaction would cause. No public exposure was made, but his father was duly informed, and on the boy's arrival home he was sent to Australia, where he died in an hospital. He was working under an assumed name as an under-gardener, but his employer was certain that he was a "youth with a past," from his facility in letter-writing. His personality was discovered when his remains were laid out: in his hand was his mother's last letter. The prodigal when on his dying bed had thought of his home, and his earlier years. Let us hope that like the prodigal in

Scripture, he had arisen and gone to his Father. The address in the letter enabled the authorities to apprise the "old folks at home". I have grieved many a time over the fall of that boy, for he possessed abilities far above the average, had a beautiful voice, and was very popular amongst his fellows. Hence we had hoped great things of him.

I have spoken of the unwillingness of boys to "peach". There are exceptions. I remember once a note without any name being put on my study table, informing me that a boy (specified) regularly lifted up my school desk and extracted money, threatening of course vengeance on any informer. Frequently I was asked for pocket money, and for convenience I had a bag with silver in my desk. As the boy in question was to leave soon, and I knew had been a cause of much trouble, I simply refrained from keeping money there, always locked up my desk, however short might be my absence, and the thief found himself baffled. I heard of him subsequently as a rambler in South America, but have heard nothing more for twenty years.

On another occasion some wilful and malicious damage had been done. The animus shown was so bad that I cancelled the next holiday unless the offender was declared, for I felt certain it was known. After twenty-four hours, before the assembled school, the offender was asked to come forward and declare himself. No one stirred. Then a youth came forward, and said he could not sit still and see his fellows suffer for the sneaking cowardice of one, and "so, sir, I will denounce him; that is he," pointing to a boy with his finger. The whole school burst into a cheer, admiring the denouncer's courage. The offender blubbered like a great calf; he was always disliked, and at the end of term left us.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FURTHER INCIDENTS.—DOMESTIC PETS.

It has been previously said that our life was not without incidents, and to a man with a sense of humour not without its drollery. The place being a little world of its own, isolated by its situation and pursuits, we were after all one great family, and were regarded as such, in many cases the boys regarding us with affection. Amusements must be provided for their leisure time, and these must be varied in character. The more robust found occupation in cricket during summer, and in winter with football. The cricket field being spacious would allow three sets of cricket players to pursue their sport without interfering with each other, or two sets of football. But even these needed some stimulant, and when in the height of our prosperity, there were few Saturdays without a match either at home or elsewhere. These matches, especially those away, often caused me much anxiety. Boys without any high tone would pervert the outing, not seeking the distinction of their team, but simply their own licence. My staff disliked accompanying them on the expeditions so much, that the charge fell mainly on myself or my brother. But this was a severe demand on our time. Some of our expeditions were very pleasant. Our Bradford friends were always very hospitable. Occasionally we had matches in York with St. Peter's School, and an annual encounter with a club at Birstwith, near Ripley, was always looked forward to with great pleasure. But it was found advisable

to have the matches mainly at home; our visitors were treated with hospitality, and always enjoyed the rural outing.

There were boys not athletically inclined. Such had gardens, or were allowed to keep animals. Sometimes these were white or piebald mice, kept in all kinds of cages. One year they were so numerous that the noise made by the revolution of the cages drowned all other sounds. This was especially the case in school prayers, when not a word could be heard in consequence. Then the little creatures would escape and multiply elsewhere, swarming over the house to such an extent that the diversion was stopped, and a premium offered for the tails—sixpence a dozen. One boy was uncommonly skilful in arresting a plague of rats, and by his traps and other means certainly checked their progress. In springtime the rearing of silk-worms was a very favourite amusement, and one boy once received, without my knowing it, a very unkind act at my hands. He was a very quiet, taciturn youth, and had imported a very rare kind of silk-worm eggs. These he had deposited in the sun when I called him to inspect an exercise. During his absence a gust of wind was blowing away the object of his precious care. I saw his eyes filling with tears, and if he had but explained the cause he should have been released at once to rescue his treasures. But he was a very silent, reserved youth, and it was only a long time after that I learnt the trouble. The reminiscence has always given me pain. The youth either forgot it himself when engaged in the battle of life, or bore no grudge, for he afterwards begged me to journey into the south of England to marry him to the lady of his choice. He is now a much-respected medical practitioner, a profession to which we have contributed not a few members.

My Indian boys had a pet monkey, which afforded considerable amusement, for Jacko would run along the roofs

of the house, ascending even the tower. He generally descended, though sometimes in apparently great peril. The winter climate proved too severe for him; he fell ill, and it was considered expedient to put Jacko out of misery. Besides the above I had pets of my own, especially dogs. In some I have observed an amount of intelligence and character that has often made me very thoughtful. Does all this intelligence end in death? I cannot bring myself to think it; yet as we have no information afforded by Scripture the question is better left, without attempting to define what Scripture has not defined. There was Crib, a most extraordinary character, a little Scotch terrier, made up of cunning, activity and fun. We had at the same time a big fellow for a watch-dog, called Rapp, and it was the delight of Crib's life to play pranks upon his sleepy-headed companion. He would watch till Rapp's dinner was brought to him, and whilst the slow coach was coming out of his kennel Crib would push the dinner beyond the length of the chain, then sit watching with delight the futile efforts of the poor fellow to reach the dinner. When the tormentor had enjoyed his fun to his heart's content he would push the dinner within reach, and then make off for some other prank. When out together for a walk the tormentor would hide himself in a drain running under the road, then bark and cause his comrade to run first to one end then to the other in his perplexity. It was once thought advisable for his health to give him a thorough soap-washing. As he was not in the humour for the process, when he was a mass of lather, he made his escape to a bedroom and buried himself in a bed, saturating sheets and blankets. He was partial to music, and to some tunes, such as the "Blue Bells of Scotland," his favourite, he would bark an accompaniment. To some callers he had a mortal aversion, though he saw them daily. Once an irate father came, and Crib as if conscious of the visitor's

angry condition, laid hold of one leg of his trousers and produced a very vulgar fraction. He was very fond of the boys as a body and their spirited life. When vacation came round, and the house was emptied, after a few hours' depression Crib could stand it no longer but made off. Where he went no one knew, but he became a noted character in the neighbourhood. Once a policeman brought him home, and whilst the officer was recounting his poaching crimes, stealing workmen's dinners, appearing in pantries, the grand hypocrite held down his head with such assumed contrition that even the official mind was diverted. Once he was found sitting on the doorstep of a farmhouse with a wife and youthful family. The farmer said if driven off the knave returned. Sometimes he would be away the whole vacation, but however long the absence he seemed to know the day of reopening. He would then appear at the station, perhaps as lean as a scarecrow, and once with his head severely wounded, and watch the arrival of the trains. When he saw one arrive laden with boys, he "was himself again". He bounded on the boxes as they were disgorged from the train, and barked for joy. Crib could not endure solitude; if he found himself alone he would bark at a room door for admission; if that door was not opened he would repeat the process till he met with a welcome reception. The infirmities of age at length tamed the lively character, and a small slab in the garden indicates the last home of poor Crib.

Another dog, called Tycho, was nick-named by the household "the pious dog," for he was most regular and devout at our family worship. When the bell sounded for the purpose he was in attendance, and when the matron appeared, followed by the line of domestics, he put himself at the head of the procession, walked gravely to the end of the seats, and when he saw the women seated, then he sat on his haunches "solemn and wise". When we stood up

to sing Tycho stood up; when all was over he marched out first. Nor was he unmindful of Sunday. When the sexton of Thorparch Church went to open the church door, there was the dog. He would then enter one of the pews, and generally behaved very decorously. On one occasion he forgot himself. Instead of lying still the whole service, as usual, he took it into his head to jump on the seat of the pew, put his paws on the back, take a quiet survey of the congregation, and then finally fixed his eyes on the preacher. It was my dear old friend, Mr. Newman, who said he could not stand that. He reddened, and at last smiled, the congregation tittered, and the dog was dethroned. On receiving a letter of remonstrance from my dear friend I promised amendment. But it was useless. The men were instructed to lock Tycho up on Sunday morning, but he was never to be found. Like the Irishman, "he breakfasted overnight," for no food was provided for him on Sunday morning, yet he attended church just as before, but never disgraced himself or me again. He could talk in his own way. If he pulled my coat I followed immediately: he would either stop at his drinking trough to show it was empty, or lead me to some door where I was wanted. He met with a sad accident: a servant banging the door hastily crushed poor Tycho and broke one foot and a rib. He cried piteously, tears running down from his eyes, and in spite of tender care the accident closed his career.

An Eccentric Father.

A private school having a great many exceptional cases, presents singular specimens of parents, of masters, of boys. One of the most extraordinary fathers I ever had to do with was an Irish gentleman. He was connected with a Yorkshire family, but being possessed of a moderate estate in Ireland, though like most Irish property heavily encumbered, he had lived the later part of his life on this

property, and devoted all his energies to clearing off the encumbrances. He had followed the profession of a solicitor in England, but when he went to his Irish estate, finding that he was practically the squire of the parish, he lived as a "gentleman," though in the most penurious manner, for retrenchment. He married late in life the daughter of an Irish bishop, became the father of a son and three or four daughters, and he determined that this son should be educated at Eton, and then go to the university, and eventually follow the Bar. How he had heard of me I never learnt, but he wrote from Ireland and opened a correspondence respecting this son. Eventually he came with his boy, the idol of his heart. He was evidently a gentleman born, and had mixed with such, but his main idea was to get everything done for him for nothing, and every arrangement was to bend to his conceptions. He would present himself for a fortnight's hospitality, and during that fortnight I was to be constantly at his service. He would come into the schoolroom, and find me engaged with a form. "Och! send them to their sates and come out now, and bedad let's have a talk." As for payment, I had the greatest difficulty in extracting £5 from him, and yet his whole conversation was about his estate, and what a fine gentleman his son "Dicky" would become. I was to *lend* him books, I was to keep him all the holidays, without payment, that he might be able to spend £300 a year on the boy afterwards at Eton. The boy had scarlet fever, and was nursed with tender care and at great expense. He went home when convalescent, and I refused to allow his return till something was paid. For a whole year I held firm. The father would write imploring letters for his return to be allowed on credit, and stating how the boy was losing time, riding horses, but not qualifying for Eton. I had to tell him that my house was not a philanthropic institution, it was my subsistence, and I must hand him over to my solicitor.

Eventually the boy returned, and of course the father turned up for a fortnight.

Another peculiarity was, the old man (for he was nearing eighty) was jealous of the boy's intense affection for his mother, and in the next vacation he actually kept the boy in lodgings with himself in Dublin, and would not allow him to visit his mother. When the holidays were nearing the close, the father wrote that the boy was obstinate and perverse, would not take his food, would not see a medical man, so he should be sent off by the steamer to school, where he would be forced to obey. One Saturday night a message was sent to me by the stationmaster, that this boy had arrived and that he looked very ill. When fetched and seated by the fire he said he was worn out, had been dreadfully ill on his voyage, and yet had no food for two days. We gave him a little weak tea, sent for the surgeon, put the boy in a hot bath, and then to a comfortable bed. *From that bed he never rose*, but passed away in about forty hours. The parents had to be summoned from Ireland: the mother on arrival acted like a lady; the old man, though one felt for him, disgusted us all. Of course a coffin had been made and the remains placed in it. He objected to the expense, as one of his tenants "would have knocked up a box for a few shillings". I replied, "that there lay a human being, not a dead rabbit". In the schoolroom I found the old gentleman had singled out a boy, whom he taxed with having struck his son on the head once under provocation. I had to take the old man by the arm and force him to leave the supposed offender alone, stating that I must defend that boy, as *his* father would. We conceived a great regard for the mother, and sympathised with her much; but the selfishness of the father estranged us from him.

As they departed, bearing the mortal remains with them, all the boys formed on each side of the avenue and

uncovered from respect to the deceased. Some hours after the stationmaster came with a telegram asking the age of the deceased. I replied, "fifteen; it is on his coffin". It appeared that the old man had been trying to pass him as under twelve!

His conscience seemed to prick the old man afterwards, for he wrote stating that during his long continuance at home he had sent his son to an Irish school, where a boy had struck him a severe blow on the head, which a surgeon stated as perhaps the remote cause of death. I made no reply, for I had lost all respect for the man, and had suffered much in money matters. Poor man! all his schemes and contrivances had profited him little. The son in whom his whole life had been bound up was taken away, as I think in mercy, for the boy used to vow vengeance for being separated from his mother, and I could often observe the boy's contempt for his father.

After some years I wrote to the rector of the parish, making some inquiries. I learnt that during the Plan of Campaign this gentleman was boycotted, all his servants had orders from Parnell & Co. to leave, he could get no rents paid, nor a blade of grass mown. Thus he was ruined; the old man and his wife died broken-hearted, and the children were dispersed to the four winds. I have often wondered who occupies the house, the furniture, the estate.

The above narrative is strictly true, though it represents an extremely exceptional case, for the bulk of my parents ever behaved with the greatest respect, and taught their sons to do the same. They welcomed me to their houses, and often became life-long friends.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SOME OF MY COLLEAGUES.

NEXT to my parents something may be said of some of those who shared my labours. First and foremost would I mention my beloved brother, Rev. Alfred Hiley, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. Of him I have already stated some particulars. He had lodgings near, but spent the whole day on the premises, and took the whole responsibility of the mathematics, besides sharing all my anxieties and troubles, personal and educational. I may safely apply to him the language of David to Jonathan: "Very precious hast thou been to me, thy love to me was wonderful". In the course of time he became vicar of the adjoining parish of Walton, a cure which he still holds.

Mention shall only be made of two or three who were differenced off from all my other colleagues by some peculiarities, either in their antecedents or personal history. One of the most extraordinary men I ever had to do with was a Mr. Smith. He was the son of a well-known banker, and seemed to have followed a variety of occupations, though never adhering continuously to any one for any long period. He undertook to teach French, German and music; but he had been a civil engineer, an organ builder, and a mechanician. He was very popular, being of boundless good nature, but very erratic. Music was undoubtedly his forte, a taste he had inherited from his mother, the banker's wife, who I happened to know had been a concert singer. One day I observed the whole organ

in pieces: he conceived an improvement desirable, and he was *en ouvrier*, effecting the improvement. After about six months he astonished me by giving notice. On asking an explanation his sole reason was that he never remained long in one place, that after a few months he desired a change of scene. Of course the notice must be accepted, and after leaving us I felt curious as to his future movements. In about three months I received from him a letter that he was acting as engineer to a French mining company in the Alps. The next I heard of him was from an old pupil who was passing through Paris, and casually visited the opera. During the *entr'acte*, glancing round the house, he spied our old friend as a violinist in the orchestra. Later on I received an intimation that Smith had joined an organ-building firm in London, and he proposed to enlarge and materially improve my organ at moderate expense. The offer was declined, but the proposal was characteristic. I learnt also that during his residence with us he had made the acquaintance of the blacksmiths about, would spend a holiday afternoon at one of their forges, and could shoe a horse most deftly. After an interval I heard from him in the South of Ireland, having reverted to scholastic pursuits. If alive I should not be surprised to hear of him as connected (as usual only for six months) with some cycle company, and so I must leave him.

There presented himself one day as an applicant for a mastership a youth who had much in his favour, but he was so slight in person and so youthful in appearance, as to cause misgivings as to his ability to maintain discipline amongst boys, many of whom would be head and shoulders taller than himself. But he begged hard to be tried, and eventually he was engaged, and I never regretted it. He was the son of a Nonconformist minister, who came over during his son's tenure of office, and struck me as one of those men who would have made their mark in the Church

of England, if they had been so circumstanced. The youth was faithful, conscientious, discovered considerable ability and ambition for higher things. I put him up to aiming at a degree in the London University, which can be obtained without residence. He was so successful that he afterwards competed for a Civil Service appointment, was again successful, and went out to India. Years rolled on, and all the above had been forgotten, when a gentleman with his wife turned up one day; it was my little colleague of twenty years ago, Mr. Fisher. He had served his time, earned his retiring pension, had married well, and now holds a good post as editor of a successful paper. He is also a barrister, and has hopes of promotion in that profession, and is kind enough to say that but for me he would still have been a writing-master in a small school with the stipend of £30 a year.

It has been said in an earlier chapter that I adopted the plan of importing for a foreign master some Swiss direct from his native country, duly certified by his educators. He would not know a word of English, but if his chief is a fair linguist the native soon adapts himself to his position.

When a native was expected written instructions were sent out to him as to route, hotels, stations, which he showed to every official, and so he was passed along. One such had a droll adventure which might have proved a *mis*adventure. He had progressed satisfactorily from Lausanne as far as *Don*caster. Catching the termination of the name, he alighted, supposing he had reached *Tad*caster, his real destination. The train moved on, he found the platform emptied, and no one to meet him. Going to a waiting-room he took a piece of paper from his satchel, wrote a note in pencil in French to me, and directed an envelope which he showed to the station-master. That official knew the address and posted the letter, but felt perplexed as to his passenger. What

was to be done for the night? A commercial traveller observing the foreign appearance and dress of the youth recognised a fellow-countryman, took him to a Swiss hotel, and forwarded him next day. The neophyte was called Staub, and was decidedly foreign. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, such as is worn by Swiss peasantry, most capacious trousers, and shoes fastened with clasps. But he had a head on, was soon moulded into shape, and became an excellent, painstaking master, and very popular. He would escort and take charge of the boys when swimming, and though strict and conscientious they found him kind, and on his withdrawing to a good post in his own country, they testified their attachment in a substantial form. He writes every year from his new home, Interlaken (where I have visited him), still showing attachment to his old friends. The same remark applies to Eugene Kessmann, R. Mettler, and one or two others of their compatriots.

There was another of my colleagues who won from us universal respect in the end. His name was Botterill: he was from St. John's, Cambridge, one of the most conscientious of men, but painfully sensitive. He was earnestly religious, would rise early for his devotions, and was a zealous student of his Bible. His great sensitiveness was always getting him into trouble, and two or three times he tendered his resignation because he was misunderstood. It was pointed out to him that such is the lot of us all, that the best of men are exposed to such, was not our Great Master Himself? With great difficulty he was persuaded to live it out. He did live it out. The boys found him always obliging, a capital cricketer, patient with them in their work, sympathetic when out of health, and when the time came for him actually to leave us, and enter on clerical life, the boys had learnt his worth, and almost worshipped him. They described him to their parents as "having no sin in him," "made up of goodness".

And yet he never could retain a curacy: if a word of censure was expressed, if his people complained "that he didn't open his mouth, and couldn't be heard" (his invariable fault), he would go. This occurred several times. He wished to go out to a Colonial Bishop and help him in a college he had founded. The bishop wrote to me and conjured me to tell the whole truth, as he would have to pay the outfit, passage, and be at much expense. Feeling the responsibility I consulted a brother clergyman, who respected Botterill as much as myself. We felt it to be our bounden duty, whilst speaking in the highest terms of Botterill, to mention this extreme sensitiveness, as if he threw up this post as he had done hitherto, we should be blamed. We conjointly wrote a letter to that effect. Botterill did not get that appointment, but he gave us credit for having acted solely from a sense of duty.

Where Mr. Botterill is now I know not. The last time I heard from him he described himself as living in a brotherhood, leading an ascetic life, and assisting parochially any of the surrounding clergy, and visiting the sick and dying.

As I feel convinced that he will never mingle with his fellow-men with any comfort to himself, except like himself they are ascetic devotees, and have withdrawn from the world, I should be glad to hear of his being domiciled in some monastery like La Grande Chartreuse. I mention this in preference to any other place of retreat, which it has been my lot to visit, and a short description of it here may be a pardonable digression.

La Grande Chartreuse.

La Grande Chartreuse is one of the few remaining religious houses in France. It is situated high up in the mountains of Dauphinè, and till later years was only accessible on mule-back: now there is a carriage road. It was at one time very wealthy, but the successive Revolu-

tions have despoiled them of their estates: even their library has been transferred to the neighbouring town of Grenoble, and the last Revolution compelled them to pay a rent for their own premises. They are the manufacturers of the celebrated liqueur which bears their name, and which is now their sole means of subsistence.

The monks are of the Carthusian Order, and I believe it is the sole remaining one in France, in existence as a religious house. They live under vows of silence, never uttering a word except when chanting in their public service. There can be no dispute that prayers to the Supreme Being and chanting His praises is the noblest occupation of the tongue: with the Carthusians it is the sole occupation. Each monk has his cell, a small oratory, and if I remember rightly, a small garden: his window looks out on the cemetery, his last abode. As the services are frequent, there is no danger of the effects which solitary confinement has had at times on prisoners. When engaged in their public worship they use the voice right lustily, although after fifteen minutes it sounds to a stranger truly monotonous. Once or twice in the year they are allowed a few hours' *spatiarium*, when they can ramble in couples in the adjoining pine forests and converse. No woman, nothing feminine, is ever allowed to pass the portals of the monastery: the monks are allowed no animal food; bread, vegetables, vegetable soups are their food, and strangers can have an omelette. During the summer, especially on Sundays, they have many visitors: these are now charged a small payment for their entertainment, otherwise the hospitality of the house would be disgracefully abused.

One or two of the brothers are absolved from the vow of silence; these receive visitors, show them round, and from one of them I learnt many interesting particulars. The brothers are of all nationalities, French, German, Russian, and at the time of my visit, one Englishman, a Romish priest. When I learnt his name I could under-

stand how he came to be there. Many of them have been in the army, have served their country during the greater part of their life, and when the time of service has expired they have sought out the place of their youth, and have exclaimed: "The friends of my youth, where are they?" They have exclaimed in vain:—

> All scattered, all sundered by mountain and wave,
> And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

Sick at heart, homeless, friendless, tired denizens of the world, they have sought in their weary age a peaceful hermitage in this monastery, have assumed the hairy gown, and spent their days in the lonely cell, till the Master called them from a world that to them had long since lost its fascination.

Thus every member in this community would have his history, and perhaps a very chequered and eventful one if investigated and chronicled. One attracted my attention especially, the porter who admitted us. He seemed bowed with trouble; his countenance was very noble, but furrowed with sadness. His "timid mien and reverend face" impressed me so forcibly that I endeavoured to extract information from our cicerone. He looked grave, and simply added that the brother had been one of the French nobility. Some years afterwards this brother died, and then I learnt the following details: He had been of the highest rank amongst Frenchmen, and of great wealth: he had married a lady in a corresponding position, who soon died leaving him an only child, a daughter. This daughter became to him everything in the world, was his inseparable companion, and as she developed in age she accompanied him on his sporting expeditions. One day when the father was out shooting accompanied by his child, somehow or other his gun went off and the contents were lodged in the child, who was killed instantaneously. How the accident occurred was never accurately known, for the father swooned away, and when he came to him-

self he found himself in a hospital, where for weeks he had been a delirious patient, and nursed with tender care. When he became thoroughly recovered in health the afflicted man sold off all his possessions, endowed richly the hospital that had nursed him, made a munificent donation to the Grande Chartreuse, and implored them to receive him as an afflicted grieving brother, to put him to the most menial office they had, if peradventure a life of lowly penitence might expiate the blood he had unwittingly shed. He was the last of his race, and he lies in the cemetery of La Grande Chartreuse. I should not be sorry to hear on good authority that the saintly youth, whose history has suggested this digression, had found refuge for his troubled spirit in that or some similar hermitage. I have been the humble instrument of aiding about a dozen young men to the ministry of the English Church. Of most of them I have most pleasing reminiscences, but of none more so than Fred Botterill.

A celebrated schoolmaster, Dr. Vaughan, said that no head of a great school should hold his office more than fifteen years, at least that such was his own determination. By that he meant to imply that the peculiar and incessant strain, the Argus-like supervision, become impossible to a man after the freshness of his youth is past. Such a decision might be wise and practicable in a position like Dr. Vaughan's; after twelve months' tenure of office it is seen whether he is the right man in the right place. If such be the case, his success is assured; for hundreds of old connections have been watching and are ready with support to the old boat, where they are satisfied as to the fitness of the commander. After his fifteen years of labour great results may have been achieved. In such a case as mine, it needed more than fifteen years to lay the *foundation* of a reputation. The connection is to be made, its stability and extension, like the fame of a physician, are a personal concern. He will be up in a morning the

first in his house, and let it know that he is, he will work his twelve hours a day, attending to the minutest detail, as Napoleon said, "detecting a recruit's button being off," and when he sees some results he has reached double the limit specified above. At least such an experience has been mine.

It was about the year 1887 I began to entertain grave thoughts of resigning The Grange to some younger successor.

Other circumstances accelerated this decision.

The Endowed Schools Act had been passed, and in consequence many of the grammar schools had borrowed money and built large boarding-houses, which they hoped to fill with paying boarders. Such were Ripon, Sedbergh, Giggleswick; and as these were backed up by endowments, could offer scholarships, and had influential governors interested in their welfare, they attracted the class that had hitherto been my supporters. It became evident that the character and object of the school must be again changed if it was to flourish. To do this I was now becoming too old and, worse still, too deaf. This infirmity had already necessitated teaching by deputy to an increased extent; that process was satisfactory as long as I could set every lesson and afterwards examine the form duly. But though I rose early as usual, being always up the first in the house, was always about, yet my numbers were declining, and the boys did not succeed in competitive examinations as hitherto. In fact, two of the boys—two of the very worthiest youths that ever entered the house—asked to see me privately, and with hesitation and blushing asked me "to take their Latin myself, if I could find time, or they would never get through". I did so, worked with them privately in my study till eleven o'clock at night. They got through, and they are now, in their manhood, two of my most loyal friends.

Putting this and other significant incidents together, it was clear that the veteran had had his day.

This conclusion was arrived at very reluctantly. I had seen the place grow in magnitude, building after building had been erected for the due working of the institution, and the numbers had increased to eighty. A thousand trees had been planted and were now embellishing the estate, all my children had been born there, we were attached to the place, and it suited my health admirably. Above all, I had sunk on the estate every penny I had earned, in the hope of recouping myself in later years. Those hopes, however, were to prove only a dream, for to my deafness was added an apparent collapse of my health which alarmed me, and to leave such a concern for a widow to wind up would have been brutal. It was therefore arranged that at Christmas, 1889-90, the school at Thorparch Grange was to pass from my hands.

There seems no necessity to cumber these reminiscences with the subsequent history of the school I had relinquished. A successor who would have carried it on, I doubt not most successfully, broke down in health two or three months before he was to commence. A hasty arrangement was made with another, a master in a public school who was strongly recommended, but who proved an utter failure.

The same result followed with a second successor who was exactly the man for the post. Alas! circumstances of a domestic character marred all his prospects, and after many unpleasant negotiations of various kinds the estate was sold to the Leeds School Board to become an industrial school. After taking possession the board held a reception on the premises, to which they invited all the neighbourhood. They were jubilant over their bargain, one of the speakers exultingly stating: "We have not bought it; we have got it at a gift". So they had, for

the board purchased for £3500 an estate that had cost me £15,000. So ended my scholastic career.

There is ever a silver lining to the cloud, and as reference has been made above to financial losses, it would be base ingratitude not to record the munificent sympathy evoked thereby. Besides the valued friends of my whole life, to whom I have dedicated this book, I would especially specify, out of numbers of others, the brothers Pawson (Jack and Bertie), James Bairstow and his father, the brothers Foster, and Mr. Radcliffe. May the Disposer of all Good reward such of them as are still alive a hundredfold.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RÉSUMÉ OF EDUCATIONAL CAREER.

IT would seem almost to be expected that when the conductor of a large school, though a private one, retires from that busy scene, he should be able to give some summary of educational matters, besides the detailed reminiscences recorded above. The course of education in general should also have occupied his thoughts very largely, besides that limited portion of its exercise that came under his own immediate cognisance. It is proposed to consider these inquiries in this and the following chapter.

During the time of my sojourn at Thorparch I must have had to deal with about 1000 boys, and yet I cannot chronicle, as some schools can, a long list of honours won at the universities, nor of brilliant exploits by sea and land by some of our youths in the army and navy. I cannot point to any who have left us, and have afterwards been familiar names to their countrymen by winning the applause of a listening senate, or distinguished as pleaders at the bar. Such had been my ambition, and so far my educational career has disappointed me. But the materials that I had to work upon were decidedly against such high aspirations.

The boys composing such a school as mine, and it was a fair type of its class, were from the middle walks of life, and intended to follow occupations like their fathers, but also with a view to pecuniary success. Every occupation was valued at its money-making power. With such a

connection it was absurd to think of attaining a high intellectual standard. Just when they began to develop, the youth must of necessity leave and commence qualifying for the great battle for subsistence. Intermingled with these would be some of very delicate physique, or very poor mental calibre, whose brothers were perhaps doing well at Rugby, Westminster, and kindred schools, but these needed the individual and specific care that a private school gives or is supposed to give.

With such material the most that the conscientious instructor can do is to give due care to their health, that their physical condition may be good and fitted for labour, to implant a respect for religion as a guiding and leavening principle in life, to insist upon honourable and upright and generous conduct, and develop them intellectually for such examinations as were absolutely necessary.

In the moral training the Sunday evening service was a very great auxiliary. The service was made bright and cheerful: we had a good organ, a well-drilled choir, our hymnology and psalmody were of no mean order, and I wrote for them special sermons, suited for the age, and affording an opportunity of drawing attention to any event of interest to our body. This service was generally popular: people from the neighbourhood were often present, and our Sunday, though marked as Sunday, was never tedious. We commenced the day every morning with the psalms of the day, a chapter was read, then followed prayers from a special manual I had compiled, and Bible instruction, on which I set great store.

In Corpore Sano.

For their physical development it is only needful to point to the arrangements for games and matches already described. Sometimes I was able to secure the services of a good trainer. Under his tuition the team became very efficient: they won every match, and the school became

famous. This was so much the case that the Lancashire captain once being anxious to fill up a vacancy, inquired in his neighbourhood if there was an old Thorparch boy within reach, as he would most probably be a good cricketer. One Lancashire gentleman, an enthusiast for cricket himself, invited the whole team as guests for a week, and organised matches for their diversion. Some of these were not very distinguished intellectually, though we did not neglect that, but their life was brightened, their thoughts were full of their sport, its excitement, their successes, and the occupation was an auxiliary to moral purity. I never found these athletic sporting boys with filthy obscene books.

And here I would insert as a parenthesis my admiration of those clergymen who show interest in the young men of their parishes, organise cricket and football clubs, and take a personal share in the management. By their presence and influence they give a tone to the young men, control their language, and draw them away from public-houses, billiard-rooms, and other resorts of a deteriorating tendency. One such club often came to us (St. John's, Leeds): they were evidently lads from the workshop or the factory, but their conduct was respectful, their language free from oaths or coarse obscene jokes, and at the meal after they were always well conducted. As I expressed to them my respect and the pleasure it would give us to receive them again, their captain told me when the next visit was due that he had the greatest difficulty to select his quorum: he found fifty on the platform all wanting to come to us. Apart from the sport, it was a pleasant day out in the country to inhabitants of a smoky town. To complete that description it may be added that I wrote to the vicar of St. John's, Canon Temple, now rector of Oswaldkirk, narrating the above. I consider a clergyman so supervising his young men—the rising generation—as a great benefactor to his country.

I was once at a dinner party on the Continent, at which I was the only Englishman present; but all the men present had visited England and had much to do with Englishmen. One, as spokesman for the rest, said: "We foreigners, when we visit England and observe your habits of life, are astonished at the great age at which we find Englishmen hard at work. We go into your law courts, and we find your judges, your leading advocates, the leading solicitors who instruct them are mostly veterans, past three score, or even three score and ten, and yet with their faculties all alive, and enduring hours of patient labour in their courts. We get admission to your House of Commons, and we find your Palmerstons, your Gladstones, your Disraelis, all elderly men, even veterans, and yet enduring long sittings in a crowded house, and whilst apparently somnolent, yet ready for action at a moment's call. We find it so in your churches, your places of business. The sight astonishes us, for although we have veterans, and fairly active, yet they are few; we consider a man at sixty or sixty-five used up, and if he does not retire from his occupation, his occupation retires from him. We are inclined all of us to attribute it to the difference of our education, of our mode of passing our youth. With us, our children are at school with long hours, long tasks, urged on to work, no sports, no games. They have gymnastic exercises, military drill, and sometimes walks in couples, but no diversions." Here another speaker interpolated: "Yes, my wife won medals for her successes at school, and since she left, she never opens a book, got sickened of study". The speaker resumed: "Now, we observe an English boy's motto as to study is generally how little can I do to escape trouble or punishment; he is yearning for his sports, is brimful of fun, endures hardship and long fatigue with glee; thus mind and body are refreshed, and instead of being sated, over-

dosed with work, at twenty or thirty he is ready for a new start in life with renewed vigour, and very frequently continues his love of sport, and brightens thereby his leisure hours". The above is the substance of a conversation which made on my mind a deep impression; I have seen it confirmed by my own observations in continental towns. A string of boys may be seen with their books under their arms waiting for admission into the *lycée* or *collège* when the doors are open; they stand speechless and grave, with none of the buoyancy and merry laughter that mark an English schoolboy. I have seen, *e.g.*, in Berne, on Sunday afternoon, a crowd of people standing round an enclosure and a band of music performing—what was the attraction? only some of their youths going through gymnastic exercises on parallel bars, etc., and very indifferently too, though, perhaps, much applauded by the observant "sisters and cousins and aunts". To a robust Englishman the spectacle seemed a very poor affair, certainly not worth a band of music, and a very paltry contrast to an exciting game at cricket or a football scrimmage.

As an instance of Englishmen pursuing their professional avocations to an advanced age and yet with their faculties all alive, a story may be told of Baron Pollock, the last of the Barons of the Exchequer. He had married a second time when advanced in life, and became the father of a second family. Office thus became essential to him, and he retained it to an advanced age; some critics averred that his failing faculties indicated a too prolonged tenure. That this criticism was unjust is proved by the following incident. The Chief Baron was pressing into her Majesty's presence; the next person trode on his toes. Turning round sharply on the offender and eyeing his countenance, not in the best temper it may be assumed, the man's features struck him forcibly. Thinking thereon, the baron remembered them as those of a man whom he

had once sentenced to penal servitude. Inquiries were instituted, the baron's surmises were found to be correct, and in a few days the *Gazette* announced the cancelling of that particular presentation at Court. The incident proved that the said judge, although advanced in years, was not in his dotage, but with a memory and power of observation still fit for his sovereign's service, and with credit.

Returning from this digression as to the encouragement of school sports, it may be added that a wise head of a school will always keep them in due bounds. A former head of Eton felt it to be his duty to abolish the "montem" because it became grossly abused, and the present head has stood firm against prolonging the time allowed for certain matches. Pleasure and sport are not the object of boy life, however conducing to vary its monotony and fortify health and spirits. These considerations are especially incumbent on the head of a private school, whose very *raison d'être* is his ability to qualify youths for the battle of life more successfully than would be done elsewhere. Work is the main object of life, and everything else must be subordinate.

"*Mens Sana.*"

Our plan was to get from a youth in each hour as much as could be reasonably expected, and as well as the instructor's judgment considered him capable of executing. If that were not done the hour would be shuffled over, and at the end of the term a boy's progress would be nil. Each form passed under me in rotation. I set every lesson that was to be done in every subject till the next inspection: every exercise, every composition that had been done was to be then exhibited; if any errors had escaped the notice of the specific master, his attention was drawn to the omission, and thus his vigilance was quickened. If any had been marked, that sentence was

to be shown, then rewritten; if there had been several, then the whole exercise. That, again, was examined, and perhaps to be again rewritten till accuracy was secured. The grind was severe both for teacher and taught, but every encouragement was given and reasonable help afforded. During the evening preparation a master was present, and his office was not only to preserve order, but go from boy to boy, give reasonable explanations, and see that he prepared his work honestly; the passing on an exercise written by one for the benefit of all the rest was impossible. This was our plan for years, and thus even very delicate boys—and the healthy locality attracted numbers—and those below the average in intellectual capacity, the main feeders of a private school, made very fair educational progress. Besides those entering commercial life, when our connection in later years was altered in character, every year numbers of our youths entered the learned professions, and are now adorning the paths of life they have chosen. Several also went from us to Oxford and Cambridge; not one of them had come to us with such intention, but our training gave them the bias, and their friends on being sounded acquiesced. One father when so sounded said: "If I had known of your existence earlier, you should have had my elder son. He was years at his public school, can play cricket, can loaf about Regent Street, and has not passed one of the examinations necessary for the profession he has chosen. You have made his brother work, and he has done you credit in Oxford." The guardian of another who was sent to Oxford at my instance, and did very well, has said: "I would have given my ears for a similar chance myself, but my friends had no such adviser".

In several cases where I had urged a university career very strongly I was unable to carry my point, much to the regret of the youths themselves afterwards. The general answer was: "There is more money to be made by trade";

everything being estimated at a money value. One such youth, now a middle-aged paterfamilias, discovered considerable literary tastes, became strong in archæology and botany, and when he managed to escape from business, which was utterly distasteful to him, he devoted, and still devotes, his days to the gratification of his tastes. Had he gone to Oxford he would have revelled in the opportunities afforded. Another youth, almost a contemporary of the above, created in me a deep interest as to his future. I observed when in our classical reading I made any quotation or reference to other literature, he would come and request permission to read the reference. Once he pulled out his purse and begged me to procure him a copy (Scott's poems I think it was). He travelled in Switzerland with me, and I observed his interest and developing intelligence with intense delight. Then at about the age of fifteen or sixteen he was withdrawn "to make money". Afterwards the youth himself, having no proclivities to trade, contested the point with his father, and got sent to Cheltenham. He came under Mr. Barry (now Bishop Barry) who soon endorsed my estimate of him, and sent me a gratifying message on learning the boy's antecedents. The youth won a scholarship in Oxford, and an Indian appointment. When he came over on a visit I put my hands on his shoulders and said: "God bless you, Tom, you have it in you, you are industrious, and are wiry to stand hard work, and if I live to be an old man I shall see you rise". I have lived to see my expectations verified, for he holds a very important post in India, and is C.S.I., and I write this record of his success not without emotion.

There is one class of my pupils that have in the main disappointed me: it is those who have shown a strong taste for music. Being fond of it myself, though no performer nor a vocalist, the art received every encouragement with us, both vocally and instrumentally. Our

choral services were carefully prepared, opportunities for practice and self-improvement were liberally provided, our concerts were much thought of, and the proficients duly honoured. Some of them won choral scholarships in the university, but I have never found the subsequent career of the proficients a cause of exultation. They were often asked out to parties, became vain, indolent, fond of their achievements, and rested on their oars. There was a celebrated musician, Dr. Crotch (I think by name), organist of Winchester College, who used to compare his pecuniary emoluments with those derived by others in other pursuits, and their social position, with the intellectual labour and mental gifts that success in his own had demanded during a lifetime. After such a review he expressed deep regret that he had not otherwise employed his own time and talents, and determined that such should not be the case with his son. He would not allow the boy to learn a note or touch an instrument — threatened the boy with the horsewhip if ever he detected him attempting one or the other. The service at Winchester College Chapel was (at that time at least) at 6 A.M. Repairing to the chapel one morning earlier than usual he was surprised to hear sounds as of organ-playing. Conceive his astonishment when he discovered the performer to be his own son. This boy had been in the habit of getting out of his bedroom window, walking perilously along the roofs of buildings, getting into the organ loft by a way he had discovered at 4 A.M., and gratified the inborn passion. The father wisely gave in to what seemed the purpose of God, and the son in fame has surpassed the father.

This was a case of genius: but on reviewing my life, had it to be repeated, music should be kept subordinate to acquirements, perhaps less fascinating, but also less perilous to the general character.

I have never been able to induce a single pupil to seek

parliamentary honours. They have become chairmen of political committees, would take active parts in elections, speak, and canvass and aid other candidates beneficially, but would never be candidates themselves. Numbers of them have possessed the needful wealth, and have been gifted with the mental capacity and fluency of speech so useful in a parliamentary career, yet I never could induce any one to enter the arena. In that respect, I have been disappointed.

Some Exceptional Cases.

I have said that a private school is almost made up of exceptional cases, or, at all events, they will be very numerous. Two shall be referred to. One was the son of a very kind and steady friend, who sent me all his sons, and was the instrument of introducing many others. This boy's twin brother had died at birth, and the survivor had been reared with great difficulty. He became fairly healthy, learned to read and write, and I was to do what I could with and for him. Mental power there was little or none; it would have been brutal to expect much from him. He had a time-table for himself, did a few sums, was supposed to do some French exercises. My main desire was that he should grow up harmless and unpolluted, and enjoy his existence. His comrades said he was the only person about the premises who could do what he liked. He stayed with us till he was twenty or twenty-one, and I told his father he must make a provision for him under trustees. That arrangement was made. He was of an amiable, affectionate disposition; every one was kind to him, and he was happy from morning till night. Another exceptional case was a boy who stammered dreadfully. His mother was practically a widow, and bade me to be as a father to him, but his education was perplexing. He was not deficient in abilities, was cheerful and brimful of fun.

It was impossible to "set him on" in a class *vivâ voce;* he stood up, heard what was said, and was employed much with paper work, a process necessarily dreary for him. It was observed that he was very skilful with his knife, would fashion boats and carts, and was also, to some extent, fond of drawing. In one of my visits to London, I observed at a French publisher's several mechanical drawings, sections of steam engines, and so forth; all of French production. These I purchased, and procured more from the publisher in Paris. I instructed our drawing-master to set the stammerer at work on these. "I had struck oil." The youth was delighted. I gave him treble time for drawing, and he worked *con amore.* He would alter the position of a wheel at his own fancy, and then adapt all the other parts most skilfully; the master remarked that he had never known his equal. It was suggested to his mother to get him on some engineering works, where his impediment would not be a serious drawback. In process of time he became chief engineer of one of the American liners.

These are specimens of cases unusually exceptional. During a long career, there were many such, and looking at our history all round, it may without undue self-laudation be maintained that Thorparch Grange has been no unworthy training-ground for British youth. They are now dispersed the wide world o'er, rearing sheep in Australia, in Brazil, in the Argentine Republic; some have been prodigals, and after many vicissitudes have come to their senses and turned to industrial pursuits. Others have been cut off in their prime; alas, when full of promise, and affectionately remembered by their aged trainer; others are skilfully combating the diseases of their fellow-men, and a few have mounted higher still to the noblest of all occupations, as ministers in the Church of God.

One word more in closing this chapter. In my experi-

ence of life it is not the most brilliant youths that have done me most credit. As a general rule the brilliant youths are impatient of control and kick over the traces. They will often prove very fascinating men socially, smart, brilliant and amusing in conversation, but even if they do not break out into actual vice (and that is too often the case) they prove idle, worthless men, will not endure the drudgery of a regular industrious life "and go to the dogs".

Two families occur to me as specimens. In one three or four of the sons were decidedly above the average in mental ability. I remember remonstrating with one of them for misconduct, as I supposed, in church. He replied: "I heard every word, sir". On being put to the test he reproduced on paper the whole of my sermon. And yet I had ground for my complaint. Later on he threw up a promising situation, declaring that he was sick of office life. He shipped himself off somewhere, and was never heard of again. A younger brother had even still more ability. The last I heard of him was that he made his wife support him by copying documents for lawyers. In another family there was one son, the most brilliant, and yet their curse. He chose the medical profession, but was too idle to qualify. A high premium was paid to a practitioner to receive him as an inmate and pupil, yet, though the fee was high, the youth was intolerable, and discharged. Two brothers, excellent clergymen, were compelled to close their doors against him, for his irregular life marred their usefulness, and might have damaged their characters. Being a splendid mimic, he joined an itinerant ventriloquist, and when sober was a most amusing and attractive performer. But one night he was so drunk that when performing a trick he fell and threw globe and fish and water over the sitters on the front bench, and was summarily kicked out by his employer. On another occasion he joined a cheap-jack,

and was a very successful vendor of the wares; but one Saturday night he fell drunk among the wares, overturned the lamps, and set the booth on fire. Thence he fled for his life. One night he slept at a lodging-house for tramps, and in the morning light he found next to himself a performing bear. I have met his sisters on the Continent, where they lived to escape from him, for fortunately for them he disliked crossing the sea. And yet they told me their father had thought him the flower of his flock, with abilities for anything.

No, I repeat it, that it is not the most brilliant that, as a rule, have done me credit. It is the patient plodders, who do not shrink from steady, systematic, hard work, who think no details too minute for attention, that mark every year by increasing progress. This chapter shall close with a specimen. Upwards of forty years ago I had under me a youth, a decidedly exceptional case. There was no teaching him even how to spell. He would spell "does" either duz or dose, or some other eccentric form. To get a Latin exercise decently performed seemed impossible. And yet he was very intelligent and very industrious. I observed that he had a great passion for natural history in all its branches: if I touched his jacket pocket, it was sure to be filled with pill-boxes, containing moths, caterpillars, in all stages of development. He belonged to a very estimable family, and on becoming more intimate with them I learnt that he spent all his pocket-money on books on natural history. The bent of his mind was plain; it was clear that he must enter the medical profession, but how could he be qualified for the necessary examinations? Learning Latin and Greek was the perplexity. The process was hopeless had I not observed his habitual industry. It was suggested that he should be taken away from a school where he was lost in a form of forty boys, and placed under a private tutor. This was done, and the boy worked hard, being deter-

mined to overcome obstacles that appeared insuperable. His parents were well to do, so that he was not compelled by financial stress to contribute to the domestic purse, but could prolong his training as a student. His parents were amply rewarded, for he is now, in his mature years, one of the most successful practitioners where he resides. Lord Brougham said that he wrote and rewrote the peroration to his speech in defence of Queen Caroline ten times before he was satisfied with it. In that statement he endorsed an undying truth, that hard work, careful labour, have characterised most of the successful men who have made up the world's history.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FUTURE OF ENGLISH EDUCATION.

In 1870 Mr. Forster brought forward his Elementary Education Act. He had been educated at a public school himself, and had imbibed, to some extent at least, that haughty contemptuous estimate of the existing educators in England, which most masters in public schools exhibited. His speeches showed utter ignorance of the very respectable work that was done in education in England by private schools, being prompted in so doing by such men as Mark Pattison, who represented private schoolmasters as charlatan adventurers in the main, ignorant pretenders, to be swept away by the besom of destruction. From the above conduct, I would always except such men as Vaughan and Barry, who always showed courtesy in their correspondence or otherwise, even to an ignominious private schoolmaster.

Thinking it best in the cause of education that Mr. Forster should be in some points better informed, I ventured on correspondence with him. Several letters passed, the minister's being all headed and properly headed "Private," lest an "adventurer" should seek to make capital therefrom, and his subsequent speeches, whilst strong for his cause, were much more moderate in tone when speaking of the existing trainers of youth.

And yet, I for one hailed the Act with delight, and for the following reasons :—

The voluntary educators of England, the Sunday schools

belonging to the various denominations, the National Society, the British and Foreign School Society and others, will ever be entitled to the gratitude of Englishmen for their great, their noble efforts to spread education through the land. But their efforts were always marred by two overwhelming obstacles.

Firstly, their funds were raised with immense difficulty. The clergyman would have two or more offertories in the year, and to his people he would write begging letters, and almost go on his knees for subscriptions. I have heard many a clergyman say, if he could have carried on his school out of his own pocket without starving his own children, he would have endured the sacrifice. A goodly proportion of the well-to-do class could see no necessity for general education: "It made employés uppish, discontented with their station, scorning manual labour," and sundry other objections, always reiterated when appeals for aid were made. Secondly, thousands of English men and women would have preferred that their children should grow up uneducated, lost in filth and vice, preying on society, and crowding our gaols. All the efforts of the religious bodies and of philanthropists were unable to make any impression on this mass with the existing agencies. The truth of this can be easily shown by one fact.

Some time after the passing of the Act, when all its machinery of attendance officers and visitors was at work, the Educators of Liverpool were convinced that there were numbers of children who never entered any school. They hit upon the plan of sending a band of music, during school hours, when all children were supposed to be at school, to perform in a crowded district. Out came children from the courts and alleys, and often their mothers too, crowding round the performers. Whilst their attention was thus absorbed the police swooped down and got the names and addresses of the victims. The process was repeated in other parts of the city; and in one

day 4000 children were thus unearthed from their dens and brought within the meshes of civilisation. The fact shows the aversion or indifference of the masses to education.

Mr. Forster's Act had two great features; he distinctly expressed no desire to interfere with voluntary enterprise, but to *supplement* it; to found and support schools where none were in existence, and yet demanded by the populousness of the district; grander still, he proposed to make education compulsory, that if a father allowed his child to grow up uneducated, the peccant father was to be summoned and fined. Some supposed that such a proceeding was interfering with the liberty of the subject; it was, in fact, the State interfering for its own preservation. The law interferes with the vendor of poisons, or of alcoholic liquors, or of explosives for the general benefit; it removes a lunatic who is dangerous; it imprisons a criminal. It is justified in like manner in making a parent's neglect of the education of his children criminal, as calculated to multiply the pests of society. Thus that feature of Mr. Forster's measure met with the general acquiescence of right-minded men.

The framer of the Act intended the Board Schools which he called into existence to be, as has been stated, only supplementary; he also calculated that the rate would never exceed threepence in the pound. He is not the only reformer who has been mistaken in his expectations of finality. When the first Reform Bill was under discussion, a vote was to be given to every householder who paid £10 rent; that was to be final; hence Lord John Russell, the framer of the clause, got the name of "Finality John". The franchise is now all but universal suffrage. When the agitation for Catholic Emancipation was commenced, its advocates described it as a final measure to extinguish all Irish clamour. The same was said of the Disendowment of the Irish Church and the various Land Acts, and still the cry is for more.

"Increase of appetite grows from what it feeds upon." A similar sequence was anticipated by many observers as a certain result from the Act of 1870. When the Education Rate rose by leaps and bounds, the ratepayers asked naturally, is nothing to be done for us? Hence have arisen Higher Grade Schools, and now the attention of Parliament is turned to Secondary Education. When this measure is carried the country will be dotted with schools taking up the education where the primary course ends. This will be especially the case where there are no endowed schools, which by the interference of the State can be utilised for the community at large.

With such a development of scholastic machinery, subsidised by rates or parliamentary grants, or both, it is not difficult to forecast the future of private schools. They have performed their mission, for their very existence presupposed a demand. But the demand will no longer exist. Admirable premises, a staff well paid out of a purse that has no bottom, will be everywhere accessible. Thus the general style of private school will disappear.

At present there is a large and perhaps increasing number of private schools that receive little boys to be prepared for the great schools; and though some of the great schools have expressed intentions of having preparatory departments of their own, the intention has not yet been carried out, or even commenced. This class of private school may therefore exist for many years to come. There will also be numbers of families where the parents are too much occupied to have charge of their children at home; some compelled to live in a certain locality desire a healthier one for their brood: there will still be the exceptional cases—the dull, the idle, the delicate—requiring the training of the specialist, and who must get that training from some practitioner of recognised success. There will also be the scions of wealthy families, who will wish to herd together and not be thrown socially with

the general body, who wish luxurious living, hot baths and cold baths, ponies, and all the accompaniments of luxurious living, and there are such; others who cannot keep pace with their forms in the public schools become superannuated, and yet need further education. All the above will be feeders of private schools, but the number in a few years will be immensely attenuated and heavily handicapped against flourishing with success. It may be safely predicted that there will not be one in existence, except where the chief has shown by his antecedents some special fitness for the vocation he has assumed.

An education minister once said, he hoped to get the education of England so organised that he could state what any boy would be doing, at any given hour, throughout the whole of England. That would be red-tapism with a vengeance, and I should regard it as a national calamity. There is too much of that cast-iron system already, with the present horde of inspectors. The headmaster of one of the great schools of England thought it his duty to dismiss one of the assistant masters. The man dismissed was in many respects an excellent master, but would not carry out the regulations of his chief. A friend of the malcontent wished to bring the matter before the House of Commons, and have the dismissal overhauled. The Prime Minister of the day, I fancy it was Mr. Gladstone himself, put his foot on the matter at once, remarking that every care was taken in selecting the best man for the headship, and then he must be left an autocrat, with a free hand. Results must tell his fitness or unfitness. I advocate a little more of the free hand to managers of schools. The power of inspectors appears to me in many respects too arbitrary, approaching tyranny.[1]

[1] In speaking of the Education Act no mention is made of the "Religious Difficulty," as it was called, which has been the obstacle to every attempt at national education in England hitherto. A long digression would have been needed, without introducing any *Personal Memories*, the design of this book.

BOOK V.

CLERICAL LIFE IN YORKSHIRE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DESCRIPTION OF WIGHILL.—ITS OWNERS.

THE village of Wighill, which was to be henceforth the scene of my labours, is situated on the top of a hill, above the town of Tadcaster, and, like Thorparch, is in the valley of the Wharfe. Various explanations have been given of the name; the most probable is that just as many names of towns in England and Germany have as their root wich (a town), such as Norwich, Sandwich, Middlewich, Wighill means the wich, or town on the hill. The church dates from Norman times, and when first built consisted of a nave and one aisle. Subsequent additions were a deep chancel with a Lady-chapel, and a tower. The arch over the doorway is a beautiful specimen of Norman architecture, richly carved, though many of the figures, by their dilapidated condition, betray the havoc of time. The arches are also Norman, but all the windows are of later date, and the tower is evidently the most recently constructed part of the fabric. The site of the church is admirable, affording in the churchyard a magnificent panorama of Wharfedale on three sides. If the edifice were restored in a manner worthy of the site and the estate to which it belongs, it might be made to rank amongst the gems of England. At present it is not so. From sheer antiquity the structure has sunk into the soil, so that the worshipper descends instead of mounting a step into the house of the Lord. The walls are in consequence running with damp, though

the damp is partially concealed by colouring; the floor is sadly broken, the flags having been often removed for interments; the body of the church is filled partly with horse-boxes called pews, and the open benches, though ancient, are in bad condition. The roof has at one time been high pitched, so that the nave would present a lofty appearance, but as the timbers have decayed, the rotten parts have been sawn off, and the roof depressed. This has evidently been done twice, and eventually the roof hid from view altogether by an under-drawn wagon ceiling. The tower has been at one time surmounted by a spire; only the stump still remains, and indicates an age when the "Temple of God was accounted as base," and the general motto was: How little shall I render to the Giver of All.

The church has been thoroughly inspected by my friend, W. M. Fawcett, architect, M.A., of Cambridge, from whose plans my brother's church at Walton has been beautifully restored, and during the whole of my vicariate I have clung to the hope of seeing my own grand old church restored. Alas! I have received little encouragement from the patron of the living, though a kind-hearted man and a good landlord. When the property has passed into other hands, perhaps my successor in this benefice may be able to effect the much-needed restoration.

The manor of Wighill was for three or four centuries the property of the Stapylton family, and the church is filled with their monuments, some of an interesting character. The name is variously spelt Stapleton, Stapilton, Stapylton. When I was in Oxford in the year 1846 the stroke of the Merton boat was called Stapylton: he was a slight, comely-looking lad, and was very popular both in his college and the university. He also pulled in some boat at the Henley Regatta, the only regatta I ever attended, for I was but a "poor Oxford scholar," and

economised every shilling. That regatta, however, I shall never forget for two reasons. Standing on the bridge over the Thames and watching the active life below, I got into conversation with a neighbour whose face I recognised as an undergraduate of Oxford like myself: he had a pleasant, open countenance, and my heart was drawn to him. But I could not afford hospitality, and therefore neither asked his name nor gave mine. But I learnt it afterwards. After a lapse of some forty years the acquaintance has been revived by correspondence, my friend on the bridge having become Dr. Stubbs, one of the greatest of England's historians, and now Bishop of Oxford. As such he presented my son-in-law to a living in his diocese, and much pleasant correspondence has passed between us. My daughter and her husband sometimes encounter their diocesan, and he always sends a kindly greeting to her father in Yorkshire, for his lordship turns out to be Yorkshire too.

The other incident connected with the Henley Regatta is that the name of Stapylton became impressed on my memory, and when in 1863 I became vicar of Wighill and found the church filled with monuments of the Stapylton family, I felt curious as to any possible connection with my Oxford memories. The perplexity was solved ere long, for I received after one or two years of office a long and very interesting letter from Henry Chetwynd Stapylton. The writer described himself as the lineal descendant from the Stapyltons of Wighill, and anxious for further particulars. On being invited over he proved to be the brother and contemporary of the boating man, and has ever since been a genial and sympathetic friend and correspondent. From him I have learnt many particulars of this manor, the church, and his own family.

The church itself was built about the time of Henry II., and by one of the Haget family, and thence passed by purchase to the Stapyltons. Many of them have served

their country in the army, one of them distinguished himself in the Crusades, was one of the first Knights of the Garter, killed a Saracen in a stand-up fight before his king, and the Saracen's Head has ever since been the family crest. Several others have also been knighted. One Stapylton fought under the Elector Palatine, son-in-law of our James I. Thinking himself not sufficiently appreciated, he returned to England and died in the prime of life in London. He had married a Fairfax, and when dying charged his wife to convey his remains for interment in the churchyard of his ancestors. She did so, and erected to his memory the monument in Wighill Church, one of the most interesting monuments in Yorkshire. That lady had a strong dislike to widowhood, for she married three husbands after Robert Stapylton. Her daughter married a cousin Fairfax, and from them was descended Admiral Fairfax, the builder of Newton Kyme. The Stapyltons took the side of the Parliament in the Civil Wars, and in the wars with the French in the last century one of them raised a regiment at his own expense called The Fencibles. They were, however, extravagant livers, often beyond their means, which caused a frequent sale of portions of the estate, and eventually the whole manor was sold to Fountayne Wilson, of a Leeds mercantile family.

There are two families that claim descent from the original owners of this manor. One is domiciled at Myton, in the county of York, which is a collateral branch. The direct representative is Henry Chetwynd Stapylton, spoken of above, who lives in London. The Beaumont family who have revived a peerage, for a long time dormant, are also connected with this family. Report speaks of an understanding that if ever the Stapyltons became in a position to recover this property, a saving clause in the purchase should give them power of redemption, a reversion not very probable.

The Fountayne Wilson who purchased this property was a most eccentric character, and many stories of his eccentricities are still current in the neighbourhood. He dressed so shabbily that he was taken up by one of his own gamekeepers as a tramp, a story which has, however, been told of more than one similar character. He entered into conversation with a boy driving a flock of sheep to his own house, and agreed to aid the boy on the condition of receiving half of the pay received, having previously ascertained that the boy was ignorant of his person. As they approached the house, telling the boy to go forwards and that he would await his return, he slipped unseen by the boy into his house, summoned the butler: "There is a boy driving a flock of sheep into the yard, give him that," putting a coin on the table. Returning to the lane, he awaited the boy's arrival, who showed him a shilling as what he had received. Seeing that the boy spoke the truth, he desired his return to the house by the private entrance he had himself used. Again was the butler summoned: "Was this the coin I gave you for this boy?" The butler stood dumfoundered. The coin received by the butler had been a sovereign!

Though keen in the accumulation of wealth himself he disliked worldliness in parsons, and refused to have one portion of his estates ploughed-up lest the rector, well-known for his greed, should claim tithe. And yet he would show respect at times to a clergyman whom he considered worthy of his profession. The following may be told to his honour. The vicar of Leeds was paid, as was usual at one time, by the small tithes and sundry small fees, the collection of which was most vexatious, dissenters, especially quakers, often refusing to pay. A proposal was made to raise by subscription a sum of money which should produce an income equivalent to the vexatious imposts, and so procure their abolition. The sum raised was £20,000, of which Fountayne Wilson

contributed £10,000. Mr. Wilson was succeeded by his son, Andrew, who took the name of Montagu.

Neither Fountayne Wilson nor his son have, I believe, ever resided at the mansion on the estate, having several mansions on other estates elsewhere; they have always accordingly let Wighill Park. The first tenant was Mr. Richard York. His proper name was Sheepshanks, a mercantile family long connected with Leeds and its trade, the name-board having only disappeared from the Leeds premises within the last twenty years. They have contributed several useful members to the community. Richard Sheepshanks, who took the name of York, more from a capricious fancy than any weighty reason, was a remarkably handsome man, and eloped with the daughter of the first Earl of Harewood. A former innkeeper of Harewood used to tell an amusing story of the father of the bridegroom. He rode over to Harewood on his nag from Leeds, gave it in charge to a village lad, and then walking up to the house asked to see Lord Harrod (Harewood). When his lordship appeared, the manufacturer addressed him: "Now, my lord, this young couple have gotten spliced, and we must set them up. For every £100 your lordship puts down, I will put down £1000." Returning to the village and remounting his nag, he took out of his pocket *two pence*, which he handed to the boy, saying: "There, my lad, there's tuppence for thee, that's grand pay for a Leeds cloath makker".

I think this story very probable, for something similar once happened at my own house (Thorparch Grange). A lady of very imposing adornments drove up, and one of my men was called to take charge till she was disengaged. On remounting her carriage to drive off, she slipped in his hand a coin. When she was out of hearing, the man exploded with laughter: "She'll get good sarvants, will that theer, she's given me a awpenny".

Mr. Richard York was succeeded by his only son, Edward, in the tenancy of Wighill Park. His wife was the daughter of a clergyman of the Sykes family, and, being a God-fearing woman, she took great interest in the welfare of the parish. She never rested till she obtained a school for the parish, her husband incurring all the expense of its maintenance. She also exerted herself in like manner for the adjoining parish of Walton, persuading Mr. Fox, the owner of that property, to build a school and also the house for a master. Mrs. York supported that school entirely at her own expense, and actually paid Mr. Fox rent for the schoolmaster's house. Taking great interest in the church service, the York family placed an organ in the church and provided a choir, mainly from their own family and servants. Mr. York himself played the organ, and to secure for himself the right of playing, he induced the vicar and churchwardens to sign a document that the organ was only lent to the church, an odd arrangement, perhaps without parallel. The organ eventually passed to a member of the family, who presented it to the parish. A small brass plate records the gift. Mrs. York became a widow in 1861, but lived at Wighill Park till her death in 1871, or thereabouts, when the house came into the occupation of the Hawke family, the present tenants.

Its Later Vicars.

The living of Wighill was before the Reformation held by some monk from the adjacent Priory of Healaugh. On looking over the list of former vicars, there are two circumstances that strike attention; one is the short duration of their vicariate, often only five years. It would be probably a wild, out-of-the-way spot; a young monk would be sent there for a time and then replaced by another. The traveller who visits the Hospice of St. Bernard observes that all the monks are young men: on inquiry

he learns that the strongest men, if living there continuously, would seldom reach the age of forty. The inhabitants of the hospice are therefore replaced every six or seven years. Some similar reason may have operated here. Many of their names are also the names of places in Yorkshire, such as "William de Thorparches," confirming the general account that the owner of an estate would generally bring up a son to the priesthood: thus the vicars would often be of gentle blood.

After the dissolution of the religious houses and the confiscation of their property, the great tithes were bought, or more probably seized, by the adjacent proprietors, and the patronage of Wighill thus fell to the Stapylton family. As the emolument of the vicar was very small, the living was very frequently held with another, such as the adjacent parish of Healaugh, the vicar giving one service in each parish. Thus in many rural districts in England one service on the Sunday became the rule. Even if the vicar was represented by a curate, yet the one-service system seems to have still been adhered to—bad for the people, bad for the minister himself. Unless he farmed or gardened, or had some similar hobby, he sank into indolence and drunkenness. Occasionally the country curate might be a scholar, and would employ himself in tuition, but such men in country districts were rare. Thus with only one service on the Sunday, no week-day occupation, society of his own class being sparse, and no intellectual tastes, the curate sank socially, and often from sheer dulness was a tippler. The old inhabitants used to tell of one such here who was invited to dine by the squire. After dinner the guest continued so pertinaciously in his potations that the host became alarmed. As the evening was wearing on, the host hit upon the expedient of having the bed-candles brought in and the lamps put out, as if all were retiring to rest. Then the bibulous man rose to go. After his departure the lamps were relit and the

family mustered again. To their astonishment the guest reappeared. He had spent the interval in walking round and round the mansion, and supposed that he must have arrived at his home. There was nothing for it but to instruct one of the men-servants to take him by the arm and pilot the guest to his own dwelling.

A lane in the parish is still called priest's lane, or the parson's lane, there having been there in living memory a thatched building called the Vicarage, in tumble-down condition, occupied by two labourers. A former vicar, having another living at some distance, wished to provide a residence for a curate. Instead of rebuilding this tenement, which, with his ample means, he could well have done, he bought the site of an exhausted quarry, abutting upon, but not part of the churchyard, and ran up on that site a "Curatage". To gain access he cut off a piece of the churchyard, *removing remains*, and planting a hedge. On his decease the hedge, by order of the archdeacon, was removed, the pilfered ground restored to the churchyard, and after a lapse of many years the "Curatage," or Church House, as it was commonly called, removed under a faculty from the archbishop.

The living of Wighill, after the decease of the vicar referred to above, was given to my father-in-law, Rev. Dr. Jessop. He had in earlier days been a master in the Royal Grammar School, York, now merged in St. Peter's School. Along with this he held a curacy in York, and being a man of tremendous energy he volunteered to give a service to the Lunatic Asylum. The proposal was almost ridiculed, though accepted. He officiated gratuitously for thirteen years, and then he was inundated with inquiries from philanthropists as to his success. Such a thing as ministering to lunatics having never been heard of.

He next took a curacy at Cowthorpe, near Wetherby,

riding over for his service on the Sunday morning. There his fame as a preacher became great; crowds flocked to his ministry from miles round. This was not unobserved. Fountayne Wilson presented him to the benefice of Wighill, and assigned to him Bilton Hall as a residence, unsolicited. The income of the living was very small, but Dr. Jessop took pupils. He was a hard student, and became a man of prodigious learning, well read in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, besides Latin and Greek. He was also a good mathematician, had a knowledge of chemistry, played well on the violin. When he held an evening service in his house he would accompany the singing by playing on musical glasses. He made at one time a good income with his pupils and had a fortune left him besides; but he was a most unworldly man, spending most munificently on his parish, and in response to appeals from the Church at large. His successor was perpetually reminded of this munificence, if he was ever in danger of forgetting it, by those who had preyed upon the good man's bounty: "Ah, he wor a good man, he wor; he never came to this cottage but he left half a crown behind!" The writer and a friend were once standing on the railway platform in Leeds, and entered into conversation with a porter. Seeing we were clergymen the man broke out into loud eulogies of Dr. Hook. The man spoke so enthusiastically that we inferred he must have been some old and attached servant, or have been kindly tended by that divine in some illness. "He was a blessed man, indeed he was." The explanation soon oozed out. "Yes, sir, when he came to this station, sir, if it were nobbut a carpet-bag, sir, he gived a shilling."

Dr. Jessop's library, though not so large as some private libraries, was very select, containing most costly publications. It contained a complete set of the Polyglotts and other books of great rarity. His deep learning was well known by dignitaries in the Church, especially by

Archbishop Harcourt. That prelate, indeed, presented the pulpit now in Wighill Church, and always promised Dr. Jessop promotion, but, like many other promises, it was unfulfilled.

Thus Dr. Jessop, though one of the most learned divines of his day, was left buried in a small country parish with barely £100 a year. The great mistake indeed of his life was the migration to a small country parish. Had he gone to a university town, or to London, he would have fallen amongst cultivated minds, and would have been more appreciated. He was not the only instance of a round substance thrown into a square hole. Amongst other peculiarities, Dr. Jessop was a great snuff-taker; his pulpit, the reading-desk, the service-books, were well powdered with it. He took it unconsciously whilst preaching; it streamed down upon a farmer in an adjacent pew, who would be seized with a fit of sneezing, to the no small amusement of the congregation. The reverend gentleman preached long sermons, close upon the hour, and when he refreshed his olfactory nerves with another pinch, the younger members always remarked: "That means another twenty minutes".

Dr. Jessop had interred his mother in Cowthorpe Church, had prepared there a vault for himself, and was accordingly interred there, amidst marked signs of respect from the whole neighbourhood. When he felt his infirmities unfitting him for service, he wrote to the patron requesting him, out of regard for his long services in the Church, to nominate his son-in-law as his successor. This request was complied with; and the writer of this was instituted to the vicarage of Wighill in October, 1863.

CHAPTER XL.

SOME CLERICAL DIGNITIES.—PRELATES.

It has been my lot to have known something of six Archbishops of York. When a young boy I saw Archbishop Harcourt holding a confirmation in the old Parish Church of Leeds. It was before the diocese of Ripon was formed, and before the railways existed. He drove in his carriage from York to Leeds, and as some years had elapsed since the former confirmation, the number to be presented was enormous. I was lifted up to one of the church windows, and saw for a few moments the prelate attired in his episcopal robes and wearing the wig of the period. I never saw him again, but when as a clergyman of mature years I became resident only a few miles from York, many stories were current about him, for some of his contemporaries were still living. One or two shall be told which are strictly true. On certain occasions the archbishop held what would now be called an "at home," except that it was a bountiful meal in the dining-hall, the archbishop being present, and any clergyman could sit down. One such seated himself on such an occasion, and being exhausted with his long walk, he asked for a glass of beer. Now, the man was poor, his coat was threadbare, his boots were clumsily because cheaply made, he was bespattered with mud from trudging on country lanes. The gorgeous flunkey glanced at the lowly parson with the arrogance of his class, took no notice of the request, but in off-hand manner put a plate of fish before him.

The parson repeated his request, but again was not heeded. Now, though shabby and poor, the parson was a *scholar*, and, having due respect to himself and his office, was not disposed to submit to the snub tamely. Taking from his pocket a piece of paper he wrote extempore the following Latin lines:—

Piscis in disco
Ab archiepisco-
po nē ponatur
Quia bibere non datur.

The man then asked a neighbour to pass the note on, and watched its delivery into the prelate's hands. But His Grace was posed: he never professed to be a scholar, and could not translate the missive. Nor could his neighbours sitting near, and a courteous request was made for a translation. This was done in another impromptu verse in English, which I cannot recall. It effected its purpose, for the prelate caused an apology to be sent to the worthy parson and his wants duly attended to.

Erckmann-Chatrian, in their *Histoire d'un Paysan*, describe a French country parson determined to obtain redress for a poor peasant, a tenant of a cardinal-archbishop, who was ground down by oppressive imposts. Staff in hand the curé trudged to the princely residence of his eminence. For two hours was he kept waiting at the outer door. At last he was shown into an ante-room, where flunkeys in gorgeous liveries passed to and fro or lounged about the door. He had sent a message and was told to wait by one of the puppies in attendance; for six hours was this curé, and two others, waiting in this ante-room. He overheard the gorgeous flunkeys joking to each other: "La prêtraille est toujours là," a contemptuous name by which the inferior clergy were designated. The day wore on, the curé sat unheeded: at length one of them mockingly informed him "that the day's audience was over; the next His Eminence would hold would be

in a fortnight". The poor curé took his departure, but he was not out of the grounds when a splendid equipage passed containing His Eminence, "riant comme un fou". The curé trudged on boiling with indignation, and when he reached his presbytère he broke his staff in pieces and flung them on the ground in fury. Presently recovering himself, he bowed his head, saying: "J'ai fait le sacrifice de mon humiliation à notre Seigneur". It was an accumulation of iniquities like this that brought on the French Revolution of 1789, and the wholesale confiscation of ecclesiastical property.

It must be admitted, as a small extenuation of the slight referred to above, that the clergy of the diocese were not *all* scholars. The incomes of many of the livings being very small, and the payment of the curates being smaller still, many of the candidates for ordination were not only of humble parentage, but of correspondingly humble education, socially and intellectually. One of the archbishop's chaplains used to describe one case, confessedly an extreme one. This candidate's examination was so unsatisfactory all round, except, perhaps, his moral character, that the chaplain declined to present him. The man appealed for mercy, and eventually asked for his case to be referred to the archbishop, who was at that time confined to his bed with indisposition. The chaplain very reluctantly laid the case before the archbishop, stating the man's urgency and his own decision. The archbishop said that the candidate might be shown into his bedroom; on entering, the youth, wishing to be sympathetic, remarked: "I'se sorry to see your grace a' ligging a-bed". "Oh! oh!" exclaimed the voice from the bed. Then he proceeded: "My chaplain speaks of your ignorance of Scripture. Now, which of the Evangelists," etc. (asking a question). A response came: "Whah, I reckon it 'ud be Matther". "Oh!" exclaimed the voice from the bed, "you may leave me."

In his earlier years the Archbishop would witness the York races. As he advanced in years he was not seen on the course, but he got a glimpse from his own grounds, a particular spot affording a view of the horses as they turned one corner. On one occasion the spectator, observing two horses running neck and neck, became excited and exclaimed: "Two to one on brown jacket". "Done! your grace," exclaimed a voice from the ditch below, much to the archbishop's astonishment. The voice came from an old quaker who had desired to be also an unseen spectator of the race, but had also been unable to repress his excitement.

Archbishop Harcourt did not distinguish his episcopate by zeal for church building, church restoration, education, the cause of missions, and those manifold works in which an active diocesan takes the lead. Even his confirmations were performed in a very perfunctory manner, and he has been known to cancel one for which many parishes had been duly preparing, on the plea that he wished to have a dinner-party that day! His name will rather be handed down as the most flagrant instance of nepotism the Church has known. A long catalogue might be made of the various ecclesiastical pickings enjoyed by his family. One son was presented to the Rectory of Bolton Percy, the best living in the county; a second was made Chancellor of the Diocese and Vicar-General of the Province; a third was made Registrar of the Province, and there were many others. Half a century has elapsed since he passed away, but there are still living some members of his family enjoying offices by their sire's nomination. Perhaps the only parallel case to Harcourt's nepotism in modern times has been that of Bishop Sparkes. He gave so many pieces of preferment to members of his family, that in the fen district it was wittily said: "You could easily see your way by night, by the number of Sparkes dotted about". One son held a

residentiary canonry. That was not an uncommon thing for a bishop's son. But when a second came within his grasp, the bishop presented to it another son; and celebrated the event in a manner characteristic of the thorough worldliness of the prelate, not by some deed of religion, or philanthropy, but by *a Ball!*

Harcourt was succeeded in the See of York by Musgrave, of whom I have no personal reminiscences. After his death it transpired that his private benefactions had been most munificent; but having obeyed his Master's rule of not "letting the left hand know what the right hand did," his generosities were only known by the recipients. Dr. Jessop also told me a story of his being once sadly perplexed as to getting a Sunday service supplied; on telling the archbishop of his difficulty, the kind-hearted bishop said: "I will take it for you myself," and on the desired Sunday he walked to the church, arrayed himself in the vicar's ordinary surplice, and officiated to the assembled congregation as their vicar's friend.

The next Archbishop of York was Dr. Longley, a prelate deservedly held in honour, though his tenure of the See of York was a very short one. He had been well known in Oxford for the dignity and yet courtesy with which he had borne office there. Becoming Head Master of Harrow, he made his mark there, and his great courtesy, his sound judgment, his tact, his power of discrimination, caused high hopes to be formed of him when he was designated to be first bishop of the newly-formed See of Ripon. Those hopes were not disappointed, but it was a herculean labour. The Church of England was not in possession, but dissent was. People accustomed to regard the minister of religion as a sort of performer, giving them from the pulpit rhetorical displays, were wofully disappointed when for the first time in their lives they gazed on a live bishop. For when he preached they heard from his lips no flashes

of eloquence; he went not among them with "excellency of speech"; "he only spoke right on". "I reckon nowt on him," said a Yorkshire auditor; "I could understand every word he said! I expected a *Latiner*." In his confirmations his address to the candidates was always the same. But in spite of the absence of attractiveness of speech, the presence of a bishop among them was, after a time, felt as a power for good; his influence spread, churches rose in neglected districts, schools were multiplied in days when the education of the masses was neither heeded nor desired. His clergy ever found him their sage counsellor and sympathising friend. When a living in his gift fell vacant rather more attractive than usual, Dr. Longley looked about his diocese for some clergyman who had been toiling for years with labour ill-requited in this world, and he promoted that veteran to a spot where he might spend the residue of his days with a little lighter work and a trifle better pay.

Not the least feature in his lordship's character was his unostentatious munificence. "My lord, I am ashamed to come to you," said a suppliant clergyman, "but the stipends of my schoolmaster and schoolmistress are due next month, and I know not how they are to be met." After a little conversation the bishop showed his banking book. There was not a penny to his credit. "I will give you a cheque notwithstanding," said the sympathetic bishop; "it will be honoured," and he did not send the suppliant empty away. Is it any wonder that when, after twenty-one years' labour in the diocese he had organised, Dr. Longley was translated from Ripon to Durham, he carried nothing with him "but his coat on his back and his staff in his hand"?

When at Harrow he had saved £30,000; at Ripon it had all vanished away by incessant appeals such as that described above. But his reputation did not vanish away. "Yorkshiremen are stern of mould," says Scott, but they

can appreciate sterling worth. Dr. Longley had made them feel that Episcopacy was a reality, and when, after a four years' tenure of the See of Durham, he returned to Yorkshire as its archbishop, Churchmen hailed his appointment with delight.

It has been said above that Dr. Longley's address to the candidates for confirmation was always the same. When he came into the Diocese of York, the tour of confirmations was in parts of Yorkshire he had never previously visited, and the stock address would be unknown. But occasionally the officiating clergyman had himself received the rite at his grace's hands when in the Diocese of Ripon. Such a clergyman was amused when a well-known and often-quoted sentence fell on his ear: "Be assiduous, my dear young friends, in the faithful discharge of your social and relative duties"; a neatly-rounded sentence, but not very intelligible to country bumpkins. On one occasion the archbishop fancied he observed a confirmand who had received the rite at his hands already. The chaplain was sent to state to the youth the archbishop's impression. The chaplain received for answer: "Tell him he's a leear (liar)". It need scarcely be said that the lad's message was not delivered in that form.

It goes without saying that a man who had been a schoolmaster and so well known as an organiser, would be of business habits, punctual, and an early riser. A young clergyman used to tell a story of a sad mishap to himself. He had desired an interview with the archbishop; it was promised, and was fixed for seven in the morning. The youth, like many young men, was not given to early rising, seldom leaving his bed at that early hour. He thought he had done wonderfully well to arrive at eight. Not so His Grace. The youth was told, somewhat severely: "I said seven; I was ready, and waited half an hour; then I proceeded to other business with which I

am engaged. I must fix another engagement." Another was fixed; it was again at 7 A.M., but the culprit took care to be punctual this time. The archbishop smiled when he entered, shook him warmly by the hand, and the man described it afterwards that, though abashed at first, remembering his former peccadillo, he soon felt that he was in the presence of a fatherly friend. Dr. Longley when in his prime was a remarkably handsome man, and as he advanced in life his countenance, whilst marked by dignified gravity, bore a sweet expression that drew men to him. York did not retain Dr. Longley long; after a three years' sojourn he was translated to the Chair of St. Augustine with general approbation.

It has been often remarked of this prelate's career, that though he passed through four sees, and saw many trying scenes in the English Church, *he had never any rows*. His judgment was so good and generally respected that most men bowed to his decisions, even if disappointed by the result. Dr. Longley never appeared as an author. It could not be cast in his teeth, as was done in one case, that he had been promoted because he had written a book on a Greek verb, or in another, because he had edited some Greek plays, and had shown great acumen in discerning the force of μεν and γε in several passages. Nor did he as a divine contribute to the theological literature of the country by masterly expositions, such as Bishop Ellicott's or Bishop Lightfoot's, books that will be valued by the biblical student long after their writers have passed away. Men who weigh their words so carefully and deliberately are always very sparing in their public utterances, and still more in productions from the press. There was a masterly charge delivered by this prelate when he occupied the See of Canterbury, just at the time when the Church was agitated by the Colenso speculations. But it only appeared in the papers of the day, and I don't think it was reprinted in a

separate form. Thus no permanent memorial remains which will keep Dr. Longley before the thoughts of succeeding generations. Unless my memory is sadly at fault, no monument, whether recumbent or upright, has been erected to his memory in any of his cathedrals, nor does his portrait adorn any of the Episcopal residences. But he will be long remembered as a prelate, who, by his wise and judicious exercise of his office, did good service to the Church of God in his day and generation.

CHAPTER XLI.

ARCHBISHOPS THOMSON AND MAGEE.

Dr. Thomson succeeded Dr. Longley in the See of York, and his rise was as rapid as it was remarkable. Being a Cumberland man, he entered Queen's College, Oxford, where natives of that county had at that time special advantages, and thus, though he only attained a third class in the honour list, he succeeded to a fellowship on the old Foundation as a matter of course without competition. As the Fellows of the old Foundation retained the college offices in their own hands, Thomson also became in due time also College Tutor. It was generally said of him that he had been very idle as an undergraduate; be that as it may, he turned over a new leaf, and through the whole of his subsequent life he was ever improving. At some time after entering holy orders he served Samuel Wilberforce as a curate, and from him Thomson derived his ambition to become distinguished as a preacher. His sermons were attractive rather than deep; and although he published a work still regarded as a standard book on its speciality, *Outline of the Laws of Thought*, he was more of the rhetorician than the logician. His *Bampton Lectures* were on the "Atonement," and though during their delivery they attracted large audiences, yet on quiet perusal they are disappointing. He does not fairly grapple with the subject, they are superficial rather than expository, too short for so important a subject, and betray the appearance of being hastily written. Thomson's

preaching was, however, undoubtedly popular, and as rector of All Souls', Langham Place, and afterwards as preacher at Lincoln's Inn, he was considered as having made his mark. His brother fellows made him their Provost, though general opinion had pointed to Sacheverel Johnson, who had been one of the pioneers of reform, commencing with his own college of Queen's. But Johnson was of delicate health, and Thomson was preferred. Thomson made a good Provost, taking great interest in his men, and proving anxious for the advancement of his college. He is generally considered to have owed his promotion to the Episcopal Bench to his sermon on the death of Prince Albert, as having met with the greatest acceptance in high quarters. The See of Gloucester and Bristol, then united, but now once more dissociated, and wisely, did not enjoy Dr. Thomson's supervision long. The See of York became vacant, and its occupancy was much canvassed. Dwellers in the county were on the *qui vive*, and it is well known that Samuel Wilberforce sighed for it, and made no secret of his bitter disappointment when his own curate, Thomson, was nominated to the vacant see.

The new archbishop was not long in making his presence felt; but it would have been better for his reputation if he had been ten years longer in another see, before he had reached his great elevation. There was at times an over-bearing haughtiness that was very offensive, as much as to remind you of his elevated position. This caused many to call him a Protestant Pope. Being of bourgeois extraction, the society of high life was new to him; and in the early days of his episcopate he entered into it very freely, so much so, that he was represented in *Vanity Fair* in the pompous attitude that he sometimes assumed when in his robes, while the draughtsman labelled him as the Archbishop of Society. This episode in his life was perhaps not of long duration, for he found that it cost him dear.

He is generally reported to have been exceedingly annoyed by being unmistakably sketched in a novel, as "The Great Me," the expression being taken from his rebuking some candidates for confirmation for inattention in some such words as: "Don't look about; look at me". His confirmation addresses, however, were in the main very happy, and told well on the hearers. I have heard many others, but none to equal his. His preaching was uneven, sometimes not doing himself justice. He once preached before the University of Cambridge, and I have heard Cambridge men express themselves as greatly disappointed; they noticed it the more as he had been preceded about a month before by Archbishop Tait, who had left a very favourable impression. And yet Tait was not to be compared with him as a preacher, for when Thomson chose to put forth his strength as a preacher he was grand. One of his great efforts was on one occasion in Westminster Abbey, where he kept a vast assemblage in wrapt attention for a whole hour without the aid of a note. Thomson also preached the sermon at St. Paul's at the first Pan-Anglican Synod, before the assembled bishops; it was afterwards printed in pamphlet form, but was never appreciated as it merited, for it was a masterly performance. Some of his platform addresses were also very telling: there was one delivered at a meeting of the Bible Society which had the true ring of eloquence and will not be forgotten. Never could any bishop make such an impression on working men: when they saw his fine, dignified form, and heard his full sonorous voice, they felt that a man of power had come amongst them, and they drank in his words with eagerness. Hence came the appellation sometimes given him of "The People's Archbishop".

Mention has been made of his sonorous voice: he was always a good singer, would intone service well: it was, therefore, no surprise to men who knew him

to hear of the wonderful effect of his intoning in the ordination service in his minster. The grand hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," is variously delivered. Samuel Wilberforce in the Cathedral of Oxford would be on his knees, facing the East, and deliver very solemnly the first line, the choir chanting the rest. The present Archbishop of York (Maclagan) stands at the middle of the Altar Table looking East, and reads alternate lines. Archbishop Thomson stood at the bottom step, and, facing the people, chanted the alternate lines, the words from his powerful voice rolling through the vast minster with an effect that was magnificent.

Perhaps in nothing was the versatile power of Thomson's mind more shown than in his rejection of Canon Tristram's election as proctor. The matter did not strike outsiders as of great moment, but the archbishop, though personally liking Canon Tristram, protested against the election as illegal, and, to prevent its becoming a precedent, moved for an injunction in the Court of Queen's Bench to quash the election. Appearing in the Court of Queen's Bench, before the Lord Chief Justice, His Grace pleaded his own cause, turning over law books as to his authorities with astonishing facility; it was said in court that a Q.C. of ten years' standing could not have handled the case with more dexterity. The archbishop obtained his object, but the general impression given was that except as a display of great mental power, in getting up a dry legal point and setting it forth with wonderful lucidity and force, the archbishop had made a mountain of a molehill.

Archbishop Thomson never shrank from work. In confirmation tours he has been known to visit three and even four centres in one day, and hostesses who had assembled large gatherings to a social meal with His Grace after some episcopal function, felt almost aggrieved when he declined the hospitality, moving off to another function or his enormous correspondence at home.

The phase of his public life that will least bear criticism was his distribution of patronage. Though he was the instrument of bringing some good men to the front, he heaped patronage on others that made all the world wonder. Being of strong evangelical proclivities, it was but natural that he should seek to number such in his entourage, but some had not even that attraction to recommend them. In the later years of his life, he had a perfect fad for promoting young men, and veterans "strong for service still and unimpaired," who would have been delighted by migration to a living with a little less work and a little better pay, sighed for it in vain. When such a one fell vacant, the veterans would be mortified by seeing some young lad planted in the desired spot; possibly a youth of promise, but who had as yet not earned it by a life of struggling self-denial.

Thomson was never one on whom his friend for the nonce could count, as grappled to him with hooks of steel. The fellows of his college had elected him to be their Provost, and that was the foundation-stone on which his advancement was built; yet when he left Oxford he left them. He never invited one of his old confederates to his "Palace"; even if he met the quondam chum in York, he never said "come home with me and refresh thyself". There was one exception indeed; one fellow was of a county family, *he* was invited, but saw through it all and declined. "The chief butler did not remember Joseph, but forgat him."

There *was* a fellow of a college in Oxford who became a bishop, and adorned his office, too, with becoming dignity. Returning to Oxford after an interval, he was invited by his old friends to dine with them. After dinner, when at dessert in the common-room, they were "My-Lord"-ing him all round, as was due courtesy. The guest tapped on the table: "In this room I am ever Charlie Lloyd".

At a gathering of Convocation in Westminster, Arch-

deacon Denison and some kindred spirits pummelled Dean Stanley most outrageously for administering Sacrament to Vance Smith (a Unitarian minister). After the morning sitting was over Stanley encountered Denison at the door. Putting his arm inside his foeman's, he said: "Come along and have some luncheon with me". It is refreshing to think on these contrasts.

Archbishop Thomson, in the latter part of his life, was a great sufferer: his later photographs indicate it. But he did not give in; he discharged his usual episcopal functions and died in harness, leaving a name to be rightly honoured as one of England's greatest bishops.

It is astonishing how many men of the clerical profession, from the episcopal bench downwards, have devoted their hours of recreation to fishing. Archbishop Thomson was one of the followers of Isaac Walton, and some time in autumn he would hie away from Bishopthorpe, exchange his episcopal garments for those usually donned by the angler, and among the north lakes seek diversion from his cares. He encountered a droll experience on one occasion. The landlord of the inn where he sojourned desired his name, and on declaring himself as the Archbishop of York, Boniface, after scanning his appearance from head to foot, exclaimed: "Now, sir, none of your chaff". The climax was reached when, on going away, the visitor, in payment of his hotel bill, tendered a cheque signed "W. Ebor". Then Boniface broke out with some strong language, and for a long time refused to be comforted. The visitor had only himself to blame, for he must have known that cheques from strangers are generally refused by hotel-keepers, especially with such a technical signature as the archbishop's.

There are many other episcopal signatures which would perplex all but clergymen. "A. Roffen," "F. T. Cestr.," "C. Dunelm," and others. Even when the name is not Latinised mistakes arise. Bishop Blomfield

signed "C. J. London," and as his tenure of the see was long and his correspondence was enormous, his signature was well known. He was perplexed, however, by receiving one morning amongst his letters the following: "F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London, and begs to say that the garment in question was lent some time ago to Haydon the painter, and was never returned". This missive puzzled the bishop till eventually it was cleared up. Mrs. Loudon was preparing a book on forest trees, and wishing to inspect an avenue of beeches at Strathfieldsaye planted in honour of the victory of Waterloo, and called therefrom the Waterloo *beeches*, she wrote to the Duke of Wellington requesting permission, signing her name C. J. Loudon. The duke reading the name as London, and beeches as breeches, inferred that the garment worn at Waterloo was requested, and wrote as above.

Archbishop Magee.

Archbishop Thomson was succeeded by Dr. Magee, at that time Bishop of Peterborough, a son of the celebrated Irish prelate, whose work on the Atonement has been long a standard book to all theological students.

For well-nigh forty years Magee had been known as a most eloquent preacher. His was not the vapid, flashy wordiness which attracts minds ill-informed, for his sermons would bear reading and pausing upon deliberately. His fame was perhaps made as a preacher during his incumbency of the Octagon Chapel at Bath, and I remember about the year 1854 his being requested by a brother Hibernian, then incumbent of a church near Liverpool, to preach for him on some special occasion. The host had trumpeted his friend so loudly in advance, that many feared the prelude was exaggerated. The preacher, however, justified all the expectations raised. One of his greatest efforts is generally thought to have

been his sermon at the anniversary of the Church Missionary Society in St. Bride's, Fleet Street: it has often been quoted as a masterly performance. When called to the Episcopal bench to fill the See of Peterborough, he became more in the public gaze, for he had been by no means a ubiquitous preacher. He presided over the Diocese of Peterborough for about twenty-three years, and as my intimate friend, Farrar of Durham, was his examining chaplain during the whole of his episcopate, I often heard of the bishop in a quiet way. His utterances bristled with wit, and there was a pungency about his sarcasm that was unrivalled.

Dr. Magee will ever be remembered by English Churchmen for his persistent efforts to promote the Reform of Patronage, especially by endeavouring to abolish the sale of livings. A few explanatory remarks may be inserted as to this practice. Most of the old churches with which England is dotted have been built, in the first instance, by the owner of the estate whereon they stand. On his becoming a convert to the Christian faith in Saxon times, he would desire opportunities of worship for himself and his household. The priest appointed would often be a son, trained to the office, and for his support the proprietor would set apart a portion of land called the glebe, and would arrange with the tenants on his property to pay the parson tithes of their produce, which would be taken into account in estimating their rent. The first edifice would probably be small; chapels for holding monuments and for special purposes would be added by successive generations. The glebe would remain as before or be increased according to the wealth and piety of the proprietor. When the religious houses multiplied, the proprietor, if he had no son, often made over the advowson to a religious house near, the monks officiating in the parish churches: thus the religious houses acquired their wealth. On the abolition of the religious houses

and the confiscation or sale of their estates, the purchaser of the estate became also the patron of the benefice, the estate and benefice, or advowson, going together. This was an equitable arrangement; for the proprietor, if resident and of sane mind, would naturally appoint a parson who would be acceptable to himself and his tenants. In process of time as estates fell into the hands of non-resident or impoverished proprietors, they began to sell their patronage. Then ceased all sense of responsibility: the owner no longer regarded his patronage as a trust, but as a means of making money: the fitness or unfitness of the nominee was nothing. Hence arose the unholy traffic with which the Church of England was filled: disgusting advertisements of livings to be sold, sometimes by auction, when the auctioneer would expatiate on the beauties of "the property," plenty to get and little to do for it: "prospect of an early vacancy, for the present vicar was dangerously ill, dying," etc. These were copied into all the satirical papers; they were quoted in pulpits, Nonconformist and Roman Catholic, as specimens of the abominations of the "Establishment".

It is no answer to the above to state that many so presented (by purchase) have proved most estimable men. Numbers of such exist, but for every good one can be shown two the reverse. For the principle is bad: it takes no account of fitness; it degrades the holy function to a money transaction. The practice has been abolished in the army and navy, where it was found perilous to lose valuable lives from the incompetency of officers. Bishop Magee devoted his energies to extinguish the same abuse in the Church of God. Not that Bishop Magee was the first or the only prelate who has laboured for that reform, but he was the most determined, the most persistent. He displayed specimens before the House of Lords in vivid colours and with withering sarcasm, and though he did

not live to see the reform carried out, due tribute was paid to his efforts by the peer who introduced the Benefices Bill into the House of Lords in 1898, and piloted it through.

Since the bishop's death one or two cases have come to light where he prevented the carrying out of a purchase, which the letter of the law allowed, by his astute management. A nominee came to him to be instituted to a living, not anticipating any difficulty, assuming that the matter would be a mere form, and would be settled in a few minutes. He was speedily undeceived. The bishop addressed him: "I have been making inquiries about you and this benefice, and your negotiations with reference to it, as bound by my office. These are to my mind so unsatisfactory that, if you persist in your request for institution, I shall go to the House of Lords and move a resolution to permit my refusing to institute in this case. I shall have to justify my application, and for that purpose I shall state in ample detail all the particulars I have learnt about you." The bishop told him a few which made the applicant's ears tingle. "Then," the bishop continued, "the next morning the whole narrative will appear in every paper in the kingdom, articles will be written on the case, and the public mind will be watching the result. Do you desire the unenviable notoriety you will acquire?" The applicant disappeared.

Bishop Magee was a very generous man: he remarked to one of his chaplains that he was never fast for five shillings till he became a bishop. Moneys no sooner came in but out they flew in response to appeals. At the same time he complained, and he was not alone in the complaint, of the *exigeance* of the clergy. "Positively I shall be asked," he said, "to go to the other end of the diocese to open an umbrella," or, as another prelate put it, "to consecrate a surplice".

After long service in the Diocese of Peterborough, Bishop

Magee was promoted to the Archbishopric of York on the death of Archbishop Thomson. Great expectations were entertained of his archiepiscopate, if health and strength and length of days should be vouchsafed to him. Alas! those expectations were soon to be blighted. Some of us, who witnessed his enthronisation, thought him too old and his strength too much impaired to enter a new sphere so arduous and exacting. But his courage, his brightness, his ready wit soon attracted the hearts of Yorkshiremen. Ere many months had passed over influenza laid him low, and the tears of the whole nation honoured his grave. Dr. Magee was succeeded by the present archbishop, Dr. Maclagan.

An observation may be inserted here which has no reference to the above sketch, but was crowded out of its proper place. On page 210 a fear was expressed that the power of inspectors may approach to tyranny. Here is a case in point.

An inspector visited a village school and put this question to a class of children averaging eleven years of age: "Produce me two sentences, one with the word *off* as an adverb, the other with *off* as a preposition". The children sat motionless. The inspector, turning to a manager who was present, remarked with surprise—"Do you see, sir, not one of them can answer it"! The manager answered drily—"I should have been much surprised if they had".

This school got a bad report.

CHAPTER XLII.

MORE DIGNITARIES.

THERE are three more bishops of whom I should like to record reminiscences, however slight may have been my own personal intercourse with them. Reference has been made in an earlier chapter to Dr. Jacobson, Bishop of Chester. In my time in Oxford he had been the hard-working Vice-Principal of Magdalene Hall, afterwards richly endowed by the munificence of Mr. Gibbs, and called Hertford College. Thence he was promoted to be Regius Professor of Divinity. As such I came under his ken, as his certificate was required by the bishops for all candidates for holy orders. His lectures were very learned, and the books he suggested to us would have required some twenty years' elaborate study. These lectures never aroused the interest in his hearers that was created by such a lecturer as Arthur Stanley. He never by sermon nor by lecture committed himself to any definite statement on subjects of the day, but was proverbially a *safe* man. "If you want a secret keeping, tell it to Jacobson," was a remark made of him, suggested by this great caution. If asked his opinion on any sermon, at which he was known to have been present, the opinion, if one could be extracted, was very harmless: "It struck me as rather long," or something similarly indifferent.

Having acted as chairman of Mr. Gladstone's committee, that statesman rewarded him with the See of

Chester. It was generally felt that he was too old for such a change in his mode of life. His predecessor told me himself, that he passed a considerable part of his existence either in railway carriages or in going to and from the stations. Still as that had been known as the object of his ambition for many years, he received general congratulations.

Jacobson had only been a few weeks in office when a curious incident took place which he used to narrate with great amusement. Standing on the station platform he was accosted by a porter: "Be you the new Bishop of Chester?" "Yes," replied his lordship smiling. "Well, now, couldn't you settle that young fellow, Colenso, that all the parsons' wives are so mad about? I suppose he'll be a rakish sort of a chap?" The bishop laughingly explained to the porter that as the "young fellow Colenso" was out of England, it was out of his power "to settle him".

Notwithstanding his age Jacobson went about his diocese very industriously; he brought to the front one or two men of learning, modestly buried in country livings, unknown to their fellows; he aided in the formation of the new Diocese of Liverpool, and by his cordial sympathy during the rest of his life attached to him the whole body of his clergy.

Dr. Atlay, Bishop of Hereford, has more claim to reference here, as having figured in this county. He was for many years tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. My brother was under him, and some of my colleagues were his friends there. Never was a tutor more devotedly attached to his college and studious of its welfare. He could be kind to his men, but if he chose bitingly sarcastic. He was appointed to succeed Dr. Hook as vicar of Leeds, and I believe mainly by Dr. Hook's influence. Yet the two men were widely different. Dr. Hook was an able preacher and attracted to his church

Sunday by Sunday very large audiences. Atlay was a very ordinary preacher, but he won respect by his business-like habits and great punctuality, and attached to himself all his fellow-workers. When promoted to the See of Hereford, he became well known as a stay-at-home bishop. If circumstances necessitated his presence in the metropolis, he made his sojourn as short as possible, always anxious to get back to his own home. As he had been a staunch friend to those who worked with him in Leeds, so did he prove a fatherly and affectionate overseer to the clergy of his diocese. A very amusing story may be told bearing on this feature of his episcopate.

Some aggrieved parishioners lodged a complaint against their rector. They had nothing to say against his personal character; *that* they admitted was irreproachable; but they found fault with his preaching; it was constantly the same sermon, and they especially instanced one festival (perhaps Easter Day) when they had year by year precisely the same sermon. The bishop received their remonstrance courteously, and said the matter should have his attention. After an interval Dr. Atlay wrote to the complainants stating that he had considered the matter laid before him, and he should be glad if they would all come over for an interview, specifying a day and hour when he should be ready to receive them. The invitation was accepted, and on the appointed day the complainants made their appearance. Now, to forward a letter of complaint is one thing: to confront the bishop in his own den and advocate their case by word of mouth is quite a different thing, and when the aggrieved men got in the bishop's study they felt nervous and confused before ever a syllable was uttered. Their nervousness was not diminished when the bishop, in his usual abrupt and decided manner, opened the campaign. "Now, then, gentlemen, to business. You complain that your rector preaches the same sermon too frequently, and you specify

one particularly. That of course, from the nature of the case, will be deeply impressed on your memories. We will turn to that to begin with. What was the text?" (addressing the man nearest to him). If the man knew it before he was so confused and "struck on a heap" that he could not utter a syllable: all his thoughts were muddled. "Well," said the bishop, not at all disposed to help him out of the difficulty, "as you cannot give me the text, perhaps your neighbour can." The neighbour was equally silent, and reddened like a lump of beetroot. Then the bishop addressed the third with similar ill success. "Well," said the bishop, "if not one of you can tell me the text we will put that on one side; some people can't remember texts; we will proceed to the sermon itself—its contents. Give me an outline of the sermon you remember so vividly," addressing number one again. Number one continued silent as before, but looked dreadfully nonplussed. The bishop went down the line, and at last one of them stammered out, "It was on the plan of salvation." "Yes," said the bishop, "a capital subject, most appropriate. What was the plan? Give me a sketch of it." Not a man could say a word, but each glanced at his neighbour and felt very uncomfortable. Then the bishop resumed: "Well, gentlemen, as you can't enlighten me on the sermon, I fail to see any ground for complaint. However, to be quite clear I wrote to your rector, and he sent me the sermon. Here it is (holding it up). I have read it carefully; it is an excellent sermon, well thought out and worthy of being listened to several times. Though you have, as you assert, heard it several times, it appears not to have made the impression that it merits, and I would suggest to you to request your rector to preach it once more, and then," he added smilingly, "if you choose you can come again." The bishop shook them all heartily by the hand, and it need scarcely be added that the deputation never came again.

Bishop Ryan had been one of our staff in the Liverpool College, and like many of us, he had held a curacy along with his mastership. In that office he was so much liked by his people that, when an additional church was needed to relieve that parish, Ryan was nominated as first incumbent. The site chosen for the church was on property belonging to a nobleman who was very wide-awake as to money matters. He was asked for his price *per acre*. He replied that he did not sell land near Liverpool by the acre but by the inch. Half an acre was needed and he fixed his price at £500. On being appealed to for a reduction in price, on the ground of its being wanted for a church, he refused any abatement, but promised a subscription if the ground were paid for at once. This was done, and four or five years after a subscription came of £100.

After a short incumbency Ryan was transferred to the headship of a training college. Whilst holding that office he was nominated for the newly-founded See of the Mauritius. For that see he was admirably fitted, for being a Jersey man, and from his birth French speaking, he could readily officiate to a population mainly of French origin. Dr. Ryan was, however, constantly coming home, staying for months at a time in the mother country. Sometimes he came to plead for the wants of his diocese, at other times to recruit his own health, or that of members of his family. Finally he decided on resigning the see altogether. This constant reappearance of colonial bishops suggested the sarcasm attributed to Lord Palmerston. An anxious mother was soliciting advice as to the future of her son. "You see, dear Algernon is my only child, and I should not like his being exiled from me altogether." "Oh," quoth Palmerston, "make him a colonial bishop, then you will be always meeting him in Piccadilly."

Returning to England Ryan was appointed to the

vicarage of Bournemouth. Now Ryan was of Evangelical principles; his predecessor was a High Churchman. Such an appointment would naturally cause complications, and Ryan decided on seeking another cure. Eventually he became vicar of Bradford, where he spent the remainder of his days. But the itinerant spirit was ever prompting locomotion; he was eternally off by train for some purpose or other, so much so that it became a saying in Bradford, "If you want to see Bishop Ryan you must walk between his house and the station, and you will probably encounter him". During a long course of years I had often intercourse with him, and shall ever cherish his memory as a faithful servant of his Master, and having done much good in his day and generation.

Some Archdeacons.

Following on the above episcopal sketches, a few words may be said of archdeacons that I have known. The Archdeacon of York when I became vicar of Wighill was Mr. Creyke. He was a man of tall, commanding presence, in fact a very handsome man, and evidently accustomed to "society". He must also have been a scholar, for he was scholar of his college in Oxford, took a First Class in classical honours, and was, I believe, headmaster of the Royal Grammar School in York. The archbishop gave him the vicarage of Beeford, a promotion perfectly legitimate; he had been previously made archdeacon. When a canonry fell vacant he was honoured with that, and most modest men would have been satisfied, but the moment Bolton Percy, the best living in the diocese, was vacant, he is credited with having importuned for that preferment also. He had the reputation of being a haughty man towards the "inferior clergy," and such I found to be the case. It was my lot to call upon him as my Archdeacon on business, when he bowed stiffly saying: "I have not the

pleasure of knowing you, sir," with a pursing of the lip peculiar to himself when acting the Grand Seigneur. My reply was: "Is it my fault, sir, if my archdeacon does not know me?" and I was careful that the knowledge should never be increased. The duties of an archdeacon are not, perhaps, well-defined, but it is a post of honour, elevating the holder to be a *princeps inter pares*. He is, as it were, the bishop's eye, presiding over a smaller area than a diocese, and if he be a man of experience and courtesy (as is generally the case), he can be a sympathetic friend and adviser to the body of clergy in whose midst he dwells.

An archdeacon delivers periodically a charge to his clergy, in which he takes a review of the various enactments recently passed, and other matters that have transpired affecting the well-being of the Church. Such a charge has often made more than a passing impression. Archdeacon Creyke's charges were always well put together, and, what is of no small matter, he stood instead of sitting, and having a clear voice could be heard by the whole body assembled. In many cases it is quite possible to attend visitation after visitation and not hear a syllable. One archdeacon, recently deceased, and respected by all who knew him, publicly and frankly stated that he considered the whole ceremony of a visitation as an antiquated remnant that might now be well dispensed with. Beyond the discharge of these duties, Archdeacon Creyke took little public interest in the various measures for the advancement of the Church of Christ that usually occupy the minds of Churchmen. He was never heard of as a preacher, nor was his pen ever publicly exercised either on great though only current questions, or on those more weighty contributions to theological literature which have so often emanated from the dignitaries of the English Church. He did indeed once accompany a deputation, but the occasion was characteristic. Basil Jones, of

whom mention will be made presently, had been nominated to a vacant see. He was staying at Bishopthorpe, and some of his more immediate friends thought it would be a graceful act to wait upon the bishop-designate and express hearty congratulations. The proceeding was natural, and Archdeacon Creyke headed the deputation as the senior clergyman and was their spokesman. It might have been expected that a veteran soldier of Christ would have referred to the responsibilities of the new career, the special fitness of the nominee, and so forth. Such conceptions were not Creyke's *forte*. He congratulated the nominee on having reached the top of the ladder, leaving less fortunate competitors below. Most readers of the account thought the disappointed speaker had already done very well for *himself*.

As he advanced in years Creyke, being wealthy, resigned his archdeaconry and canonry, confined himself entirely to his country living, where he passed away at a great age.

Basil Jones, the next Archdeacon of York, and referred to above, was the very antipodes of Creyke: he was small in person, with a voice of not much power though clear. He was modest and unassuming, bore his faculties meekly, and was all the more honoured. Being a very elegant scholar when in Oxford, he had considerable reputation as a private "coach" in scholarship. A Welsh gentleman by birth, he was always looked upon as a future Welsh bishop, and this proved to be the case. He was consecrated to the See of St. David's, bearing with him the best wishes of all the clergy of his archdeaconry. It was my lot to have many interviews and some correspondence with Basil Jones both before and after his elevation; it was always of a courteous and sympathetic character, and leaving a very pleasant memory behind.

Contemporary with the above was Archdeacon Hey, for many years the head of St. Peter's School, York, and

incumbent of St. Helens. He was a far superior man, intellectually and for sterling worth as a clergyman, to Archdeacon Creyke; but he was not a society man though he was a hard worker. His merits were tardily recognised by receiving a canonry in the cathedral and the office of Archdeacon of Cleveland. He died greatly respected. Archdeacon Hey belonged to a very clever family; his father was an eminent divine, and author of several theological works much thought of by Cambridge men of his time. Archdeacon Hey was not an author himself; his life, scholastic and clerical, was too incessantly occupied to allow much leisure for authorship. But his active life made its mark, and vast bodies, both lay and clerical, attended his funeral. The same universal respect was felt for Mr. Yeoman, his successor in that archdeaconry. I had the gratification of knowing him many years, was often his guest when he held the office of rural dean, and, along with all others brought into contact with him, entertained for him the highest regard. His simple, unaffected piety, his modest, unassuming manners, showing nothing of the uppishness of office, won the attachment of us all.

I cannot close this chapter on Church dignitaries whom I have known without reference to two now living and one who has passed away in another diocese. Dr. Crosthwaite took a high degree in Cambridge and became a Fellow of Trinity College, a position which at once marks a man. His father was a much-respected clergyman in Leeds, and afterwards was promoted by his diocesan to the vicarage of Knaresborough. He lived to see his son's advancement, for I saw the old gentleman once present when the son was officiating as archdeacon. Dr. Crosthwaite was brought out by Archbishop Thomson, who made him examining chaplain and afterwards archdeacon. He was transferred to the rectory of Bolton Percy, and eventually consecrated as suffragan bishop with the

title of Bishop of Beverley. He is a man of unwearied industry, and his energies have been severely put to the test. The See of York became twice vacant with only a few months' interval, and the ecclesiastical affairs of the diocese might have fallen into confusion almost hopeless. The suffragan bishop rose to the emergency: he conducted all the confirmations, went about the diocese for every needful function, attending to the enormous correspondence with his own hand, and generally by return of post. These things were not unobserved. A large meeting of some of the most influential men in the county was assembled in York, Earl Feversham in the chair, to express their high appreciation of Bishop Crosthwaite's work in the emergency, and no man living could wish for a more signal mark of approbation. On looking round the room, it was observed to be filled with all the laymen of mark who had shown themselves interested in church work, and who now came, in many cases at great inconvenience, to do honour to the suffragan bishop who had been serving the Church so well in pressing need. And yet he would never be counted as a remarkable preacher or speaker: he has gained his reputation by his earnestness of purpose and his unwearied faithfulness in the discharge of duty.

Bishop Crosthwaite is still in full vigour, and it is the earnest desire of all who know him that he may be long spared to be a leader in the Church of England.

There is one other dignitary on whom I should like to add a few words: Arthur Purey-Cust, the present Dean of York. Like myself he was a pupil of "old Pearse," and it has formed a sort of link between us. He has often asked me to preach in his minster. If deans may be taxed with dignified ease in past years, that imputation cannot be attached to the present Dean of York. His engagements are incessant; all sorts of institutions, religious, educational or philanthropic, enlist his aid and

find him an excellent chairman, business-like, courteous and kind. If he has not yet reached threescore and ten he cannot be far from it. The general hope is that he may be spared to a green old age, useful to the last.

My list of dignitaries in this chapter must close with Canon Jackson of Leeds, who may well be considered as an extraordinary man, and as he knew me all my life, I rejoice to record here a few details of him. He was educated at a Moravian school, but joined the Wesleyans in his youth. He was brought up to business, and had for some time a tobacconist's shop in Leeds. Falling under the influence of Dr. Hook, Mr. Jackson was through his instrumentality ordained as a clergyman in the Church of England, and, as is always the case with men of such antecedents, he figured as a High Churchman. He became Clerk in Orders to the Leeds Parish Church and was Dr. Hook's right-hand. His labours amongst the poor were incessant, and possessing private means his charities kept pace with his labours. At one time his health was giving way, and the first time I saw him was calling upon him when a boy, with an intimate friend of his who wished to persuade him to withdraw from clerical life. It was mercifully ordered otherwise. Attached to the Parish Church of Leeds was a chapel of ease called St. James's, once a dissenting chapel. Mr. Jackson became incumbent of this church, withdrawing more and more from the parish church. The success of his ministry was enormous. The church was in the lowest parts of Leeds, but it was crowded, and entirely by what would be called the lower and lower-middle class. At his evening communions there would be 600 communicants. His schools were crowded, he had numerous Bible classes, and was instrumental in training numbers for the ministry at home and abroad. Every bishop on the bench knew of him, and many of them were willing to ordain those whom he submitted to their notice

without other training than his own. He was known by philanthropists from one end of England to the other, men of all sects, all denominations. As he advanced in life he withdrew from the High Church party, when he found them absorbed with the tinsel of worship. At the very last interview I had with him he spoke very severely of large numbers of the clergy, hankering after Romish ceremonial and sensational developments instead of seeking to make holy men and women. As a result he drew away from them and leaned more to the Evangelical body. The whole town of Leeds worshipped him, especially the working classes; these wished to erect a statue to his honour, but he declined the distinction. Men of wealth placed money at his disposal, and I have myself obtained through him pecuniary aid for struggling students. Mr. Jackson was the author of several very beautiful hymns, breathing that spirit of deep piety which marked his own life.

In spite of his delicate health Canon Jackson attained a great age, and when he finally passed away, his funeral caused a sensation which was generally remarked as unparalleled. His church, where the first part of the service was conducted, was crowded with mourners long before the hour fixed. The aged Dean of Ripon, an intimate friend, and the bishop of the diocese took part in the service, and when the remains were conveyed to their last home, a distance of some three or four miles, thousands of spectators lined the route, joined the procession, and crowded the cemetery. There was genuine and universal mourning.

That very church in which Canon Jackson had made his mark had been one of the pioneers of religious revival. An Evangelical clergyman had found it empty and gradually filled it with an earnest body of regular worshippers, crowding up to the pulpit door. Scoffers came to listen to what the "Bethlehemite" had to say, and they often

came again. Then came Dr. Hook at one end of the town and Mr. Sinclair at the other, men of opposite schools of thought but of earnest purpose, introducing others like-minded, and the religious life of the town was revolutionised. Old men told of the day when one of the leading *bankers* sent a message into the vestry, that he had put a sovereign in the collecting plate by mistake for a shilling, and desired its being returned! The mayor and corporation on another occasion attended in state, and in the collecting plate his worship deposited *sixpence!* Since that time Leeds has risen to be one of the most generous towns in the kingdom for church matters; a noble band have been the workers of the Reform, and Canon Jackson was no insignificant member thereof.

A noble edifice has been raised called the Church Institute, the first of its kind in the kingdom; new churches have been raised in all directions, old ones restored and enlarged, and at this very moment (Easter, 1899) a movement is being actively promoted for raising £100,000 for more new churches to minister to the spiritual wants of the increasing population, and *it will be done.*

CHAPTER XLIII.

WIGHILL PARK.—THE HAWKE FAMILY.

EVERY village in England has a house variously called the House, or the Manor, or the Park. This would be in the olden days of England the residence of the baron, who would own the whole parish, the farmers being all his tenants, and holding their occupations on condition of military service. All those legal obligations have in the course of time passed away. But the clan-like feeling remains, and where the inhabitant of the "great house" has recognised the Scriptural truth, that the possession of property brings responsibilities and calls for a kindly interest in the inhabitants on the spot, they have generally received sympathy in return. That has been the case with our great house during the last fifty years. It is no baronial mansion with towers and turrets and oriel windows indicative of many generations of tenure. The residence has in fact been originally a large farm-house, but by the addition of buildings at successive periods the mansion has grown to goodly dimensions. Its great charm, however, is the park, which is of considerable size and well wooded.

As the house stands on an elevated site, its appearance is imposing, and the prospects from its windows present a very pleasing variety.

The Montagu family have never resided at Wighill Park, the name by which the mansion and surroundings are designated. Melton Park, near Doncaster, has been

generally their residence, and when the late Mr. James Montagu married, the elder brother Andrew awarded Melton Park as the residence of the younger brother, living himself mostly at Ingmanthorpe, near Wetherby. Wighill Park was let, as stated in a previous chapter, to the York family, and the wife of the second York will be long remembered for her good works in the parish, both during the lifetime of her husband and afterwards during her widowhood. Her only son married a daughter of the Fairfax family, and at first the young couple resided at Wighill Park with his mother. The arrangement was not of long continuance; young Mr. York purchased an estate at Marston, and built himself a mansion, where he died at the prime of life. He was a shy, retiring man, of a most amiable disposition, and it was universally remarked of him that he had not an enemy.

When the Mrs. York referred to above passed away, a natural anxiety was felt as to the next occupant. The house was much inquired after. One morning I received a letter soliciting information about Wighill Park, and bearing the signature of "Hawke". I have every reason to bless that day, as will be seen by what follows. I immediately went over to the steward, obtained the desired particulars, two or three more letters were exchanged, and eventually, in 1874, Lord Hawke and his family became domiciled at Wighill Park.

The Hawke family are descendants of the celebrated admiral, who may be said to have revolutionised the tactics of naval warfare. Previous to his time, in naval warfare the opposing parties came to an engagement, and after that engagement the vanquished fled and the victor rested on his oars. That was not Hawke's plan: he followed up his enemy till he had demolished him. Like all parvenus, he was duly snubbed; envious and jealous spirits tried their best to mar his efforts and detract from his successes. But he rose above them all; the victory of

Quiberon Bay was not to be ignored. And thus a barrister's son, who had entered the navy as a small "middie," without any influence to back him up, rose by sheer merit to be the most popular man in England. His name became a regular sign-post for new hotels, the boys in the streets sang of "brave Edward Hawke in the year (17) '59"; Parliament tendered him their public thanks and settled on him a pension, and the sovereign raised him to the peerage with the title of Baron Hawke of Towton.

The Lord Hawke who became domiciled at Wighill had been for many years a clergyman of the Church of England. He was rector of Willingham in Lincolnshire. A connection of his family, considering him hardly used, for he inherited *only the title*, left him a moderate fortune, and he considered it due to his family thenceforth to live as a peer. Hence came the resignation of his living of Willingham and his migration to Wighill Park in 1874. Though purposing to live henceforth as a peer, Lord Hawke never lost his taste for clerical life; in fact there was attached to the parish of Willingham a small off-parish which he wished to retain as non-resident, revisiting the spot occasionally. That idea was eventually abandoned, but he would occasionally assist me here, and more than once he has taken the whole Sunday for me, if I desired a "Sunday off". I never heard him preach, but he was a clear, distinct reader; he was also, what many clergymen are not, a good *listener*. Admitting me to considerable intimacy, in fact always treating me as a younger brother, he would often criticise the last Sunday's sermon (oh, so kindly), and show by his remarks that he had carried the whole of it away.

His lordship had passed much of his boyhood in France, his father, who was never the peer, living there in quiet retirement. He always spoke of his father as a very superior man, a good linguist, a great reader and remembering tenaciously the books he had read. If that remark

could be made of the father, I am sure it would apply to my kind friend the son, for I was astonished at the facility with which he would quote both the English and French poets. His having passed his early years in France gave him a penchant to that nation all through life; they had his warm sympathy in the Franco-German war. The secret of his love for the French was perhaps his admiration of refinement of manners, a feature at one time characteristic of French society, especially the aristocracy and gentry, now becoming extinct. Any one who has visited France at intervals during the past forty years will have noticed this social declension, though the visitor *en pension* to spots where the English do not congregate, may meet occasionally with a French family, very poor but very courteous and very refined. Lord Hawke in his conversation loved to recall those early days.

I always considered Lord Hawke a man far above the average in mental power, a very clear thinker, and if he had not entered the Church, where advancement is no sign of merit, but the bar, where such is the case, health allowing, he would have made his mark.

As Lord Hawke approached the age of three score years and ten he gave signs of failing health. He was never a robust man, and was lame, from what cause I never knew, but his end came earlier than was surmised on one of his visits to London. He had expressed a wish to be interred in Wighill Churchyard, and was accordingly interred there. His eldest son, the present Lord Hawke, known all the world over as "the cricketer," was in Australia at the time with a cricket team; the second son, preserving the traditions of his family, is a sailor, and was afloat at the time. The third son, Harold, is an officer in the army; the fourth son is in some mercantile pursuit in India. His lordship left four daughters, two of them born in Wighill.

The family have been twenty-five years resident in

this parish. I have seen them, therefore, grow from childhood to mature years, receiving unvarying courtesy and respect at their hands.

The eldest son, the present peer, acts to me as his father did; the widow is my churchwarden, and on all occasions proves herself my staunch and sympathetic friend. Thus my attachment to the whole family is very great, and the above record is due from me.

Mention should be made of a member of the family generally and deservedly respected, Captain Bladen Hawke, younger brother of the late Lord Hawke. He was a most promising naval officer, active, zealous and devoted to his profession; but he was early struck down by paralysis, supposed to have been caused by a strain in working at gunnery drill on board H.M.S. *Excellent*. He would certainly have risen to the highest ranks of his profession had his health been spared to him. Being thus compelled to resign his commission, he took up his abode at Willingham, his brother's rectory, and being a deeply religious man took great interest in parish matters, sympathising much with the suffering poor.

The above particulars have been kindly supplied by an old friend of the family, Admiral Sir Henry Chads, K.C.B., a frequent visitor at Wighill Park. I never saw Captain Hawke otherwise than in a recumbent posture. He lay on a couch, being wheeled from room to room, and on Sunday this was placed on a sort of truck, drawn by a pony, and so he was able to attend church regularly. His couch was transferred to a corner of the church where he could hear and partake of Holy Communion, without interfering with the movements of the other worshippers. He was always cheerful, always resigned, devotedly attached to his brother and his brother's family, took a lively interest in the events of the day, and when he passed away at no advanced age, was deeply regretted by all who knew him.

Our Village.

Our village is a fair specimen of that depletion of rural villages that has often attracted the attention of observers, not only at the present time but in past periods of history. Jusseraud, the French Ambassador to the Court of Charles II., noticed the great scantiness of our rural population as he travelled along. From his making this observation it might be inferred that such was not the case in his own country. But certainly it is so with France now. French statesmen, prospecting the future of their country, complain bitterly of the scantiness of their rural population. The usual causes assigned have been in former times their constant wars, now they speak of their compulsory military service. French statesmen also complain much of the migrations of the agricultural population to Paris. It would be some mitigation of this if by so doing they bettered their condition; experience shows that this is not the case: they leave a pittance scant but certain for starvation, swelling the pauper population of the capital, and augmenting the number of suicides from starvation to an alarming extent. The French migrations seem based on hopes which have proved an empty delusion.

The depletion of English villages can be more easily accounted for, looking at the matter both from the farmer's side and from the labourer's. The farmer has to compete with the foreigner. Wheat-growing countries can send their produce to England at very moderate cost for freightage, at a price to the English farmer hitherto unknown. Stock is imported in like manner, to an extent increasing annually. If the farmer is to exist he must diminish his cost of production, employ machinery largely, diminish his labour-bill, employ as few hands as possible. Many a farmer in years gone by kept his hunter and his groom and helper. These have disappeared. He no longer brings up every son

to his own occupation, but like the Swiss, sends forth all but one to other occupations. The demand for labour is thus diminished. In years gone by the labourers, being numerous, would compete with each other for employment, being content to work for less wages. But railways have both given immense employment themselves, and also facilitate locomotion to centres of industry. Thus the youth, if they are enterprising, can easily migrate to spots where labour is in demand and the rate of payment higher. There are villages in England where there is not this disposition to migrate; the labourers are wedded to the spot where they were born, and as agriculture does not offer employment all the year round, in such places there are many out of work in the winter time. But it is not so with us. Our youths are willing to go anywhere to better themselves, and our decreasing numbers are readily accounted for by their so doing.

There is yet another cause. Cottages in a village at least are a poor pecuniary investment, and now that farm rents are much reduced, the owner of the estate will only keep in repair just sufficient cottages for the labourers actually required on the various farms. As the owner finds it quite sufficient to keep up the farm buildings, he will not allow a superfluous cottage. When one is not wanted, it is taken down rather than incur any expense on an unremunerative tenement. Thus our population in this small village has diminished at least sixty during my vicariate. Yet there is a strong desire to revive village life in England and to create a greater dissemination of the population. The only way to bring it about to my mind will be to bring land more into the market. The division of property need not come under the absurd regulations which most observers think have done harm to France. A father need not be *compelled* by law to divide, but he may have the power given if he chooses. Then land would come into the market, and in course of

time that most useful body of men would arise once more, peasant proprietors, farming their own small farms, with no other hands than their families. Such families are conspicuous for their thrift, industry, and other sterling qualities.

We have one family here that has had a representative for 300 years; their tombstones abound in the churchyard, and in days when farming was lucrative, some of the family became landowners themselves. One such, who was the patriarch of the village when I became vicar, brought up a large family of twelve children and yet made money. He was regularly in his place on Sunday morning, and when the veteran met me and took off his hat in respect to his pastor, I felt that the process should be reversed, and the younger man pay honour to the veteran. At eighty years of age a cancer formed on his lower lip, and life would then have become unendurable; he would truly have said: "The days have come that I have no pleasure therein". But the veteran was brave and determined to have it cut out; a skilful surgeon from Leeds in twelve minutes set him free, and the farmer lived amongst us six or seven years without discomfort. His son succeeded and now his grandson. As the present occupant has united to farming another occupation, and is hard-working, sober and clever, he is well-to-do and deserves it.

There was an old farmer in the parish when I came who was quite a character; a man of very violent passions, when in his fury he would storm in a manner to be heard from one end of the village to the other. He once encountered me in the village street walking with my curate. This curate was that farmer's aversion, and he seized the opportunity to show it. "What have you brought that cove here for? He spends all his time worthlessly. Send him away," continued the old man, "send us your brother again, he had some sense in his he-ad. This man

preaches bad doctrine: I can prove it." That might be true, for the malcontent was exceedingly well read in his Bible, and perhaps more so than the object of his wrath. His stormy words brought the whole village to their doors. On one occasion he seized his wife in my presence, being provoked by some small matter, and I expected to see her hurled to the ground. He was a man of great shrewdness, and fought two suits in Chancery, and what is more, he won them. Being of a miserly turn, he always pleaded poverty with my predecessor, and being a regular attendant at church and at holy communion, and garnishing his conversation with quotations of scripture, the old vicar lent a favourable ear to his affected plea of poverty, and let him off half of his tithe. I did not endorse the opinion either of his poverty or his sanctity. On one occasion I suggested holy communion to him when confined to his house: "Well, I've no objection. I like a sup of red wine!"

But the man of men in our village was the parish clerk, the last of a race at one time deemed essential to the worship of the Church of England. The prayer book is so framed that the congregation take a due share in the worship, by responding and taking alternate verses. But when books were very dear and very scarce, and the bulk of the parishioners were unable to read, even if books had been provided, some one was needed to lead the responses and read aloud the alternate verses. This was the office of the parish clerk; he would also in most cases lead the singing, and be to some small extent a schoolmaster, and perhaps in the first instance may have been in minor orders. In the somnolent days of the Church the clerk was often the only responder, the rest of the congregation being totally silent. When it came to singing, the vicar would try to enlist some music, and any performer on any instrument, violin, cello, flute, clarionet, bassoon, cornopean, and any man who fancied he had a voice would

find his way to the choir and endeavour to swell the tide of song. When an organ or harmonium became more general, the orchestral accompaniment disappeared, and the choir became more under the control of the organist. Still the clerk remained during the rest of his life and then the office became defunct, the vacancy not being filled up. In Wighill Church the clerk occupied a desk near the reading desk, and being arrayed in a black gown looked quite official. I am afraid he had some sore grudges against the present vicar. First I took on myself to give out the hymns, previously one of his specific functions. Then he would leave his desk and peal out in the singing, stationing himself close to the choir: "I hear 'em going on all wrong, so I taks a turn down the church and sets 'em all right" was his explanation; the fact being he set them all by the ears, and the lady playing was indignant. At other times he would sally forth and make a great noise with poker and shovel at the stove fire in the middle of the Litany, and if remonstrated with would sulk and let the fires go out. Of course he considered himself the most important person in the church and above all law. On one occasion while I was preaching a message came to the curate, and I observed him at once unrobe to leave the church. As this caused him to walk down the church, it attracted universal attention and uneasiness. On this the clerk called out from his place: "There's nowt to trouble aboot, sir, it's nobbut a child to be christened; they might have waited like dacent folk".

The old man could break out into strong language. He had a half-witted son, and there was also in the village a half-witted girl who lived with her married sister. She was so deficient that, though an adult, she never could be sent on an errand, thinking sixpence in copper of more value than a shilling in silver. One morning this half-witted couple disappeared. It turned out that they had walked to

Tadcaster and got married at the Register Office, for the girl had £20 a year of her own. It was shrewdly surmised who had contrived the whole thing, for the girl could not have found her way there alone. Her brother-in-law, a very respectable coachman in the village, was naturally indignant with the old clerk for the underhand transaction, and "gave him it hot". I appeared on the scene in time to hear the clerk's retaliation, which began with these words: "You old limb of Satan, if there is a demon upon earth who has come out of hell," etc. I never heard the former choice epithet before, but I find in *The Heart of Midlothian* Dumbiedikes in a passion throws up a window and objurgates his housekeeper: "You auld limb o' Satan," etc.

On another occasion, on arriving at the church, I found the clerk in a tremendous fury and objurgating the people's churchwarden. This official was one of the farmers, and he had noticed during his year of office that the coal provided for the church disappeared very rapidly, an observation made not by him alone. The churchwarden therefore took upon himself to construct a coal-closet in a private part of the church, removed the supply of coal there and locked it up so as to be under his own supervision. When the clerk discovered the arrangement, he was in a fury at the insinuation against his honesty which the arrangement implied. He refused to light the fires and threatened other revenge. But he encountered his match in the churchwarden, who was well known to us all for his plain speaking; the clerk was at once told that if the fires were not promptly lighted his stipend should not be paid. The fires were lighted, but the important personage sulked in silence during service, a glorious revenge as he supposed.

The old clerk was not alone in the process above described, for pillage of things ecclesiastical seemed at one time perfectly legitimate. There was a cottage

commonly called the Church House, where my predecessor, being non-resident, slept two or three nights a week. It was in charge of an old couple, who acted as servants. The old dame on coming out of the door one day saw a man deliberately purloining her firewood. "Hollo!" she exclaimed, "why are you stealing my firewood?" "Oh," said the thief, replacing it, "I did not know it was yours; I thought it was *the doctor's!*" That same cottage was vacant for a short time: ere many days had elapsed the policeman discovered that the lower window, though protected by iron stanchions, had been forced, and the flooring of the room torn up for firewood. Other houses would remain for months unoccupied and be intact.

Possibly in these cases the certainty of investigation, if done to a layman, and subsequent punishment, might act as a deterrent from crime, just as in some sordid souls "one fear, of all most base, the fear of death, alone takes place". But the whole indicates a standard of morality much to be deplored.

Other incidents point in the same way. In those days, when confirmations were held after long intervals and perhaps in towns, the gatherings of young people would be large, and the great effort of the clergy and those interested in their welfare was to get the young people out of the town as soon as possible after the ceremony, to prevent unseemly scenes afterwards.

I have heard clergymen describe their adventures in chasing the lads from one public house after another till they were exhausted. In our village Mrs. York, at that time resident at the Park, with her usual benevolence, hit upon the plan of providing a dinner in the village schoolroom for all such as returned duly. The dinner was a very good one, and the inducement was irresistible, so much so that the number of candidates was largely increased thereby. That of itself were but a small matter, but several presented themselves for the rite more than

once; one old reprobate was taxed by his neighbours with having been confirmed at least three times, and from my knowledge of the man the charge may be safely said to have been made not without foundation.

When it is considered that here was a population very isolated, many of them unable to read, their daily grind binding all their faculties, teaching them only sly circumvention and mean self-attachment, with the one service on the Sunday, and sometimes over their heads, it can be understood how they would often be even without natural affection. Hence the following story told me by a surgeon, which he vouched for as strictly true. He was summoned to a man whose case he could only pronounce as not very hopeful, but he gave instructions and recommendations as to medicines that would at least give relief, and he would observe the result on his next visit. The sick man's wife then asked what his charge would be. On being told she then asked: "Would that include the medicine?" "No, that she must get from a chemist." "And if you come again, will you have to be paid again?" "Yes, certainly." "Do you hear that, Bill?" exclaimed the wife to the sick man. "Dee (die) like a mon; never ware thy brass that way!"

The old clerk was a man of considerable ability. He had mainly taught himself to read; he had also considerable taste for music, and had constructed for himself a seraphine. He did not, however, relish hard work, and on that account was always an odd hand, employers falling back upon him when hard put to it for labour. He worked a little, then lit his pipe and rested on his barrow. In fact it was often wondered how he made his living, for his emoluments as clerk and sexton were but small. A humorous farmer described him as living by buying a cart and horse and selling them at a *loss*.

Such a man may fairly be called a character: he was an affectionate man and liked by us all. At an advanced

age he was found sitting in his chair, having passed away apparently without pain, for some of us had seen him only half an hour previously: being the last holder of an office now generally defunct.

It has been said above that the existence of this functionary was a necessity, and yet his existence was but a sign of the degeneracy of the Church. If he was a different official from the sexton he should have been the village schoolmaster, have trained the youth to respond, though himself leading them. His office became, however, so perverted that it appeared as if he alone had any right to respond, and one may still see in some churches older men and women, even of the educated class, who will attend through the whole service without uttering a sound themselves. They have doubtless acquired the habit in the somnolent days of the Church, when the whole service was but a duet between "the parson and the clerk".

Perhaps in few things has the revival of the Church been made more manifest than in the conduct of subordinate officials. Who of the older generation of men has not been disgusted by the sight of the bloated and pompous vergers that would be found in our cathedrals, St. Paul's, Westminster, and others, whose sole object was to drive a traffic in showing to seats those who offered a fee! Such officials are needful, and may minister materially to the decorum and solemnity of public worship. But they may also materially detract from it, and too often the advice of Hamlet to the players was needed, "reform it altogether".

CHAPTER XLIV.

OUR VILLAGE (*continued*).

OUR village when I first knew it was steeped in Methodism. They were what were called Church Methodists, loyal to the Church of England, making use of her ordinances regularly, but supplementing these by services of their own. I found them pious, God-fearing people, always in their places in morning service, very reverent and attentive, and regular communicants: they were glad to receive my ministrations when sick and in their dying hours: in fact they were just such Methodists as John Wesley intended his followers to be. How they got their hold can easily be accounted for. This living had been often held conjointly with another, and when that is the case, there is of necessity only one service in each. It is plainly impossible for the whole of a household to be present at that one service; even by alternations the members of a family would only attend once a fortnight, and the rest of the day would hang heavily. This one village would not stand alone, but would be the type of numbers similarly circumstanced. Old people would tell how in the neighbouring town of Tadcaster the vicar was the headmaster of the Grammar School, and was also vicar of a small parish four miles off. In addition to these duties he would attend families in the neighbourhood giving lessons to the daughters. The opportunities of worship afforded under such an arrangement would be necessarily sparse. The clerk or sexton in the distant village was

instructed to be on the look-out on the Sunday afternoon at a fixed hour; if he saw in the distance the vicar on ponyback, he repaired to the church and tolled the bell, announcing that there would be a service. It was here that the Methodist system stepped in, and provided an additional service.

They were also very politic in selecting their sites. The church was often built on a hill-top, the farm-houses would be on the respective farms, some distance away from the church, the farmer often riding on horseback and his wife on a pillion behind. There are steps in our churchyard still, constructed for a practice now fallen into desuetude. Cottages were built in the village street, the plan apparently being to get as far from the church as possible. Thus the bulk of the parish in our village walk to church up a lane without footpath, and in winter time women complain bitterly of the disfigurement of their garments by the slushy mud. The Methodists knowing this, erected their tabernacle in the middle of the population, saving them Jeroboam-like, the toilsome progress along the mire and slush. It was in this way the Methodists got their footing in this and other villages, and other circumstances aided them. The service in the church was often dull and unattractive, the sermon dry and trite, or preached over the heads of the worshippers, the whole conducing to sleepy weariness. In the chapel the spirit of democracy ruled, each member felt himself no longer cast in the shade, but an active unit; if a fussy, conceited man a very active unit: he would lead in singing, he would volunteer to pray, to tell his experience, "how the Lord had turned his heart". One of their preachers told me of this prayer by a farmer: "Lord, convert my good-for-nothing varmint of a son, and if Thou doesn't know him by seet (sight), it's that theer chap in't red waistcoat".

The louder the praying-man shouted, the more zealous

was he considered; the noise could be heard half a mile off, and he was considered as fulfilling the Scriptural description: "His words were with power". These might be called the extravagances of the system, but they will account for the fixity of tenure the Methodists have maintained in our villages. With us they had among them some godly women, who set a good example in their lives and were in every way deserving of respect. They always showed it to me, were not aggressive, and when I got a house and came into residence among them, and at the suggestion of my people altered the afternoon service to evening, the chapel service has become very scantily attended. My fear now is, that our population may relapse into indifference.

Before quitting our village two or three other points of interest may be mentioned. I observed in the parish church iron chest no registers of an earlier date than 1750 or thereabout. On inquiry amongst the parishioners I learnt that there had once been a lawsuit in the Stapylton family, that these registers had been sent to London as evidence and had never been returned, nor had any one apparently taken any trouble for their restoration. No one in the village or connected with it knew the nature of the lawsuit or cared about it. "It was a Stapylton affair, and the Stapyltons were done with." When I made the acquaintance of the present representative of the family, Chetwynd Stapylton, he threw some light on the subject. It appears that a member of the family, Miles Stapleton, laid claim to the Beaumont peerage, and was successful in reviving it, for it had lain dormant. These registers had been sent for as stated above, and the vicar and churchwardens should have demanded their restoration on the conclusion of the trial. The vicar probably was non-resident, the churchwardens would be farmers not given to letter-writing except on their own immediate concerns. The solicitors' firm was broken up by the

death of one or two members, a fire broke out, new offices were taken elsewhere, and thus all our attempts at the recovery of the missing registers were baffled.

There was formerly in every parish an annual custom of beating bounds, a very needful practice when ordnance maps and accurate county maps were not in existence. On inquiring about the desuetude of the custom in this parish, I learnt the following account. The officials were in the habit of beating the bounds on Easter Monday, commencing from the church and the well-known limit on the east, walking southwards to the river, where a boat was in attendance to convey them up the river, till they reached the south-west extremity. Here they disembarked and proceeded up Rudd-gate, which the Wighill people always maintained was their western boundary. This included a very valuable farm, now occupied by the Dearloves. This was, however, disputed by the neighbouring parish of Walton, who claimed that farm as theirs; was not the house called "Walton Lodge"? That was in their opinion proof positive. That farm thus became "debatable land"; it was a point of some moment, for the rates payable by that farm, being considerable, lightened the call upon the rest of the parish.

On the last beating of bounds the Walton party brought the matter to a head by stopping the beaters. There was something like a stand-up fight; it was the last of the "beatings". But both parishes were very sore on the point. Part of the farm is undoubtedly in Wighill parish, for the farm pays tithes to me. The farmer's family also regularly attended Wighill Church and claimed sittings. Eventually the proprietors on both sides decided to submit the matter to arbitration before an agreed-upon barrister. On hearing the above narrative and the counter-evidence, the arbitrator decided against Wighill, whereupon the churchwardens came down on the farmer: "As you make

yourself out to be not in our parish, you must give up your pew," a point which grieved him sore.

The Charity Commissioners have been sending a representative to investigate the various charities in England and their administration. That such inquiries have been long needed may be inferred from what follows as one instance. Waiting for a train one day in Leeds, I observed a church door open, and entered. On the north wall I discovered a tablet with these words, "Schedule of benefactions of the late Mr. Dixon to be given to the following parishes to receive augmentations from Queen Anne's Bounty for the benefit of the living," then follows a list, and among them, Wighill £100. As I had no record of such a bequest having been received and enjoyed by my benefice, this discovery excited curiosity. It appeared on inquiry that this Mr. Dixon was the son of the vicar of Leeds, 1730-50: he married the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and distinguished himself by numerous acts of benevolence during his lifetime. Revisiting the church (Trinity) where I had observed the tablet, and of which I found that Mr. Dixon was practically the founder, I took down the names of several other benefices that were to share his munificence, and be augmented like this by Queen Anne's Bounty. I was able to trace out how every one of the others had received their benefaction and subsequent augmentation; in one case a farm had been purchased, in another the tithes and so on, but not a trace of information was forthcoming as to Wighill. The books of Queen Anne's Bounty have no entry at the time, nor has the Bank of England of any deposit, as the amount might have been lodged in the "3 per cents.". My friend Mr. Stapylton tells me, on consulting him on the subject, that his ancestor in possession of this estate at that time would be eighty-five years of age, had not been long in possession, and would be probably in entire ignorance of the matter. We have come to the conclusion

that the donation has been received and expended perhaps on church matters, disregarding the wishes of the donor. On laying the case before the diocesan, he replies that he has learnt to his sorrow of other lost benefactions.

And so end the reminiscences of our village that seem to be of more than passing interest. It contains but 237 people, but it is, to any thoughtful observer a little world not deficient in incident. To a pastor who magnifies his office in the noblest sense, bearing his people ever in his prayers, rejoicing with them when they rejoice and weeping with them when they weep, the incidents of the little world around him will be many and touching. Not long ago there was an English nobleman, the father of a large family of sons and daughters who attained mature years and then died. The old man survived them all. He has been seen to repair to his dining-room, place chairs round the table according to the number of his children, and then he would be overheard holding dialogues with the former occupants: his imagination repeopled them with his family as if alive, and then when his heart could no longer bear the strain, he would "long to be with them at rest". I can realise this scene: for many a time on a week-day I have entered my empty church, but memory has recalled the worshippers who have mustered there Sunday by Sunday during the long period of my ministry. I knew their every attitude, every gesture, even their gait as they walked up the church, and can recall, and rejoice to recall numbers whom I first knew in their prime, and saw their years steal on and then they were called away. Here sate a venerable pious couple whom I rejoiced to honour; there sate a fine old man who would make ejaculations and groans during sermons at any parts that touched him: in the evening he would be holding forth himself in "Bethel" and reproduce as much of the morning sermon as he could remember. Here sate a farmer's wife, as deaf as a post, the whole service was dumb show

to her, but she expressed herself as feeling that she was in God's house and she would pray all the more earnestly. So going from pew to pew and recalling their occupants, many (and blessed be His holy name!) recur to the mind of whom the pastor may feel a sure and certain hope that they have fought the fight, have kept the faith, and that they will receive the crown which the righteous Judge will award at that day. Such a survey will at times be cheering when he feels at times despondent as to any results from his ministry. He may seem to have toiled all night and taken nothing. "The bread cast on the waters shall return." But let the thoughtful shepherd ever humbly breathe for himself the prayer of the Apostle: "Lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway".

CHAPTER XLV.

OUR NEIGHBOURS.—SOME LAYMEN.

It will not be amiss in these closing chapters to sketch some of the characters of whom much was thought and said for miles round, or who have left lasting impressions on the memory of their generation. As this is *par excellence* a fox-hunting neighbourhood, two packs of hounds holding their centres within eight miles of this place, the York and Ainsty and the Bramham Moor hounds, it would only be natural for residence to be sought in the locality by lovers of that sport, or those who wish to pose as such. That is the case. Companionship in that pursuit forms a sort of freemasonry. I have seen proud ladies conversing intimately with men who had nothing attractive in the way of birth, education, social refinement, much less of moral character, men whom they would have otherwise spurned, but they followed the hounds regularly, and that spread a mantle over everything otherwise objectionable. There is something undoubtedly very fascinating in the appearance of a large hunting party mustered on a fine morning. At some of the favourite meets the muster will be very large, and as the majority at least will be well-mounted, the very action of the horses curvetting on the turf and impatient to be off is an exciting spectacle. The riders will be of all classes in life, the aristocracy of the neighbourhood, with their sons and daughters, the country gentry, parvenus and moneyed men of business who wish to rank amongst the above, military men from

neighbouring stations, hard worked professional men out for a day's recuperation, medical men with an eye to business should any equestrian come to grief and need medical aid, wine merchants with a sample or two in their flasks, which they kindly offer as refreshment to some thirsty soul who may prove a possible customer, dealers in horse flesh who may have mounted one or two riders and who wish to catch more fish, and some who by their mode of taking exercise are evidently little skilled in equitation, farmers, though not many now-a-days, but in brighter days of agriculture forming a goodly number, these will be the component parts of the mounted assemblage. Then there will be a considerable number on foot —destined during the day to receive sundry objurgations from irate horsemen whose movements they impede, while elderly ladies in carriages, younger ones in dog-carts, and occasionally large drags laden with towns-folk will follow in lanes and cross-country roads, to catch a glimpse of the hounds chasing over the country at railway speed. Oh, it is an interesting spectacle, and God forbid that the pastime should disappear from English life. The love of field-sports has had a material influence in moulding our national character: it has helped to make our gentlefolk hardy, robust, and capable of enduring fatigue: it has made their daughters healthy and well-grown. When Washington Irving visited this country this feature in our life struck him forcibly; and a still more recent writer, an officer in the American navy, describes most humorously how the daughters of an English country house knocked him up, by their long trots over the country and general active exercise. Above all, the taste makes our gentry reside much of the year in the country; they are known by their own people, and spend among them their incomes instead of crowding to the Continental cities.

And yet every year a cry is raised that hunting is doomed. Some point out that the landed gentry, hitherto the great

supporters of the sport, have become so much reduced financially that they cannot endure the expense, others state that the conditions of farming will become so altered that the tenants will resist it. Neither assertion is entitled to much weight. In former times the master of the hounds probably bore the whole expense, but now he is subsidised by subscriptions. The late Edward York when asked to be master of the York and Ainsty hounds refused, unless a subscription to an amount he specified were guaranteed. He did this on the principle that if gentlemen wanted their sport they must pay for it. He was right and he got it. Having lived long in a hunting district, observation leads me to expect a time when every hunting-man will be compelled by law to take out a licence, and at a very high figure. In former times there were miles of unenclosed moorland, where hunting men could ride *ad libitum;* now the whole country is enclosed with fencing kept up at great expense, and every possible acre carefully cultivated. Why should a man, because he possesses, borrows, or can hire a horse be allowed to ride over land, break fences, leave gates open, trample down turnips and do other damage with impunity? To do so without a licence should be made penal. The names of the holders of licences should be published in all conspicuous places; every farmer, every tenant should have a list. Attached to each meet there are heaps of toadying hangers-on; one or two of these would gladly, for a remuneration to be paid out of the licence fund, do the office of running down and summoning trespassers; puppy-walkers might have free tickets on the understanding that they looked out for and summoned intruders. In other words, hunting should be made as much under the control of the law as shooting, and as costly, and it will be in the interest of the true sons of Nimrod to effect the revolution.

The Bramham Moor pack is one of the most celebrated

in England, mainly owing to the striking personality of the late master, George Lane Fox. He has been master of the pack almost the whole of my life, and was nominally master up to the day of his death, when he was all but eighty years of age. Of a tall, commanding figure, he looked every inch a gentleman. He had little taste for town life: if he went up to London during the season, his stay was very short, soon returning to his Yorkshire home, and to the open-air life he loved so well. In his youth he repaired, like others of his class, to Oxford, but left it without taking a degree. Academic life had for him little fascination. To ride hard in the saddle, to drive his mail four-in-hand, to entertain friends of kindred tastes, with whom the conversation would be at one time on horses and dogs, and again on dogs and horses, these were congenial pursuits; as they caused him to pass much of his life in the open air, he presented to the last a rubicund, healthy appearance. He was indeed a splendid driver. I saw him myself once driving down the steep declivity from Boston Spa to the bridge over the Wharfe, and the carriage pole broke, or some other serious fracture, and nothing but his splendid driving saved the lives of himself and his party. The road contracts very seriously when it approaches the bridge, and under unskilful hands, horses and trap would have dashed against, and perhaps over, the parapet into the river below.

Though no bookworm, and perhaps not so extensively read in English literature as many of the English gentry are, Mr. Fox could write an admirable letter: few men could excel him in stating forcibly and to the point on three pages of notepaper the reply to a correspondent. His speeches abounded with racy wit, he knew how to address his fellow Yorkshiremen, and when he annually invited the members of the hunt to inspect the hounds before the commencement of the season, the speech of the master was always looked forward to with interest:

his guests were seldom disappointed, for if in fair health the host soon had the guests on the roar.

Mr. Fox inherited vast estates deeply involved, at rates of interest that might have swamped him. He lived, however, to see all his estates clear, before the agricultural depression caused a serious diminution in a landlord's rent-roll. The process was a prolonged one, spreading over many years of his life, and caused at times a cheese-paring policy as to deeds of philanthropy and Church aid, in which Mr. Fox might perhaps have been otherwise munificent. It is much to Mr. Fox's credit that he was never heard to speak disrespectfully of his father, though smarting for his father's mismanagement and spendthrift living.

"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," and Mr. Fox did not escape the common lot. He lost his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and was said never to have been the same man after. He had always been an abstemious man, living simply from choice, and when he became a widower, his household was conducted on a very quiet style; his eldest son joined the Church of Rome, and another son, always intended for the ministry of the Church of England, was cut off in his prime. These clouds darkened his declining years, but as he was a regular worshipper in the House of God, it may fairly be assumed that he had learnt that duty so hard to learn, to bow and say "Thy will be done". His latter days were soothed by the constant care of a devoted daughter, and when his life was run, his funeral obsequies were performed with the same simplicity that had marked his life. There was no pompous display of a gorgeous hearse and funeral carriages with sable steeds and nodding plumes, and other attendant pageantry: though it was pouring with rain, old servants bore his remains, his sons and daughters followed on foot, to a churchyard crowded with mourners from all parts of the county, and all sorts and conditions of men.

Such is a brief sketch of a fine old English gentleman, the Toryest of the Tories, the keenest of sportsmen, valuing a fox more than a cow, and an English patriot to the back-bone. The sketch seemed due as he held property in this place, and was the patron of my brother's benefice of Walton.

The largest farm in this parish is called Easedyke, so named evidently from artificial embankments raised to protect it from the encroachments of the river. The farm was till recently the property of the Earl of Harewood, and the tithe from it is one-third of the emoluments of the living. The occupant of the farm always paid his tithe regularly, but I suggested to the proprietor to add the tithe to the rent, and allow the steward to pay the vicar. This was done, and I suggested the same method to all the proprietors: the practice has since been made obligatory by law. This connection brought occasional correspondence of a very pleasant character, mainly with the late earl. He was a man with a very large family, and his hands were much tied in other ways, but he always listened to my appeals with sympathy, and far more generously than many with triple the means, and I record it here with gratitude.

There are some other laymen of influence in the county with whom I have had a little intercourse during a long period of years, causing very pleasant memories in the retrospect, and though there is little to record a few lines shall be added of each. There is in this parish a small charity for the poor, £2, annually chargeable on an estate at Hovingham. The churchwardens experienced great difficulty in obtaining payment, and on my becoming vicar requested my interference. I found on consulting the York Registers that the charity dates from the time of Queen Anne, and is payable to the minister of the parish. This gave me a right to act, and fortunately, too, the property changed hands, coming to the present Sir William

Worsley, Bart. (recently deceased). His character as a good Churchman is well known, and my appeal was at once attended to. Thus for upwards of thirty years a little correspondence of a pleasant character has taken place, and I have for other causes appealed to the worthy baronet, and never in vain.

John Lloyd Wharton, M.P. for Ripon, is one of the most respected men in the county: he is active as a magistrate, active as a politician, much thought of in the House of Commons, and has been named as a possible Speaker. He has shown me several acts of kindness: he was one of several who submitted my name to the Lord Chancellor for a better living. This was effected, and though at the urgent request of my people and the promise of betterment here I was induced to remain, my obligation of gratitude to my kind sympathisers is still the same.

Any one standing in Wighill Churchyard and looking south-west will observe a very small village embosomed in trees, called Newton Kyme. The village consists only of a church and the rectory, the mansion and two or three farms, and the needful cottages. The mansion was built by a member of the Fairfax family, a family much entwined with English history. They date indeed from Saxon times, the name meaning, I believe, fair hair. A distinguished member of this earlier branch was a Knight of Rhodes; the family became Viscounts Fairfax of Walton and Gilling Castle, and died out.

A second and more illustrious branch was founded by a distinguished judge at the time of Henry VIII., from whom was descended the celebrated parliamentary general and a collateral branch. This collateral branch intermarried much with the Stapyltons of Wighill, and a Catherine Fairfax so married to a Stapylton erected the monument to her husband which stands in Wighill Church, and which is considered one of the most

interesting monuments in Yorkshire. On the southern side of this monument are figures of their six children in a kneeling posture. The eldest of the girls was called Catherine after her mother, the builder of the monument, and she in like manner married a Fairfax. Their son became a celebrated admiral in the time of George I., and built the mansion at Newton Kyme and planted the beautiful avenue there, the trees being obtained from a seat of the Fairfax family at Denton, near Otley.

The occupant of the mansion when I first came to this neighbourhood was Thomas Fairfax, the name Thomas having been borne by some thirty members of that family. Though I often encountered him, we were in a different position of life and there was simply mutual recognition. When his daughter Isabel married Edward York of Wighill, she became my parishioner and was disposed to be very friendly, and had she remained I might have known more of her father, but her husband built a house elsewhere and she soon afterwards passed away. Both her sisters also passed away in the prime of life.

Thomas Fairfax was succeeded by his son Ferdinand, a colonel in the army. Ferdinand's brother, Charles, was to have held eventually the rectory of Newton Kyme, and as he is a man of very genial disposition, I looked forward to his becoming my neighbour, and anticipated much pleasant intercourse in consequence. But on the death of Ferdinand the estate was sold, and it was found impossible to dissever the advowson or at least the next presentation from the estate, and Rev. Charles Fairfax was disappointed in his expectations. With a little generosity the disappointment might have been avoided, but the generosity was not forthcoming.

Most observers regretted this transfer of an estate, associated for 170 years with an historic name, especially a name that has assisted in the making of English history. If the estate falls into the hands of educated men who

adorn their generation, then their advent is welcomed, but often the verdict is: "The old is better".

Yorkshiremen are considered by members of other counties bad churchgoers; at least that is the opinion expressed by stranger clergy when they officiate in Yorkshire villages. The Yorkshire gentry have also been often reproached with possessing little Churchmanship, spending on their pleasures, their establishments, their grounds, but content to worship in barn-like or dilapidated churches. Their own pew has, perhaps, resembled an opera box, and they would allow the minister of God to starve on a paltry pittance. Without attempting to establish or refute the charge, it is much more agreeable to point out grand instances to the contrary. Sir Tatton Sykes is generally regarded as having restored every church on his estates. Viscount Downe is reported to have said to a clergyman: "There is —— vacant, it is in my gift. I do not learn that there is any income, except a residence, but if you will accept it I will make it £150 a year to you. I will meet all the expenses contingent on the school and parish, and you shall have no expense as to your garden and house." Whether these details are correct or not, on the principle that there is never a smoke without a fire, it may be inferred that the report has some foundation, and the inference is a pleasant one. His lordship is known also very recently to have restored one of his churches at considerable expense. Francis Darwin is credited with providing generously for a clergyman whom he respected when laid on the shelf. In my own neighbourhood two patrons (Mr. Fielden and Mr. Brooksbank) have raised the income of their respective vicars up to £300, and I am certain that if either the present or the former tenant of Wighill Park had been the owner, that church also would have been made more in harmony with its high purpose and the noble estate wherein it stands. The ball is rolling, and if the clergy

of the Church of England continue showing their present devotion to their calling, the bread so cast on the waters will return, though it may be after many days. Then perhaps Yorkshiremen will have learnt to regard worship on the Sunday in the House of God as important as their dinner.

CHAPTER XLVI.

OUR NEIGHBOURS.—CLERGY.

THE previous chapter has recorded a few prominent laymen in these parts, with whom my position has brought me somewhat in contact. There have been, and are many more, doubtless "all honourable men," but they have either not been marked by any great personality, or my relations with them have been too distant and scant to supply me with reminiscences. Absorbed in occupations clerical and scholastic, diligent also with my pen, sometimes from four in the morning, and never a "society man," my reminiscences hang more around those of my own class, and a few more such personalities shall be sketched.

One clergyman has been mentioned in a previous chapter, Archdeacon Yeoman. He was at one time rector of a parish a few miles hence, and our rural dean. As such he gathered us periodically at his house, and when the graver business had been despatched, we mustered round his table for a social meal. As we lived miles apart, that was the only occasion we saw each other and each rejoiced in the opportunity afforded. The bulk were for many years my seniors; these had been much thrown in the way of Sydney Smith who held a living in this county, and their stories of him were numerous and amusing. He often visited at a house where large dinner parties were frequent, and if Smith put forth his strength, not only the whole table would be on the roar but every servant, some-

times a dozen, would put down the plate he was carrying and decamp into the hall for an explosion. But our informant told us there was one exception: one venerable retainer stolidly continued his ministrations, grave, unmoved. Smith nick-named him "awful Thomas," but vowed he should be floored some day. There was visiting on one occasion an old Lincolnshire gentleman, who sat at table dressed in the old style wearing a coat with capacious, open side-pockets. Smith determined on a victory there. Watching till Thomas was about to present to this diner a plate of soup, Smith cracked a joke so suddenly that Thomas was taken off his guard. Up flew one hand to his mouth to prevent an explosion: the act overbalanced him and the soup was emptied into the capacious coat pocket. Awful Thomas was worsted.

On another occasion a guest who had been present, when the evening was over, thanked the wit heartily for the entertainment he had afforded. "I shall not forget you, Mr. Smith," he added. "Thank you, take care you don't forget yourself to-morrow (it was Saturday) in church," rejoined Smith. Whereat the guest, Kershaw by name, rather bridled up: "I hope, sir, I know how to behave myself in church!" "Well," said Smith, good-temperedly, "if I catch you smiling I will call you by name." "You may," rejoined the visitor; "the thing's absurd. I will give a donation to the York Hospital if it happens." On the ensuing morning, Smith read the prayers reverently as he always did, then ascended the pulpit, looked round the church and rested his eye on the visitor, Mr. Kershaw. That gentleman said afterwards he did not know what possessed him, but so it was, he gave a broad smile. Thereupon the preacher was seized with a violent inclination to sneeze, and applying his handkerchief with suitable action, he sounded "ker-ker k-ker shaw" three times over. Sydney had won. Alas! our kind host, Archdeacon Yeoman, has passed

away, and so have the bulk of those who were delighted to be his guests.

About three miles from here is a village called Boston Spa. It is situated on the south side of the Wharfe, and about fifty years ago consisted only of a roadside inn, a few small houses, and one or two houses occupied by gentry. As the neighbourhood was very pretty, and in the middle of the Bramham hunt, more houses arose and a church. The first incumbent had been curate to the vicar of Bramham and was nominated by the vicar to this parish. He was an amiable, kind-hearted man, but like many of his contemporaries not of university education, and therefore not well suited to the class of people who were mustering there. Numerous stories were current of *mal-à-propos* remarks and illustrations in his sermons. On one occasion he was preaching of the power of Love to God as the best motive to obedience. He was very short in stature and very plain in appearance; it may be added that a goodly proportion of the congregation were young ladies. The preacher proceeded: "I might illustrate my subject this way: Suppose any one of you were filled with an *inextinguishable love for my person!*" On one occasion he wished to change his domestics, and he inserted an advertisement in a local paper: "Wanted in a *small* clergyman's family (he was very wee in stature) *two* respectable women-servants who shall be treated as *one* of the family". When our Queen's family were becoming numerous, he remarked on the last addition: "It must be a matter of joy in the breast of every loyal subject that Her Gracious Majesty had now so many *h*eirs". Usually he dispensed with the letter h. Thus he once said to a caller: "I've a pain in my 'ead to-day, but Mary is *f*ermenting it"!

A neighbour of his, who had also been a curate of Bramham, was a very different man, very eccentric and universally respected—Stephen Henry Gaisford. As I

knew him intimately, for he was ever a welcome guest and put in an appearance every two or three weeks, he shall be spoken of more fully. Mr. Gaisford was in early life in the medical profession, and afterwards like many others sought holy orders. He was a man of superior abilities, a great bookworm, spending hours in the day in his study. He was the best read man in his Greek Testament that I have met with in these parts, though inferior to my older friends Canon Gray and Dean Howson. But their tastes ran in different lines. Gaisford seemed to regard the Pope of Rome as the greatest sinner in the world, and Romanism as the incarnation of sin, and he read all scripture through those spectacles. This one-sided absorption tinged all his views of books, of men and things, and his conversation. He was a great man for turning over your book shelves, and he once seriously remonstrated with me for having on my shelf some book of High Church proclivities. I expected to see him deliberately put it in the fire and think he was doing God service. If he had gone when a young curate into a town, and mixed with active and inquiring minds, the collision would have moulded him into more useful form; but he passed his days in country curacies, fashioned himself according to his own secluded habits, and thus grew up a learned eccentricity. In church and out of it he was equally eccentric. He would commence the exhortation in a low voice and then peal it forth in thundering sound. In reading the lessons or the Gospel, if the humour seized him, he would interpolate a few explanations such as "he agreed with them for a penny a day," "yes, that would be about eight pence of our money, and that would be considered a fair pay for a day's work": then he resumed his reading. He would preach for fifty minutes even though his audience might number only a dozen. The sentences would be the result of his reading, but written without any arrangement, as the thoughts had

come into his mind, *rudis indigestaque moles*, most difficult for the most attentive listener to follow. His brother clerics used to say that if one of us could decipher the hieroglyphics, we could have found material for four sermons of our own out of one of Mr. Gaisford's. He had a great fund of humour; if he chose to read some piece of poetry at a village tea, he could insert remarks of a humorous character that would delight the audience for an hour.

Such a man's days would be of necessity marked with adventure from his very eccentricities. His very marriage produced an adventure. The object of his choice lived in the Lake district, at that time accessible only by coach or chaises. At the foot of a hill all the passengers on board the coach that was conveying our hero to his marriage, dismounted to walk up. At the summit when all had mounted he was missing. They shouted themselves hoarse, but in vain, and proceeded onwards. Our friend had rambled away abstractedly, forgot all about the coach, and on its arriving without him, the bride's family were in consternation, and retired to rest. About 4 A.M. a voice was heard under the bedroom windows: "Very sorry, missed the coach," etc. As none of the family had ever seen the errant knight, the lady must needs be roused from her slumbers to identify his personality! He would tell some stories against himself, convulsing us with laughter. He used to take his turn as a savings bank manager, and then walk home with a neighbour. They did so for years. On one occasion the idea seized them to vary the route by walking on the line of railway. They had not walked many minutes before they came to a very narrow part—the line was single, and but a few inches' margin on each side. "Goodness!" quoth the companion, "this would be a dangerous place to encounter a train": at that very moment they heard the whistle of an approaching train. There was no possibility of retreat, the driver saw their

peril, shut off his steam, and applied his brake. The engine was stopped only two yards from the foremost of them; the driver said he had been supplied with a Westinghouse brake only a fortnight before, or they would have been smashed to atoms. Their names were taken down by the guard, and they were duly summoned. It was rich to hear poor Gaisford describe his being marched through the streets of Wetherby before a policeman, where everybody knew, and was smiling at his dilemma. Arrived into the august presence, he was asked: "Why did you trespass on the line?" "Why?" responded he, "that's more than I can explain. I think the devil must have prompted me, for I cannot understand a sane man doing it." "Are you sorry?" "Sorry, I should think I am. I could repent in sackcloth and ashes." The magistrates all tittered, for they knew and respected the man, and he received an intimation that no further action would be taken.

Mr. Gaisford was a great pedestrian; he said it was essential to his health; he was also a great tea-drinker. He knew about a dozen friends where he could count always upon a hearty welcome, and tea *ad libitum*. My bachelor brother would sometimes hear a tap at his window at 11 P.M. Opening his door, in would enter our eccentric friend. "Ah! I thought I had not had sufficient exercise, so I put on my hat, and seeing your light, stopped here. Have you any tea going on?" On such occasions his family would go to bed, and he would admit himself with his latch-key.

One of his friends was a former curate of mine. They were of kindred theological sentiments, and Gaisford was to walk there, take part in some week-day service, have tea, and walk home. He persuaded a German governess then in his family to accompany him. All went on well till the return home, when Gaisford, abstracted by his evening's conversation, lost all concern as to the right

route, and got miles out of his way. Fortunately the young lady was of robust constitution, and by resting occasionally on the roadside they reached home about one in the morning. On one such occasion a pony trap had been lent him for the day. Finding the drive in a country lane monotonous, he pulled out a book, in which he soon became absorbed. The pony, perceiving it was heedlessly driven, turned aside to an open field and grazed leisurely. The strange sight was observed by some passers-by of a pony and trap in the middle of a field, and an elderly spectacled clergyman sitting therein motionless. One passer-by, prompted by curiosity, approached the abstracted reader. "Are you taken ill, sir?" "Ill! No, but where am I? Dear me, I should have been miles off." Then the whole incident dawned upon him.

One evening I was driving home with one of my daughters, behind a horse rather apt to be startled by a noise. We heard a voice, which sounded as of a man in liquor, singing at the top of his voice. I got out and held the mare by the head lest she should be startled. As the sound grew nearer, my fear was changed to laughter, as one heard "Change and decay in all around I see". It was my eccentric friend, who said in defence: "I always sing hymns aloud as I walk along lanes at night; it expels evil spirits, whether embodied or disembodied".

One day he called upon a friend (he told the story himself) and was shown into an empty room to wait a few moments. He employed himself with uttering a few of his usual groans about the sin of the world and the Pope in particular. Whilst thus occupied, a little child came in, and hearing the groans, thought the stranger was ill. "Are you poorly," quoth he; "have you got the stomach ache? Shall I fetch you some of my medicine that they give me when I am groaning?"

He astonished his family one morning by informing

them at breakfast that he had invited some friends to dinner and some to tea, but he had not the slightest recollection whom he had invited, or for what days. It was useless catechising him on the subject, as he became more and more confused. They saw no solution of the difficulty but to go round to all his friends and ascertain what invitations had been given. By this process they made out two lists, and arranged accordingly, and awaited the results. Many knowing his eccentricities did not put in appearance, and the dreaded day or days, for they turned out to be on different days, were got over.

It may be inferred from the above narratives that the whole neighbourhood had stories of the eccentric clergyman in their midst. His conversation partook of the same character as his sermons, commencing with one subject, an idea, as an offshoot, would dart across his mind (and his mind was very quick), that offshoot he would follow, to be intercepted by others equally divergent till the original subject was entirely forgotten.

Yet, with all his eccentricities, Mr. Gaisford was much respected by us all; we welcomed his cheery visits, in spite of his groanings about the Pope, and if three weeks elapsed without his appearance we suspected ill-health was the cause.

He was taken from us at the age of seventy-five by some affection of the heart; but his departure took us by surprise, as his activity of mind and body encouraged a hope of his reaching four-score years with strength little impaired.

CHAPTER XLVII.

MORE CLERGY.

NOT far from the eccentric clergyman described above lived a venerable clergyman named Peacopp. They belonged to the same school of thought in the Church, and were thus well known to each other; they were also great students, but from that point they diverged. Whereas Mr. Gaisford was the most ubiquitous of men, encountered everywhere, making himself known to every one of any social position, Mr. Peacopp was the most retiring of men. He was in easy circumstances, and therefore not compelled by financial pressure to seek preferment, and kept himself in the background. He was for a long time curate of this parish. He was also curate of the neighbouring parish of Healaugh, and there can be little doubt that had he been more pushing, self-asserting, and seeking after preferment, he might readily have obtained it. So many patrons, when they have livings at their disposal, cast about for a clergyman of substance not likely to be constantly appealing to their pockets for personal help, that a man like Mr. Peacopp would to such men be a godsend. If to that be added that he was a man of a blameless holy life, not always dancing attendance so as to be almost a nuisance to people not of similar tastes, it might have been expected that he would have had preferment thrust upon him. But that appears not to have been the case: he would never ask: he was "unskilful to fawn and seek

for power," and thus he passed the last thirty years of his life without actual clerical employment. If called upon he would be found reading his Greek Testament, with Grotius or Bengel at his elbow: he would keep up the classics of his youth and would quote them with the facility of an apt scholar, would peruse the literature of the day, and enjoy conversation thereon, but preferred to do so in the quietude of his own home, appreciating to the full the language of the poet: "Oh, blest retirement, friend to life's decline!" Mr. Peacopp attained a great age, and it was the delight of the writer of these lines, as often as his engagements would permit, to show respect to the veteran who had been a great friend of his wife's father, and for whom he entertained a filial regard.

Another veteran clergyman in the neighbourhood was the Rev. Dr. Geldart, the rector of Kirk Deighton. He was a man of mark in his own University of Cambridge, his brother was the head of a college of which he himself had been a fellow, and to the end of his days he retained unabated interest in academic life. He was about the first to call upon me on my taking over my father's school at Thorparch, and never shall I forget the fatherly words in which he addressed me. On my expressing my thankfulness for the attention from one so much in every way my senior, Dr. Geldart remarked: "I consider it as a sacred duty: you are the only clergyman of the Church of England in these parts engaged in education, you are also a staunch Conservative; on both grounds you have a right to our sympathy, and I heartily wish you God-speed". That sympathetic, that fatherly feeling thus shown at the start, was continued unceasingly for a long term of years by Dr. Geldart himself and by his wife. If he had any friends visiting him whose intercourse he thought would be pleasant, he never failed to bring them to his young neighbour or ask me to his own roof. If ever I desired a little change from my pedagogic life, I had but to go

over to the rectory of my elder friend, and was sure of a hearty welcome. He was ever bright and cheerful, and when past four-score years would take unabated interest in matters ecclesiastical or academic; we would overhaul the Prime Minister, Gladstone, who had deserted his first love, and as we considered, had in his old age thrown in his lot with the party of destruction. My revered friend has long since been called to his last home, so has the partner of his days, who shared to the full the genial friendship shown by her husband to me and mine. Their son now occupies his father's rectory, and shows his father's regard to his father's friend, and prevents me from ever forgetting, if I were at all likely to do so, friends who, though lost to sight in this world, will ever be to memory dear.

A few miles to the south of this village lies the village of Aberford, the seat of the Gascoigne family. The living is attached to Oriel College, Oxford, and at the time when I first knew it, was held by Charles Page Eden. When I was an undergraduate of Oxford, Mr. Eden was vicar of St. Mary's: that church besides being a parish church is also the university church, it is more known to Oxford men than the other churches in Oxford. Externally St. Mary's presents a very imposing appearance, worthy of the university and the magnificent street in which it occupies a conspicuous position. Internally it is disappointing. Many of its vicars have been men of fame. John Henry Newman was vicar till he went over to the Church of Rome: it was here that he preached in the afternoon. Of this church Eden afterwards became vicar, and as our college was in this parish, I often attended the church for holy communion.

Mr. Eden's predecessor at Aberford had been Mr. Landon, one of whose daughters he married. Mr. Landon had always entertained great respect for my wife's father, Dr. Jessop, and this circumstance, together

with others, may have induced Mr. and Mrs. Eden to call upon us at Thorparch Grange. As we were considerably beyond their usual round of acquaintance, the attention was much appreciated.

This becoming a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Eden was recalling Oxford associations, and the bond of attachment was increased by his inviting me to his clerical meetings. He had gone himself to Oxford as "a poore scholare," and had worked his way up to become Fellow and Tutor of his College. Thus the habit of tuition had become part of his nature, and he conceived the idea of inviting all the neighbouring clergy to his house for "a bit of Greek Testament" and discussion on clerical subjects afterwards. It may be readily understood that with the habits described above, though the members of the gathering were mostly elderly men, in Eden's eyes it would still be a college lecture. "Now, Hiley, will you go on please," and the man addressed had to construe and to submit to criticisms just as from a college tutor. Sometimes the man addressed, feeling shady in his Greek, would decline the attempt and pass it on. After the fixed time had elapsed we adjourned to the dining-room for luncheon. Here the college don would unbend, and as a *raconteur* his humour was inimitable. On one occasion he was showing how the mode of narration may entirely alter the impression conveyed, and he told us a story of the celebrated Hartwell Horne. This celebrated divine was a man of profound learning, and, as would be expected, was a scholarly preacher, but he had a harsh, strident voice, and a delivery the reverse of attractive.

On one occasion Mr. Horne agreed to preach for a friend in the country, he himself having a church in the city of London. After service was over and the congregation were dispersing, the following dialogue took place between an absentee and one who had been present: "Well, you've had a stranger this morning. I was

prevented from attending myself, what did you think of him?" "Well, the sermon was good enough, capital matter if you could have followed it, but he'd such a voice!" shrugging his shoulders with great disgust, "and such a delivery!" shrugging his shoulders again with still greater disgust. Who should overhear this dialogue but the preacher's own wife, for she had accompanied her husband on the visit; but like a good wife, whilst narrating the dialogue truly, she gave it her own tinge: "Ah, my dear, I am so glad that though a stranger here you have been duly appreciated. I overheard two people talking about you as they were coming out of church. One asked the other, 'what do you think of the stranger?' and the answer was, 'an admirable sermon, excellent matter,' or words to that effect," and then the wife added in dulcet tones, "and 'he had such a voice, and such a delivery!" as if the hearer had been enraptured by the notes of Patti or Sims Reeves.

On another occasion Mr. Eden convulsed us with laughter by describing his being mistaken in a railway carriage for a Methodist local preacher. An old woman addressed him as "Mr. Jenkins of our circuit," and without waiting to be undeceived, she rattled volubly alike to his amusement and confusion. College dons seldom take as parochial clergy for some time after taking a living. They expect to drive, to carry all points without a word, will brook no opposition. Mr. Eden was no exception, and I believe that for some time the families of gentlefolk that attended his church did not like him. After a time they learnt to appreciate his sterling worth, his consistent and devoted life, his great learning, and in the end few parish clergymen were more thoroughly respected.

Though this is a sporting neighbourhood, yet the "sporting parson" may be said to be unknown here; it is indicative of the higher tone of Church feeling, and more just conception of the clerical office, that they are a

rapidly diminishing quantity. These men have generally entered the clerical profession to occupy some family living; thus their lot has not been so much from choice as compulsion. But let them have their due. It has been my lot to know something about a few, and they have always been marked by two characteristics—great benevolence and that high honour which scorns a mean thing. My neighbour, the late rector of Newton Kyme, was such. We were so differently circumstanced in life, and our tastes were so different, that for many years I only knew him as a speaking acquaintance. But during all those years I constantly heard of kindly acts done by him. In his old age I saw more of him; he would open out his heart freely, and expressed bitter regret that he had not, on entering clerical life, accepted a curacy with surroundings that would have altered the whole character of his days.

Another such used to tell a good story against himself. His church possessed one or two monuments of historic interest, one of them with a prolix inscription in *Latin*. A party of antiquarians came to inspect these monuments, and were much interested, but were baffled by the Latin inscription. "Perhaps the Rector could help us out," said one. A request to that effect being respectfully sent, his reverence made his appearance, and with good-humoured laughter expressed also his inability to translate it. The worthy Rector never professed to be a scholar, but he was one of the most kind-hearted of men, and was beloved by his people.

One of my earliest college friends had as a neighbour in his first curacy an old sporting clergyman of whom his enemies said that he knew more about horses than souls; his literature was *Bell's Life* and all his illustrations were horsey. And yet a kinder-hearted man never breathed; his people loved him, and my friend, his neighbour, conceived great affection for him for his uniform courtesy.

The young curate opened out to him one day that he had received "Notice to quit"; at this the old gentleman expressed great astonishment, for the curate was a man of blameless life, devoted to his office, well read in his Bible, and thoroughly in earnest. The curate's vicar was, however, a crotchety man, hard to please, and always changing his curates. The sportsman, having known this vicar from his youth, called upon him, and in conversation introduced the subject of the young curate, expressed his admiration, and put out a feeler as to the cause of dismissal. "Well," said the exacting vicar, "I endorse all you say; he suits me admirably in eight points, but in two I could desire improvement." "Oh, bless me!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "we always consider that if we get eight points out of ten satisfactory in a horse we do well." But the remonstrance was of no avail, and the benevolent-hearted old man went away puzzled and grieved.

Mention has been made in a previous chapter of an Oxford don who undertook to mount his horse and jump a table duly set out for dinner. It can be well understood that such an enthusiast would continue through life famed for his equitation. Later on he had a living in the North of England for many years. His house as the crow flies was no great distance from his church, but the access to it by the high road was very prolonged and tedious, being three sides of a square. That did not at all satisfy our hero. The fourth side was a short cut across the country, intersected indeed by hedges and at least one wide ditch: difficulties which would render the route more attractive to a skilful rider. The vicar therefore regularly on the Sunday mounted his horse and rode this short cut to and fro for each service, while the men of his flock would be in the churchyard, watching the parson's approach, and admiring the skill with which he successfully cleared every intervening hedge and ditch. His

people admired his prowess, loved him for his personal worth, and regretted much when in advancing years he deemed it advisable to resign his living.

If any one inspects *Crockford's Clerical Directory* before '96, he will observe a peculiar name, "Ick," to which is added "see Brodrick". My neighbour, the vicar of Healaugh, gave me an explanation: it unfolds a narrative so extraordinary that it shall be recorded here. This Mr. Ick's real name was Brodrick; he had expected from his father £8000, but as he only received £3000, in his vexation he struck off five letters from his name. His home was in the West Indies, but he determined on coming to England, and repairing to the University of Cambridge. His notion of a university was of a large barrack-like building occupied by hundreds of students, a very common delusion, often entertained by the outside world. On arriving in London, he took his place in the Cambridge coach (it was before railways existed), and in due time was deposited at an hotel in Cambridge. The next morning he inquired of the waiter his way to the university. The waiter stared at him with astonishment, and fetched the manager: that worthy, on the question being repeated, said: "This is the university; you are in it now". The stranger burst forth: "This is an hotel; why do you seek to impose upon me?" and putting on his hat, he sallied forth to inquire for himself. Accosting a man in the street, he asked the way to the university. "The university—yes, sir," and he gave the stranger instructions which brought him to an inn called The University Arms. That would not do, for he was already staying at one inn, and he repeated his inquiry there. The waiter, thinking the stranger half-demented, directed him to a building, which proved to be a house of detention. He had observed several buildings (the colleges), but he had no idea that he might have walked into the grounds of any of them, and being sick of

asking questions, he wandered about aimlessly, and towards dusk returned to his hotel, weary and disheartened. It was the depth of winter, and the West Indian, being well-nigh frozen, determined, after his dinner, to go to bed and return to London next morning.

Being exhausted with his day's wanderings, the stranger slept on till noon. The coach had gone, and he resolved on another ramble. Becoming tired, he leaned against a wall in front of one of the colleges (Sidney Sussex). It so happened that there had been many robberies from that college, and the porter had received charge to keep a sharp eye on prowlers. The West Indian's fixed gaze on the building seemed to the porter like that of one on burglarious thoughts intent. He reported the matter to a college tutor. That worthy came forth and entered into conversation with the stranger. The whole story of his adventures was told, and the tutor explained to him that the university is an aggregate of colleges, and that to become a member of the university he must be first admitted to a college. "That is what I want, but no one will direct me." "You must know," proceeded the tutor warily, "that there are many expenses." The stranger pulled out a bag of gold. The tutor took him inside and half an hour later Mr. Ick was entered on the books of that college. He took a good mathematical degree, obtained a fellowship there, and eventually held a college-living at Peasemarsh till his death in '96.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A FEW GENERAL REMINISCENCES.

In reviewing the half-century to which these pages refer, a few memories come to the front of a general character, which seem worthy of record. I can remember the first election held in Leeds to return members to Parliament. Prior to the Reform Bill of 1832, Leeds, and many kindred places which had risen to note by manufactures, were not represented in the National Council. The wildest fears were entertained as to the result of that measure. The alarmist anticipated results little short of the French Revolution of 1789; even more sober-minded thinkers anticipated nationalisation of land, general confiscations, no more servants, equality and fraternity with a vengeance. But the English mind is essentially Conservative, and when the new Parliament met it was the most aristocratic Parliament England had seen. Leeds returned Mr. Marshall, who represented a great manufacturing firm, and Macaulay, subsequently the well-known historian, and ennobled as Lord Macaulay. The Tory party brought forward Michael Sadler, a man universally respected for his philanthropic spirit. The war-cry of the parties is interesting history. The cry of the Liberal side was "the Revision of the Corn Laws," the manufacturing interest maintaining that the protection afforded to the agricultural interest, at that time undoubtedly the greatest interest, put an impediment on commerce; they alleged that foreign countries

being all wheat producing, and solely so, could only offer wheat in return for our manufactures, and this they were debarred from sending by the prohibitive duties. It will thus be seen that the cry of the Liberal side was, on the face of it, for the manufacturing interest. The Tory cry was for factory legislation: to curtail and regulate child labour. Banners were displayed representing Mr. Marshall and his myrmidons rousing little children from their beds, and driving them with whips to their labour. Hustings were erected in the yard of the Cloth Hall, a building which has itself since disappeared; the candidates were proposed and seconded, and then spoke themselves to the few that could hear in spite of the surrounding Babel, all in the open air. Bands of music blasted and counter-blasted, shouts and counter-shouts filled the air; missiles, sometimes dangerous, flew about, adding peril to the proceedings. The two Liberal members, being at the head of the poll, were duly "chaired". In former days the successful member was borne along literally on a chair by his supporters. In this case a large seat for two was constructed, with a high back, something like a high-backed pew bisected, and placed on wheels. This was drawn in procession by four horses, ridden by postillions, dressed in the candidate's colours, through the principal streets, amid the acclamations of their supporters. Since that time the nomination from Hustings has been abolished, public chairing has been discontinued, and as for the war cries, the Corn Laws have been repealed, and the very men who fought that battle, were they alive now to witness the fallaciousness of their expectations, would feel bitter vexation at their disappointment; while such is the irony of events that factory legislation has progressed, child labour has been curtailed, and placed under rigid supervision by the persistent efforts of philanthropy.

I can remember when the first railway in Yorkshire

was opened. There was a great trade between Leeds and Hull; a railway was constructed from Leeds to Selby, and merchandise was to be conveyed thence by water. This invention, which has so revolutionised the world, was thought in its inception to be only available for goods; no idea was entertained in the first instance of conveying human beings by a process so fraught with peril to life and limb. The conveying passengers was an after-thought, broached with great fear and trembling. When the Leeds and Selby Railway was opened the whole population were lining the route for miles. The model taken for the construction of a first-class carriage was the inside of a coach; a passenger took off his hat to get in; if he resumed his hat, the crown touched the roof of the carriage. The second class had simply seats and a covering, third class there was none. The engines and carriages would provoke laughter if exhibited now by their trumpery size. When other railways were projected all the towns protested against their proximity; the noise, the bustle would startle the inhabitants, it was thought, out of their respectability; and they must be planned so as to run at least a mile in the outskirts.

By the pressure of public opinion a third class was added, but to make it as offensive as possible, it was often a mere truck, with a rail round to prevent passengers falling off, no seats, no covering. Guards and porters would alike jeer the passengers; when wet to the skin and perishing with cold, "you will travel second class next time" was their regular taunt. Then Parliament interfered and insisted on at least one train per day running with covered carriages at 1d. per mile. Again was the jeering process applied. I went by the first train of this character, from Leeds to London; we were shunted for an hour at a time at insignificant stations to make the journey as tedious as possible, the guard laughingly recommending us to join a faster train and go second.

"We won't," protested passengers, "our innings will come." The innings did come. Railway companies learnt very reluctantly that they must bend to the public demand; the public demand was for cheaper and comfortable travelling and they have obtained it. Indirectly the railways have aided national education; thousands of our fathers never moved from the limited area around the place of their birth, never saw the metropolis, the sea, or even their county town; the present generation can for a sovereign be taken almost the whole length of England, with a corresponding enlargement of information.

Primary education was then, even where it existed, of the rudest description. The men engaged in it were often men who had failed in every other occupation, incapable of steady industrial pursuits, often of very doubtful character, and as illiterate and mannerless as the children they professed to teach. A number of inquirers into the state of elementary schools penetrated into various parts of this country, and one of them thus described, in my hearing when a boy, a school he visited. The visitors found on entrance a rough-looking, middle-aged man like a shoemaker (and such they learnt had been his occupation) and talking the broadest dialect. On making known the object of their visit, he called out: "'T fust class coom oot". One was set on to read. On a visitor expressing inability to hear, the pedagogue roared out: "Oppen thee gob" (open thy mouth); "noo, gang on thoo feal" (now, go on thou fool). The visitors had heard or rather seen enough. Pass over half a century and we find two erst primary schoolmasters sitting in Parliament as representatives of their body.

Any clergyman of the Church of England of mature years will find abundant cause of thankfulness in contemplating the wakening up which his own eyes must have seen. The cathedrals are a very fair index. Any visitor to Westminster Abbey on a week-day in those days would

find the choirmen just arriving in time, the service performed in a very perfunctory manner, with a congregation of about thirty. On Sunday the attendance would be larger, attracted by the music. They would file out of the choir and ramble about the nave, inspecting the monuments during the prayers, rush into the choir to hear the anthem, and then go. The choirmen were often professional singers, and took care by their conduct to show that they were acting professionally. Let any one visit that venerable abbey now. Lord Beaconsfield walked out from the Foreign Office one Sunday evening, sick of telegrams and despatches, and stole quietly into the abbey, sitting down in a corner unobserved. He told the dean (Stanley) afterwards that he was astonished at the immense congregation, their reverential behaviour, and rapt attention. "I can remember," said the Prime Minister, he was then in office, "when there would not have been fifty, and those anything but reverent." Such would be the experience of most of us who are advanced in life, and it is a matter of devout thankfulness.

Perhaps in no way does the resurrection of the Church, in the period before us, show itself more than in her view of missionary enterprise. When the Church Missionary Society commenced rousing up Churchmen to this obligation, the clergy themselves looked askance. One young clergyman was thus speaking disparagingly of the cause in the presence of the great Duke of Wellington. To the novice's astonishment and discomfiture that great man addressed him thus: "Your Great Master said 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature': did He mean what He said, or did He not"? That young man's indifference was not a solitary case. As for men the society was obliged to enlist the services of Swiss and Germans: the English youth would not come forward to the missionary work, or if they were willing their families scouted the notion. In 1850 the

income was barely £100,000. At the present time it is three times that, while men come forward to the mission-field, such as Bishop Bickersteth, accompanied by a staff that cost the society nothing. Nor are the men who are thus willing to go forth men of inferior mental calibre. Some are men who have taken the highest honours in their university, and might have looked for distinguished posts at home, but they have gone forth in the cause of the Church of God, and have gone on their way rejoicing. Those who are at home may well rejoice with them as the pioneers of civilisation and benefactors of the human race, for godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come.

Here these memories may be brought to a close. Numbers of other characters might have figured and events might have been inserted, for I have MS. material sufficient for two hundred additional pages, but for prudential reasons they have been withheld. The writer has had many warnings that he must set his face steadily towards Jerusalem, following reverently the steps of his Divine Master. These memories, therefore, if they are to be published, and are to receive his revision, must be now in the printer's hands. An architect who built one of the most celebrated churches in Yorkshire (the Leeds Parish Church), after surveying his work when ready for consecration, remarked, "I could like to demolish it and build it all over again": his artistic eye recognised many blemishes, and he felt convinced that the reconstruction would produce a much better edifice. Most artists, whether with pen, pencil or brush, have made a similar confession, when surveying their labours, supposed to be completed. The author's revision suggests to him the same confession; he detects repetitions and defects of style which with more time and more vigorous health he could improve. These not being

vouchsafed he must let it go. He cannot say, with Horace, *Exegi monumentum perennius ære*, but he can say that he has passed a very chequered life, ever battling with difficulties from his earliest years to his latest; the deep waters of affliction have at times well-nigh swamped him, but in the midst of them all kindly friends have cheered him with substantial aid; he has experienced much to be thankful for, so that he can humbly and gratefully endorse the language of the Psalmist: "I have been young, and now am old, yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread".

It seemed that the record of incidents and experiences in such a life—not prominent, indeed, but eventful—would be not without interest to his fellow-men, especially to such as may remember his existence when the writer has been called away.

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